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THE  
LITERARY MUSEUM;

OR,  
A SELECTION OF  
SCARCE OLD TRACTS:

VIZ.

1. The right Renoumyde Ladies, translated from Boccace.
2. A delicate Diet for dainty-mouthed Droonkardes, by Gascoyne.
3. Poems of Spenser, not in any Edition.
4. Peacham's Period of Mourning, in Six Visions.
5. Specimen of a New Edition of Ben Jonson.
6. Ceremonies used for healing the King's Evil, consecrating Cramp Rings, &c.
7. On Lydgate's Travelling into France.
8. The New Arcadia, by Belcher.
9. Downe's Roscius Anglicus; or, Theatrical History, &c. &c.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR.

1792.

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PRICE SIX SHILLINGS, BOARDS.



TO J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

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DEAR SIR,

HAVING made my acknowledgments, in their respective places, to the several Gentlemen who favoured me with materials for the following Miscellany, yourself excepted, I take the liberty now to thank you for the use of HEYWOOD'S *King Edward the Fourth*, from your very curious collection; and, as you are generally known to unite the elegant Antiquary with the accomplished Actor, to inscribe to you this Volume; adapted, I presume, to the taste of both those characters.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

F. G. WALDRON.

Jan. 2, 1792.



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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“**A**NTIQUITY, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance.”

*Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare.*

This remark may be most pertinently applied to *Literary Rarities*, and their *Amateurs*; many such curiosities being unthought-of and unknown, “except to antiquaries, and collectors of books; are sought [only] because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce, had they been much esteemed.”

*Ibid.*

However just this observation may in general be, some scarce books, in print or MS. may, for their own intrinsic merit, or from some adventitious circumstance, be excepted from the common obloquy; and the searchers after them not classed with those, who buy books merely because they were printed with **Black Letter**, or in the Fifteenth Century.

Time, unresisted by chance, has consigned works which would now be thought inestimable to, it is feared, irretrievable oblivion; and chance, counter-acting the operation of time, has preserved, and unexpectedly restored, invaluable rarities.

It is not meant to be suggested, that this collection contains many, if any, such very prizeable articles; since, what is most scarce may not be thought very good, and what is undeniably excellent, not esteemed sufficiently rare.

Should the *matter* in some of the elder pieces be found unworthy of regard, the *antique words, phrases*, and mere *orthography*, may assist the critical reader of Shakspeare, and other early writers; whose language has become obsolete, whose text has been depraved, and whose allusions are forgotten; in ascertaining meanings, correcting errors, and illustrating obscurities.

Particular reasons having deferred the publication of the intended *New and Improved Edition* of BEN JONSON; and the learned Editor thereof, P. WHALLEY, L.L.B. being lately deceased, the public is respectfully informed, that the Work is entirely completed, has been purchased by, and is in possession of the Compiler of this Miscellany; and, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, will be put  
to

to press, with every improvement that may in the mean time be suggested: Communications for which purpose will be thankfully received, and carefully attended to, by the Proprietor of the Copy-right,

FRANCIS GODOLPHIN WALDRON.

January 2, 1792.

N. B. The purchasers of the first four numbers of *The Literary Museum*, &c. may have the *Additions* now first published to complete the Volume, separately, price One Shilling; and a few *Odd Numbers* may also be had by those who want to perfect their sets, at One Shilling each.

# C O N T E N T S.

**A** DEDICATION, on *New-Year's-Day*, by "Henry Parcare, Knyght, Lorde Morley," to King Henry 8th. of "John Bocastle, his booke intituled in the latyne tunge *De preclaris mulieribus*; that is to say in Englyshe, *Of the Ryght Renoumyde Ladyes*;" with a translation of the Preface thereto; and a Specimen of the Work; from an *ancient manuscript*, in the possession of the Editor, and an Introduction from "A DEFENCE OF THE FEMALE SEX." containing, together, 16 pages.

This translation was unknown to Mr. Walpole. See his "*Royal and Noble Authors*," Second Edit. Vol. I. p. 92.

An uncommonly-rare *Traet*, by George Gascoigne, Esq. called, "A DELICATE DIET FOR DAINTIE-MOUTHDE DROONKARDES," printed 1576; of which only *one copy*, in the possession of George Steevens, Esq. is supposed to be extant.

A small collection of dispersed Poems, by SPENSER; not in any Edition of his Works.

Peacham's *Period of Mourning*, disposed into Six Visions; from the 4to Edition, 1613.

A Specimen (containing 64 pages) of a proposed New Edition of *The Works of BEN JONSON*.

*The Ceremonies used for Healing the King's Evil*; from the Edition of 1686, and for *Consecrating Cramp Rings*; from a MS. in the possession of the Editor.

"*Onne mie Maister LYDGATE, his travellynge ynto Fraunce*." A Poem, written three hundred and sixty years since. Communicated by B. N. of Nottingham.

"*The New Arcadia*;" a Poem. By W. Beltcher.

'A Dramatic Piece, called, *THE KING IN THE COUNTRY*; taken from Heywood's "*King Edward the Fourth*."

*Occasional Effusions, on His MAJESTY'S Illness, and Happy Recovery*\*. By the Editor.

Downes's *Scarce Theatrical History*, called ROSCIUS ANGLICANUS; with *Additions*, by the late Mr. Thomas Davies, and the present Editor: and an Original Letter, by Garrick, in extenuation of faults pointed out to him in his own acting.

\* The reader is requested to observe that the lines on his Majesty's illness and recovery, however they may chance to be placed in this volume, should be read in the following order.

" By Winter's chilling breath, &c."

" Prais'd be our God, &c. "

" When Phœbus sets, &c."

" Nature in Tears, &c. "

# “De Preclaris Mulieribus,

That is to say in Englyshe,

Of The Ryghte Renoumyde Ladyes.”

Translated from “B O C A S S E,”

A N D

Dedicated to K I N G H E N R Y V I I I.

B Y

“H E N R Y P A R C A R E, *Knight, Lord Morley.*”

From a Manuscript on Vellum,

Which appears to have been the Presentation-Copy to  
that Monarch.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for the EDITOR, and Sold at No. 62, *Great Wild-Street*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; by Mess. EGERTON, *Whitehall*; Mess. COX and PHILLIPSON, *James-Street, Covent-Garden*; R. RYAN, No. 351, *Oxford-Street*; H. D. SYMONDS, No. 20, *Pater-Noster-Row*; and W. RICHARDSON, under the *Royal-Exchange*. 1789.

[ Entered at Stationers Hall. ]



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# I N T R O D U C T I O N,

F R O M

“ *An Essay in Defence of the Female Sex.*”

Written by a Lady, and Published in 8vo. 1696.

I Shall not enter into any dispute, whether men, or women be generally more ingenious, or learned; that point must be given up to the advantages men have over us by their education, freedom of converse, and variety of business and company. But when any comparison is made between them, great allowances must be made for the disparity of those circumstances. Neither shall I contest about the pre-eminence of our virtues; I know there are too many vicious, and I hope there are a great many virtuous of both sexes. Yet this I may say, that whatever vices are found amongst us, have in general both their source, and encouragement from them.

The question I shall at present handle is, whether the time an ingenious gentleman spends in the company of women, may justly be said to be misemployed, or not? I put the question in general terms; because whoever holds the affirmative must maintain it so, or the sex is no way concerned to oppose him. On the other side I shall not maintain the negative, but with some restrictions and limitations; because I will not be bound to justify those women, whose vices and ill conduct expose them deservedly to the censure of the other sex, as well as of their own. The question being thus stated, let us consider the end and purposes, for which conversation was at first instituted, and is yet desirable; and then we shall see, whether they may not all be found in the company of women. These ends, I take it, are the same with those we aim at in all our other actions, in general only two, profit or pleasure. These are divided into those of the mind, and those of the body. Of the latter I shall take no further  
a 2 notice,

notice, as having no relation to the present subject; but shall confine myself wholly to the mind, the profit of which is the improvement of the understanding; and the pleasure is the diversion, and relaxation of its cares and passions. Now if either of these ends be attainable by the society of women, I have gained my point. However, I hope to make it appear, that they are not only both to be met with in the conversation of women, but one of them more generally, and in greater measure than in men's.

Our company is generally by our adversaries represented as unprofitable and irksome to men of sense, and by some of the most vehement sticklers against us, as criminal. These imputations as they are unjust, especially the latter, so they favour strongly of the malice, arrogance, and sottishness of those, that most frequently urge them; who are commonly either conceited fops, whose success in their pretences to the favour of our sex has been no greater than their merit, and fallen very far short of their vanity and presumption, or a sort of morose ill-bred unthinking fellows, who appear to be men only by their habit and beards, and are scarce distinguishable from brutes but by their figure and risibility. But I shall wave these reflections at present, however just, and come closer to our argument. If women are not qualified for the conversation of ingenious men, or, to go yet further, their friendship, it must be because they want some one condition, or more, necessarily requisite to either. The necessary conditions of these are sense, and good nature, to which must be added, for friendship, fidelity and integrity. Now if any of these be wanting to our sex, it must be either because nature has not been so liberal as to bestow them upon us; or because due care has not been taken to cultivate those gifts to a competent measure in us.

The first of these causes is that, which is most generally urged against us, whether it be in raillery, or spight. I might easily cut this part of the controversy short by an irrefragable argument, which is, that the express intent, and reason for which woman was created, was to be a companion and help meet to man; and that consequently those, that deny

deny them to be so, must argue a mistake in providence, and think themselves wiser than their creator. But these gentlemen are generally such passionate admirers of themselves, and have such a profound value and reverence for their own parts, that they are ready at any time to sacrifice their religion to the reputation of their wit, and rather than lose their point, deny the truth of the history. There are others, that though they allow the story, yet affirm, that the propagation, and continuance of mankind, was the *only* reason for which we were made; as if the wisdom that first made man, could not without trouble have continued that species by the same or any other method, had not this been most conducive to his happiness, which was the gracious and only end of his creation. But these superficial gentlemen wear their understandings like their clothes, always set and formal, and would no more talk than dress out of fashion; beaux that, rather than any part of their outward figure should be damaged, would wipe the dirt off their shoes with their handkercher, and that value themselves infinitely more upon modish nonsense, than upon the best sense against the fashion. But since I do not intend to make this a religious argument, I shall leave all further considerations of this nature to the divines, whose more immediate business and study it is to assert the wisdom of providence in the order, and distribution of this world, against all that shall oppose it.

To proceed therefore, if we be naturally defective, the defect must be either in soul or body. In the soul it can't be, if what I have heard some learned men maintain, be true, that all souls are equal, and alike, and that consequently there is no such distinction, as male and female souls; that there are no innate ideas, but that all the notions we have, are derived from our external senses, either immediately, or by reflection. These metaphysical speculations, I must own require much more learning and a stronger head, than I can pretend to be mistress of, to be considered as they ought: Yet so bold I may be, as to undertake the defence of these opinions, when any of our jingling opponents think fit to refute them.

Neither can it be in the body, (if I may credit the report of learned physicians) for there is no difference in the organization of those parts, which have any relation to, or influence over the minds; but the brain, and all other parts (which I am not anatomist enough to name) are contrived as well for the plentiful conveyance of spirits, which are held to be the immediate instruments of sensation, in women, as men. I see therefore no natural impediment in the structure of our bodies; nor does experience, or observation argue any: We use all our natural faculties as well as men, nay and our rational too, deducting only for the advantages before mentioned.

Let us appeal yet further to experience, and observe those creatures that deviate least from simple nature, and see if we can find any difference in sense, or understanding between males and females. In these we may see nature plainest, who lie under no constraint of custom or laws, but those of passion or appetite, which are natures, and know no difference of education, nor receive any byass by prejudice. We see great distance in degrees of understanding, wit, cunning, and docility, (call them what you please) between the several species of brutes. An ape, a dog, a fox, are by daily observation found to be more docile, and more subtle than an ox, a swine, or a sheep. But a she ape is as full of, and as ready at imitation as a he; a bitch will learn as many tricks in as short a time as a dog; a female fox has as many wiles as a male. A thousand instances of this kind might be produced; but I think these are so plain, that to instance more were a superfluous labour; I shall only once more take notice, that in brutes and other animals there is no difference betwixt male and female in point of sagacity, notwithstanding there is the same distinction of sexes, that is between men and women. I have read, that some philosophers have held brutes to be no more than meer machines, a sort of divine clockwork, that act only by the force of nice unseen springs without sensation, and cry out without feeling pain, eat without hunger, drink without thirst, fawn upon their keepers without seeing them, hunt hares without smelling, &c.

Here

Here is cover for our antagonists against the last argument so thick, that there is no beating them out. For my part, I shall not envy them their refuge, let them lie like the wild *Irish* secure within their boggs; the field is at least ours, so long as they keep to their fastnesses. I shall only add that if the learnedest he of them all can convince me of the truth of this opinion, he will very much stagger my faith; for hitherto I have been able to observe no difference between our knowledge and theirs, but a gradual one; and depend upon revelation alone, that our souls are immortal, and theirs not.

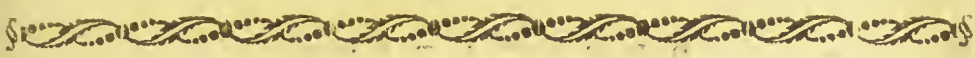
But if an argument from brutes and other animals shall not be allowed as conclusive, (though I can't see why such an inference should not be valid, since the parity of reason is the same on both sides in this case,) I shall desire those, that hold against us to observe the country people, I mean the inferior sort of them, such as not having stocks to follow husbandry upon their own score, subsist upon their daily labour. For amongst these, though not so equal as that of brutes, yet the condition of the two sexes is more level, than amongst gentlemen, city traders, or rich yeomen. Examine them in their several businesses, and their capacities will appear equal; but talk to them of things indifferent, and out of the road of their constant employment, and the ballance will fall on our side, the women will be found the more ready and polite. Let us look a little further, and view our sex in a state of more improvement, amongst our neighbours the *Dutch*. There we shall find them managing not only the domestick affairs of the family, but making, and receiving all payments as well great as small, keeping the books, balancing the accounts, and doing all the business, even the nicest of merchants, with as much dexterity and exactness as their, or our men can do. And I have often hear'd some of our considerable merchants blame the conduct of our country-men in this point; that they breed our women so ignorant of business; whereas were they taught arithmetick, and other arts which require not much bodily strength, they might supply the places of abundance of lusty men now employed in sedentary business; which would be a mighty profit

to

to the nation by sending those men to employments, where hands and strength are more required. Beside that it might prevent the ruin of many families, which is often occasioned by the death of merchants in full business, and leaving their accounts perplexed, and embroiled to a widow and orphans, who understand nothing of the husband or father's business, occasions the rending and oftentimes the utter confounding a fair estate; which might be prevented, did the wife but understand Merchants accounts, and were made acquainted with the books.

I have yet another argument from nature, which is, that the very make and temper of our bodies shew that we were never designed for fatigue; and the vivacity of our wits, and readiness of our invention (which are confessed even by our adversaries) demonstrate that we were chiefly intended for thought and the exercise of the mind. Whereas on the contrary it is apparent from the strength and size of their limbs, the vigour and hardiness of their constitutions, that men were purposely framed and contrived for action and labour. And herein the wisdom and contrivance of providence is abundantly manifested; for as the one sex is fortified with courage and ability to undergo the necessary drudgery of providing materials for the sustenance of life in both; so the other is furnished with ingenuity and prudence for the orderly management and distribution of it, for the relief and comfort of a family; and is over and above enriched with a peculiar tenderness and care requisite to the cherishing their poor helpless offspring. I know our opposers usually miscall our quickness of thought, fancy and flash, and christen their own heaviness by the specious names of judgment and solidity; but it is easie to retort upon them the reproachful ones of dulness and stupidity with more justice. I shall pursue this point no further, but continue firm in my persuasion, that nature has not been so niggardly to us, as our adversaries would insinuate, till I see better cause to the contrary, than I have hitherto at any time done. Yet I am ready to yield to conviction, whoever offers it; which I don't suddenly expect.

DEDICATION.



# DEDICATION.

To the moſte high, moſte puyſaunte, moſte excellent and moſte chryſten Kynge, my moſte redoubtede ſovereigne lorde Henry theighte by the grace of Gode of Englonde, Fraunce & Irelonde Kynge, Defender of the Feythe, & in erthe undre Gode, ſuppreme heede of the Church of Englonde and Irelonde. Your moſte humble ſubjecte Henry Parcare, Knyght, lorde Morley deſyreth thys Newe Yere with infynyte of yeres to your Imperiall Maieſte, helthe honoure and vyctory.

**I**N the tyme the hoole worlde was obediente to the Romaynes, moſte victoriouſe and graciouſe ſovereigne Lorde, not onely by armes they were renoumede above all other naciones, but alſo in eloquens and goode lernynge, as it apperethe by thyſe oratours and poetes in the greate Auguſtus days; that is to ſaye, Varro, Tullius Cicero, Virgill, Orace and Ovyde, with divers others. And all thoughe that thoſe that enſuyde frome oone Empoure to another were excellently lernede, as bothe the Plynys, Marciall, Quyntilian & Claudian, and ſuche other; yet why it was ſo, that they coulde never attayne to theſe afore reherſyde, neither in proſe nor yet in verſe, is to me a greate wonder. For as muche as they ſawe the workes of the other, whiche as my reaſone geve the me ſhoulde have rather cauſede theym to have bene in ſcience above theym then inferiours to theym. For why, if one that gothe aboute to buylde a palace, if he ſe another whiche lykethe hym well, it ſhal be noo greate maſtrie, if he ſpe a faulte in his examplar to amende it in hys worke. And why thys ſhulde not be, truely I can geve noo reaſone to the contrary; for ſo it was that evere as the greate Empire of Rome decayde in decedes of armes, ſo dyd it in learenynge.

In so muche, that whether it were by the strayinge nationes, that they were myngled with all, or otherwise, at the laste themselves that accomptyde all other nationes barbarouse, oonely the Greakes excepte, by the space of sex or sevene hundred yeres were as barbarouse as the best. Thys contynuyng so longe a time, that in proceffe aboute the yere of our lord God a thousand foure hundredth, in the time of the flowre and honoure of prynces, kynge Edward the thyrde of that name, holdyng by ryghte the septre of thys imperiall realme, as your Grace nowe dothe, there sprange in Italy three excellent clerkes. The fyrst was Dante, for hys greate learnyng in hys mother tunge, furnamyde dyvyne Dante. Surely not withoute cause. For it is manifest, that it was true whiche was graven on hys tumber, that hys maternal eloquens touchede so nyghe the pryke, that it semyde a myracle of nature. And for because that one shuld not thynk I do feyne, I shall sett the wordes in the Italiane tunge, whiche is thys.

Dante alegra son minerva obscura.

De arte & de intelligentia nel au ingenio.

Le elegantia matna aiose al scengo.

Que se tient pour miracol de natura.

The next unto thys Dante was Frauncis Petrak, that not onely in the latyne tunge, but also in swete ryme is so extemyde, that unto thys present tyme, unneth is ther any noble Prynce in Italy, nor Gentle man withoute havynge in hys handes hys Sonnettes & hys Tryumphes & his other Rymes. And he wrote also in the latyne tunge certeyn Eglogys in versys, and another booke namede Affrica, & of the Remedyes of bothe Fortunes, with dyvers Epistles and other Workes whiche I over passe.

The last of thies three, most gratiouse soveraigne Lorde, was John Bocas of Certaldo, whiche in lyke wyse as the other twayne Dante and Petraccha were moste excellent in the vulgare ryme, so thys Eocas was above all others in prose, as it apperythe by hys hundredth tayles, and many other  
notable

notable workes. Nor he was noo leſſe elegaunte in the proſe of his oune tunge, then he was in the latyne tunge, wherin as Petrak dyd wryte clerkly certeyn volumes in the latyne tunge, ſo dyd this clerke. And firſt of the Fall of Prynces, of the Geonelogye of the Goddes. And emonge other, thys Booke namede De Preclaris Mulieribus. That is of the Ryght Renomyde Ladies. Whiche ſayde booke as in the ende he wrytethe, he dyd dedicate the ſame to quene Jane in hys tyme quene of Naples. A prynceſſe enduede with all vertues wyſdome and goodenes. And for as muche, as that I thoughte, howe that your hyghnes of youre accuſtomed mekenes and pryncely herte woulde not diſdayn it, ſo dyd I imagyne, that if by chaunce it ſhulde cum to the handes of the ryght renomyde and moſte honorable Ladyes of your Highnes moſte tryhumphaunte courte, that it ſhulde be well acceptyde to them to ſe and reede the marvelouſe vertue of theyr oune ſexe to the laude perpetuall of them. And albeit as Bocas wrytethe in hys proheme, he menglyſſeth ſum not verey chaſte emongſte the goode, yet hys honette excuſe declarethe that he dyd it to a goode entent, that all Ladyes and Gentlewomen ſeynge the glorye of the goode may be ſteryde to folowe them, and ſeynge the vyce of ſum to flee them. Whiche ſaide worke, my moſte noble and gratiouſe ſovereyne Lorde, as farr as it gothe, I have drawne into our maternall tonge, to preſente the ſame unto your imperiall Dignyte this newe yeares day. Praynge to Chryſte Jheſu to teche that right chriſten hande of yours to batell agaynſte your auntyente Ennemyes. that they may knowe, that he whiche is the way and the truethe helpythe your Excellencye in your truethe. So that they may fall and youe to ryſe in honour victory and fame, above all kynges that is hathe bene or ſhal be. Amen.



## P R E F A C E.

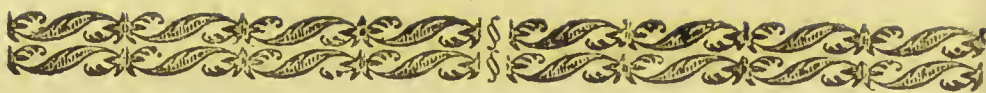
**T**HE preface of the excellent clerke John Bocasse, of his booke intituled in the Latyne tunge, *De Preclaris Mulieribus*, that is to say in Englyshe, *Of the Ryght Renoumyde Ladyes*. Wherin he dothe excuse hymself why emongste theym that were moste vertuouse and honorable women, he dothe often put in theym that were viciouse.

There be of the olde auntyent wryters, and also of late of right famous clerkes, that have brevely wrytten the lyffes of the illustriouse noble men. Emonge others the ryght excellent poete Frauncys Petrark my maister hathe endyted and gathered theyre actes in a compendious volume, and well worthy for to thentent that they myghte be above others by theyr notable and hardy acts. They not oonely put to thyr study, but also their substaunce & their bloode, when the oportunte of tyme femyde them so for to do, to noone other entente, but to deserve therby of theyr posteritye a name and fame for ever. Surely, I have not a litle mervelyde of theym that have thus wrytten, why they have not somewhat touchede the gloriouse actes of women, when it is evydente, that dyvers and fundry of theym have doone ryghte notable thynges. And if men by theyr strength and other worthy ways have deservede to have such prayse and commendation, how muche more ought those women to be praysede because that they be naturally weike and feble, and theyr wyttes not so quicke as mens wyttes be, if they have doone suche famous actes, whiche shulde be harde for men to do. And for that entente, they shulde not be defraudyde therof, it came into my mynde that of those that have deservede prayse to put them in oone volume, not oonely them that by vertue have deservede it, but also those that by expresse ande knowne evyll doyng be spoken of unto thys day. Nor I wyll not that the Reder shall thynke it [ in ] congruente that I do compare Medea and Sempronia with Lucres and Sulpicia, all though I have mynglede them  
with

with thies moſte chayſte wyfes. My mynde is nothyng that ways. Nor agayne not ſo ſtrayte, that I wolde touche noone other but ſuche, and in a larger ſenſe with the patiens of the gentle reder to put theym with the other. For why, emonge the Scipions, and the Catons, and the Fabrycians, moſte noble vertuouſe men, is numbrede wyle & crafty Hanyball, falſe and trayterouſe Jugurta, the bloody and tyranouſe Scilla & Marryus, and the covetouſe Craſſus. And other whiche I do [ not ] well call to mynde that I have redde of. But I have thus ſett theis together to thys entente, that in lokinge and redyng of the goode, it may ſtere the reders to goodenes; and to theym that be evyll to gyve them a bytte, whereby they may withdrawe themſelves frome ſo evyll condicions and ways. And I have ſo ratyde this my worke that it ſemythe I have ſumwhat hydde of the evyll of theym, and emonge the hyſtories, and in ſum place put in ſum thynges joyouſe and pleaſaunte, not withoute gevyng ſum ſharpe prycke to theym, to counſeill them to flye frome vyce. So that I doo hoope, that with thys com-myxtion ſum utylyte and profyte ſhall cum of the ſame. And for becauſe that men ſhulde not ymagyne that I ſhulde but touche ſuch to brevely for theym that knowe not well the hyſtories, I have drawne theyr lyfes oute in a lengthe, nott doubtyng but to pleaſe aſwell the men, as the women thereby.

I wyll not alſo forgete to tell youe, that emonge all thies women whiche were but panymes (our fyrſte mother Eve ſett aſyde) I havynge intencion to wryte the excellent glory that the noble women in tyme paſſyd have obteyned, it ſemethe to me that it is not incongruente to begynne at the commune mother of us all.

De



# “ De Preclaris Mulieribus,

That is to say in Englyshe,

Of The Ryghte Renoumyde Ladyes.”

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The FYRST CHAPITRE.

Of EVE our Fyrste Mother.

**E**VE than that moſte auncyent mother, as ſhe was the fyrſt of all women, ſo is ſhe decorate with woundres excellent prayſys. For ſhe was not as other be brought forth into this lacrymable vale of myſery in whiche we be borne in to labour and to payne, nor ſo fornyd, nor as we ſhulde ſay ſhapyn with that hammar, nor cryinge and bewaylynge hyr cumyng into the worlde as the maner of all that be borne is, but after that ſorte that never ſyns happned any to be ſo creatyd as ſhe was. For when that moſte wiſeſt and beſt worke maiſter had creatyd ADAM of the ſlyme of the earth with his propre hande, and in the felde whiche after was callede *Damaſcene*, had tranſlatyd hym into the gardyn of deſycys, bryngyng hym unto a pleaſaunte and ſoft ſlepe, the craft onely to hym knowne of hym that ſlept, he brought hyr forth rype of age, as well gladde of that mery place ſhe was in, as alſo of the ſight of hyr huſbonde, immortal and lady and quene of all thynges, and of hyr wakyng huſbonde ſelow and make, and by hym namede EVE.

What

What more bryghtnes happned to any that ever was borne. And besydes this we may right well imagyne that of beauty she was incomporable. And albeit this gyft excellent of beautie by age or by sum sodeyn fever in mydle age gothe soone away, yett for as muche as emongste women, this is accomptyd for a moste excellent gyft, and many of them emongste women have therby, by theyr unwyse iudgement obteyned fame everlastyng, as in those that folowe shall to youe appere, yet this woman as well by this beauty as by her wondrefull begynnynge passed them all. And thus shee made cytezyn of paradyse whyle she ther had with her husbonde ADAM the fruicyon of that pleasaunt place, the ungracyouse enemy to mankynde envyouse of her joye, perswadyde her, that in brekyng one thyng to hyre forboden, she shulde soone assende to hygher felicyte and glorye. To whiche perswasione, when shee by greate lyghtnes more then behovyde her for us, she gave credyte unto itt, with her sweete flatteryng suggestion she drew her husbonde to folowe her way. And thus they bothe tastyng of the tree of the knowledge of goode and evyll, and eatyng of the fructe forboden, they not onely themselves, but all their posterity depriyde from reste, quyetnes and eternyte, into labour and myserable deathe, and frome that delectable country into this dolorouse worlde, full of brears, brembles and thornes.

For when that bryght light in whiche they went in was goone from theym, and they clothyde was departyde from their maker, and frome the place of delyte as outelaws expelled into the vale of *Elbron*, it folowed that this excellent woman with thies offenses knowne over all, was the fyrst (as it is thought) that with her husbonde founde the ways to dygge and eare the earth. And beyng after experte of the paynes of beryng of children, and of the sorowes for the death of her children and nevows, sufferyng as well heate as colde, and ordeyned (at last) to dye, with thies inconveniencys lyvyde unto an extreme age.

## The SECONDE CHAPITRE.

Of *Semiramis* the Quene of the *Assyryens*.

**T**HE famous *Semiramis* was the auntyent quene of the *Assyryens*, but of what kinred she came of the longe tyme hathe put it in oblivione. But besides those olde faynede tales, the auntyent historyens wryteth her to be the daughter of *Neptunus* whiche was the sonne of *Saturne*, and by the errour of the gentyles accompted to be God of the See. And all thoughe it be not convenient to be belevyde, yet it is an argument that she was procreate of noble parentts.

This faide lady was maryede to the ryghte noble *Ninus* kynge of the *Assyryens*, and of hyr conceyvyde a sonne callede *Nynus*. Nowe this *Nynus* havynge conquerede all *Assya*, and at the laste the countrie of *Bacherys* addyd to his domynyone, with the shote of an arrowe was slayne, levynge behynde hym his wyfe but verey yonge, and his onely sonne *Nynus* afore expressyd. Thynkynge it unmeate to put the governauns of the hoole *Oryent* to soo yonge and tendre a chylde of age, she was of so hyghe and noble a hert, that those countreys that hyr ferse husbunde by armes hadde subdued and coartyd to serve, to take upon hyr to rule and governe theym all. For as it were with a wyse subtyle womans craft she reteyned to heyr the greate hoste of hyr greate husbunde. Now she was not muche unlyke to hyr yonge sonne, neither of face nor yet of stature, and to this theyr speche was not unlyke the one of the tother, whiche beyng a greate forderynge to brynge to passe hyr purpose, she adornyng as well hyr ounne heede as hyr sonnes with a bonet, as it were muchelyke to those that the greate prynces weere in theyr solemine tryhumphes, the *Assyryens* not beyng acustomyde with suche manner of bonnetts, she so wroughte to thentent the novelte therof shuld not be noo mervell that all the *Assyriens* shuld were bonnetts after that sorte. And thus the wyfe of the sumtyme noble *Ninus* favynge hyr bothe his wyfe and his chylde, with an erelouse diligence maynteyned the kingly dignyte and the knyghtly

# A DELICATE DIET,

for daintie mouthde

## DROONKARDES.

Wherein the fowle a-  
buse of common Carowfing,  
and Quaffing with hartie  
draughtes, is honestlie  
admonished.

By GEORGE GASCOYNE,

Esquier.

*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*

Imprinted at Lon-  
don by Richard Jhones.

Aug. 22. 1576.

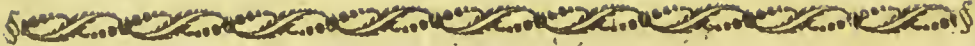
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L O N D O N,

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[ Entered at Stationers-Hall. ]



## ADVERTISEMENT.

*This tract has become so extremely scarce, that it is supposed there is but one copy of the original edition remaining; which is in the possession of George Steevens, Esq. who kindly favoured the present editor with the use of, and permission to reprint it.*

*For accounts of the Author, and his works, see Hawkins's Origin of the English Drama, 1773, Vol. 3; Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 1775, Vol. 2. page 138; Biographia Dramatica, 1782, Vol. 1, page 183; &c.*



To the right Worshipfull his synguler good friend,  
Lewes Dyve of Broomeham, in the Countie of  
Bedforde, Esquyer, George Gascoigne wysheth  
continuance of Gods favour.

**S**YR, you maye possibly condempne me of greate ingratitude, who (having combred the whole worlde with my thryftlesse workes) have yet never remembred to present you with any of them: And in deede your great friendshippe woulde rather challenge at my handes, the preheminence of suche pleasures, togeather with the redoubling of greater good wyll, as God shall please to enable mee.

But Syr, when my wanton (and worse smelling) Poesies, presumed fyrst to pearke abroad, they came forth sooner than I wyshed, and much before they deserved to be lyked. So that (as you maye sithens perceyve) I was more combred with correction of them, then comforted in the constructions whereunto they were subject. And too make amendes for the lost time which I misbestowed in wryting so wantonlie: I have of latter dayes used al my travaile in matters both serious and Morall. I wrote first a tragicall commedie called *The Glasse of Government*: and now this last spring, I translated and collected a worthy peece of worke, called *The Droomme of Doomes daie*, and dedicated the same to my Lord and Maister: And I invented a *Satyre*, and an *Ellegie*, called *The Steele glasse*: and *The complaint of Phylomene*. Both which I dedicated to your good Lord and myne, *the Lorde Greye of Wylton*: These works or Pamphlets, I esteeme both Morall and Godly: whereof although I presented you no Coppies, yet am I not therein so blamefull as unhappy. Surely I must needes alledge that I had verie fewe Coppies thereof my selfe: and yet of those fewe, I had one readie to have sent you, the last time that my brother *John Dyve* was in the Cittye.

But

But at the very instant of his departure, it was not redie : So that I fayled thereby of my determynation, and remayne at your curtesie for the acceptance of this just excuse, whereunto I hope the rather to perswade you, by presenting this small pamphlet called, *A delycate Diet for Droonkards*, unto your name and patronage, the which I beseech you to accept as a pawne and token of my contynuing good wyll, I knowe you, and the world hath alwayes esteemed you, for a paterne of Sobryetie, and one that doth zelously detest the beastlie vyce of droonkenneffe : This small worke is therefore so much the meeter to bee dedicated unto you : I present it, both for that respecte, and for mine owne discharge : and therewithall the Coppies of the workes before named : I dyd often reveale\*, but never prevayled, in the errande which my brother *John* commytted to my sollycytyng when wee last were together. I praye you accept my good wyll in all things : and soone after Mighelmas (by Gods leave) I wyll see you. The God of our Forefathers continue his mercye and grace to us all, now and ever.

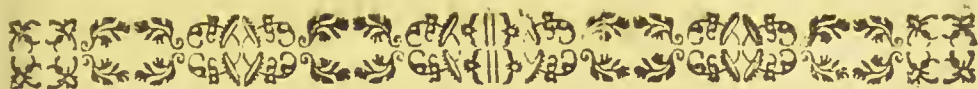
From my lodging in London,

the 10. of August, 1576.

Your bounden and assured

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

\* *Quere, travaille.*



# A DELICATE DIET

F O R

## D R O N K A R D E S.

**W**HYLES I travayled in Translation, and collection of my *Droome of Doomesdaye*; and was busied in sorting of the same (for I gathered the whole out of sundry Pamphlets :) I chaunced at passage, to espye one shorte Epistle, written against Dronkenesse. And though the rest of such Treatises, as I founde in the same Coppie, dyd carrye none expresse name of theyr severall Authours: yet this Epytyle was therein entytuled:

*An Admonition of Saint AUGUSTINE the Bishoppe,  
for the eschewing of Droonkenesse.*

Which Epistle, both for the credite of the Authour, and for the tytles sake I thought good to peruse: fynding the same compendious, and eloquent, as the same Authour dyd commonlye wryte.

But when I had thoroughly considered it, and therewithall had some consideration of the huge enormities, and flames which daylie followe that sinne: yea, when I had fullye advised mee, howe commonlie it is nowe a dayes exercised amongste us: and how flylie it stealeth into this Realme through continuall custome of cheering, and banquetting: I thought it shoulde not be unprofitable, nor any way unpleasant (unlesse it be to such as cannot abyde to heare of vertue, for feare least they might be ashamed of their vyce) to adde some Authoryties and examples for the more speedy extyrpation of this monstrous plant, lately crepte into the pleasaunt Orchyarden of Englande.

And

And surely it is time (yea more then tyme) that we shoulde foresee, and learne to avoyde, those Mermaydes of myschiefe, which pype so pleasantly in every Potte,\*that men be thereby allured to sayle into the Ilandes of all evyll: And there (being justly deprived of Gods grace,) are transformed into most ougly shapes of brute Beastes.

And least I seeme over sodainly to leape into my matter, and over rashly to rayle before good prooffe of reproofe, let mee set downe this for my generall proposition, *That all Droonkardes are Beastes*: yea, let mee not shrinke to affyrme that not onely, all common Droonkardes are Beasts, but even the wyfetest councellour, the graveest Philosopher, the cooningest Artificer, the skylfullest wryter, and the most perfect of all sortes and Estates, if they chance at any time to bee infected, and contamynate with this Beastly vice, shall be, (in that dooing) very Beastes also.

Mary, as there are on earth fundrye sortes of Beastes, so seemeth it that this Sorceresse (*Drinke*) doth also in her transformed Crewes, observe a wonderfull varyetie: For some men delyghting in her onely for pleasure, and good fellowship, (as they terme it) doo no further exceede then into a certaine jocunde myrth, and dallyaunce: and yet therein also they chaunce most commonly to geve no small cause of offence. Then, this sorte of Droonkards, I can best compare unto Apes, whose peevishe propertie, is to bee delyghted with everie fonde toye, and tryfle: and whose busie nature can seldome or never be exercysed, without hurt or damage.

Another sort of men, stepping a foote further, doo fall unto brawlyng and quarrellyng: not unlyke to the Beares and Boares of the Forrest, whose chiefe delyght consisteth in pertycular combat with theyr owne kind.

Another sort (of a more mallicious nature) wyll lye in wayte (in theyr droonkenesse) to entrap their companions with some disceypt. And such I accoumpt (for all theyr cunning) transformed into Foxes, and wyly Wolves. What shoulde I speake of the Lecherous Droonkarde, who (lyke a Goate) wyll spare neyther Sex, Age, Kyndred, nor companion,

\* *Quercus*, Potte.

nion, in the fylthy heate of his lewde concupyfcence. Or of the prowde Droonkarde, whiche (Peacock like) doth jet in every ftreete: Neyther afhamed to fhew his vyle vanytie, nor yet never abafhed, tyll hee fall downe in the channell, as the Peacocks pride is abated when he looketh towardes his feete.

To conclude, they are all eyther hoggifhly dronke, and then lye vomitting and belching with great grieve, and greater offence, or elfe they become Affes, and fluggifhly confume in fleepe, that Golden tyme which is lent us to ufe and beftowe to the honour of God, and for our owne avayle.

So that, (as I fayde) I dare take in hande to defende this propofition, that *All Droonkards are Beafes*. And fince God hath made none other fo notable difference between Man and Beaft, as that he hath endewed the one, and deprived the other of reafon and underftanding; I thought mee both to tranflate the foresayde Epiftle, and alfo fomewhat of myfelfe, to wryte as an Invectyve, againft this fo per-ryllous a Theefe, which fo robbeth and depoyleth men of the moft precious Jewell and treafure whiche God beftoweth upon them. And to beginne with the Epiftle of *S. Auguftine*, the wordes thereof are thefe.

ALTHOUGH, MY DEERLY BELOVED, I hope that you through the grace of Chrift, wyll feare Droonkenneffe, as you feare the pit of Hell: and that not only you wyl drinke no more then is convenient, but alfo that you wyll not compell or allure any other to drinke more then wyll fuffife: yet fhall you take in good part this counsell of mine, becaufe it can not be chofen, but that fome will be negligent, and are not able to keepe themfelves fober. But you which doo alwayes banquette foberlie, and temperately, take not this as fpoken to your reproche: for it is neceffarie that we do fometimes rebuke dronkardes.

Then whereas (welbeloved brethren) Droonkenneffe is a great evyll, and an odious fin unto God: yet is it fo growen in ufe, with many menne through the whole world: that with fuch as wyll not underftand Gods commaundements, it is now taken to be no great finne: fo that they mock and fcoffe in their banquettes, at fuche as can not beare many Cuppes,

Cuppes, and are not ashamed to bynde men by an envious knotte of friendship that they shall drink more then behoveth.

But he which compelleth another man to make himselfe drunken by often bybbing: it were lesse evyll for that man, if he should wounde his fleshe with the sworde, then that he kyl his soule by droonkenesse: And because our bodyes are earthly, even as when there hath beene some over greate dashe or glut of raine continuing long, the earth is soaked and resolved in myre, so that no tyllage can be made in the same: In lyke maner our flesh being made droonken, can neyther receive the spirituall tyllage, nor yet the bread and foode, which is necessarie for the soule. And as all men doo desyre to have sufficient and competent showres of rayne in their fieldes and closes, so that they maye bee able both to exercise tyllage, and to enioye the plentie of their fruites and encrease: so in this field they shoulde drinke but so much as behoveth: least by excesse and droonkeness, the verie earth of their body, (being as it were turned into a verie Fenne and Quagmyre) may better serve to breede Woornes and Serpentes of vice and sinne, then it shoulde bee able to bringe forth the fruits of charitie. For all Droonkardes are even such as Fennes and Marishes seem to be in al respects: you are not ignoraunt (welbeloved) what groweth in Fens: for whatsoever groweth therein, bringeth forth no fruite, therein breede Serpentes and fundrie kinds of Worms, which doo bring more horreur and dread, then encrease of victual: Even such are Dronkardes, being fyt for no profite, or commoditie: for oftentimes in theyr droonkenesse they know neither themselves, nor any body else: neither can they goe, stande, nor speake any thing that pertayneth unto reason: yea, oftentimes they are not ashamed to cramme up their stomacks, even to vomitting, and quasse (out of al measure) by Cuppes of assise and measure: then he which can get the upperhande, desireth praise of his fowle and filthive fault. But they which delight therein, doe goe about wonderfully to excuse themselves, saying: I shoulde use my friend but uncurteously, if as often as I byd him to my house,

I gave him not as many Cuppes as hee would call for : But let him be no friende of thine, which wyll make thee his enemye, & which is enemye both to thee & to himselfe . if thou make both thyself & another man droonken, thou maist have that man thy frend for a tyme : but thou shalt have God for thy perpetual enemye.

Then consider wisely, whether it bee commaunded that thou shouldest separate thy selfe from God, to ioine in league with a Droonkard.

And to conclude, do thou neither compel any man to drink, nor binde any man by oathes to drinke : but leave it unto his choyse to drinke as much and as lytle as hee lysteth : that if he wyll needes make him selfe droonken, he maye perishe alone, and not both of you bee cast away. Let those which bee incontinent and prodigall in bybbing, consider with themselves, if they be not to be iudged worse then brute Beastes: for wheras brute Beastes wyll drinke no more then that which shall suffice them, they wyl yet drink fowre tymes more then behoveth : and that which might have served to refreshe theyr bodies three or fowre dayes, with reasonable contentacion, they strive to spend, and rather to cast it away in one daye : yea, woulde to God that onely the drinke were cast away, & not they themselves also shoulde perishe : But if we eschew this at any tyme, peradventure the Droonkards are offended, and do murmure against us. Well, though there want not such as wyll be so offended at us, yet by Gods grace there wyll be many which ( hearing this holefome counsell ) shal be delivered from this so grevous an enormitie & sinne : and they also which are moved & angrie with suche as speake against their yoake-fellowe, & lemmane droonkenesse, and let them geve mee leave to pronounce this sentence with open mouth : That whosoever delighteth in droonkenesse, And doeth not earnestlie repent and amende the same, but doth remaine in his droonkenesse, without contrition and reformation, shall doubtles perishe for ever and ever : for the holy ghost doeth not lye by the holy Apostle, saying : *The Droonkardes* shall not enheryte the kingdom of God : And therefore as many

as bee Droonkardes, shall doo better, not to be offended with you, but with themselves: and let them with the helpe of God, shake them selves out of the dyrt of dregges, or out of the fylthe of droonkenneffe, whiles there is yet place and time to repent: and make al the haste that they can (by Gods helpe) to ryse againe. For droonkenneffe (even like unto hell) whomesoever it overcommeth, (unlesse worthy repentaunce do folow, and amendment also beare it company,) it doeth so stoutlie challenge them unto it selfe, that it suffreth them not (at al) to returne out of the darke pytte of hell, unto the light of Charitie, or sobrietie.

Wherefore (brethren) whyles I put you in minde of these thinges, I doo absolve and discharge my selfe before God: and whosoever contempneth to heare mee, and is prone and prompte to bybbing, or wyll sweare & compel other men at his banquets to drinke, shal be guiltie at the day of iudgement both for himselfe, and for other men: Yea, and (that which is more abhominable) some of the Clergie which ought to forbid this, doo them selves also constraîne many to drinke more then is expedient for them. Well, let them begin to amend and correct them selves, and then let them chastise others, that when they come before the Tribunal seate of Christ, they encurre not the danger of punishment for other mens droonkenneffe, but rather that they may deserve to attaine everlasting rewarde, whyles they amende themselves, and cause\* not to chastise & correct others also.

And this above al thinges I beseech you, and by the dreadful day of iudgment, I coniure you, that as often as you banquette among your selves, you doo banishe and spew out of your Feasts and meryments, (even as it were the poyson of the Devyl himselfe) that filthy custome, whereby three and three doo use without all measure, to drinke eyther against theyr wyls, or at the least without any appetite to drinke: for that unhappy and mischevous custome, doth yet smell of the smoake of Paganisme: and whosoever useth it, or suffreth it eyther at his owne table, or any other company,

let

\* *Quere*, cease,

let him not doubt, but that he maketh him selfe a sacrifice to the Devyll, synce therefore proceedeth that not only the body is weakened, but also the Soule is thereby wounded and slaine: Wherefore, I beseech God of his mercie, that he vouchsafe to enspire you with such grace, that this so shamefull and lamentable an evyl and wickednesse, maye become such an horreur unto you, as that you suffer it never to be committed, but that you convert that to helpe and refresh the poore, which shoulde have bene cast away in superfluous droonkenesse. And this by the helpe & grace of our Lorde Jesus Christ, who with the Father and the holy ghost, lyveth and reigneth God, world without ende. *Amen.*

*Hytherto the words of S. Augustine*, in such sort as hee wrote the sayde Epystle: whereunto I meane nowe to adde this short Treatise following, to the same ende and purpose that the sayde *Augustine* dyd wryte the same Epystle: And yet doo confesse a trueth, It is commonlye seene, that as in all activities, or common sortes of exercises, wee straine curtsie, and refraine to shewe our cunning, immediatly after that any excellent man hath dealt in the same before us: least thereby wee might sooner detect our owne weaknesse, then better & amend the doings of others: ( yet when *Apelles* was present, meaner Painters woulde not prease to take pensyl in hande: neither would *Marsias* wel vaunt of his gaine in commendation, by striving to warble upon the Harpe, which *Apollo* had erst layde asyde ) so it may seeme no lesse wonder, that I being a simple wryter generally, and perticularly ( for Divinitie ) altogether unskyllfull, woulde presume to take pen in hande, after so holy a Father as *Augustine*, so profoundly studied, and so well adorned with skyll to endight, both pleasantly, and pythily.

But for that my purpose and enterpryse is not to contend in cunning, but rather to consent in doctrine, not to strive in curiositie, but to agree in uniformitie, nor\* to hunt for particular prayes, but to labour for a generall profite, therfore I am bold ( in so honest a cause ) to doo my best: Beseeching the Reader, neither to regard the unpleasauntnesse of my Style, nor the nakednesse of my simplicitie: but only to consider the

necessity of my reprehensions, constrained by the extremitie of this beastly vice, which *Augustine* in his tyme dyd so sharply rebuke.

And surely if our common custome therein practised, dyd not much more exceede in the superlative degree, then the shortnesse of this his Epistle before rehearsed, doth minister occasion of further treatie, I coulde have bene better contented to have kept scilence, then thus to have sowed a patche of Chamlette, in a garment of Satten: One comfort (I must confesse) I have conceyved, that I can speede no worse in this small travayle, then a number of learned & Godly teachers have done before mee. Who calling and crying dayly against this horrible, & beastly custome, have the deafe eare turned unto their spirituall admonitions, and are constrayned (with great grieve of minde) to leave this swynishe sorte of people, wallowing in the dyrt & myre of their most execrable droonkenesse. Such is the very nature and property of sinne generally (but of this sinne especially) that where it once getteth the maistry and upperhand by continuall custome, it hardneth the hart, blindeth the eyes, amaseth the understanding, bewitcheth the senses, be-noometh the members, dulleth the wyts, provoketh unto beastlynesse, discourageth from vertuous exercise, maketh lovely to seeme lothsome, hasteneth crooked age, fostereth infirmities, defyleth the body openly, & woundeth the soule unseen.

This is that *Circe*, or *Medea*, which can Metamorphose, & transforme men into ougly mishapen monsters, yea, the gallauntest peeres, into sencelesse Stocks, and mightiest Monarkes into brute Beastes. For was not *Noah* [ *Genesis* 9. ] (even the chosen servaunt of God) through this beastly vice, so Metamorphosed, that he lay in his Tent uncovered, and shewed thereby the secreets which shame and nature forbyd us to disclose? But what punishment fell uppon his yongest Sonnes posteritie therefore? even a perpetual bondage & servitude, and in lyke manner, what shoulde wee accoumpt *Loth* and his Daughters [ *Genesis* 19. ] but Beasts, who in theyr droonkenesse, committed abhominable incest

in the fight of God? Or what prevayled unto *Sampson*, [ Judges 16. ] the marveilous force & strength wherewith God had blessed him, to overcome so many enemies in battayle, ( when wallowing in concupiscence, which is a cosen to this lothsome vice ) he bewrayed unto *Dalyla* the secreets of Gods misteries, and so became a mocking stocke unto his enemies? of a mighty Champion, he became a mylksop : of a Giant a Gnat, and of a Patrone & defendor, a Babe & a weakling, ready to crave defence of others : suffering his eyes to be plucked out of his head, and his body to be led about as a common skorne and pastime for the *Philistines*.

*Holofernes*, [ Judith 12, 13, 14. ] in all the pompe of his pride, and in the very middest of his huge boast\* and armie, ( being brought droonk a bed ) left his head in pawne with those whome he thought to have subdued, & so discomforted his souldiors by the suddaine terror of his death, that the poore Cittizens of *Bethulia*, ( whose people they earst determined to have devowred ) could nowe boldly yssue out of their walles, & put them to shameful flight and slaughter : O wonderful exchange, the stoute Chaptaine which in his owne blynde imaginacion, thought hymselfe strong enough, ( with his hoste ) to have subdued the whole world, was ( through the shamefull defect of this beastly vyce ) conquered in the middest of all his force by one weake womans hande : I might rehearse fundry famous examples out of the holy scripture, sufficient to terrifie and withdraw any Christian mind, from this horrible and beastly abomination.

But as I have partly begonne with the best & principal authority, so wyl I yet recite some examples out of Heathen Authours, who wrote of the ages passed, and then consequently descend unto our owne age present : in which this enormity doth so farre exceede that ( if dead men might be called againe ) the Forefathers should not want sufficient cause to wonder at our impudencie, who having not the cloked excuse of ignoraunce, and lacke of instruction, which the Heathen might ( after a sort ) alledge in defence of their defects, are not ashamed to proceede, & to surpasse all ages, in so lothsome and beastly a transgression : whereas in all

Morall

\* *Quere*, hoast.

Morall vertues, we can neverthelesse be content to come farre behind them.

*Alexander the Macedonian*, who by his valiaunce & prowesse, in lesse then twelve yeeres, conquered & subdued, *Illiria*, now called *Slavonia*, the Cittie of *Thebes*, with the Territories and Countreyes adioyning: yea al *Greece*, *Asia*, *Persia*, and *India*, with the East parts of the whole world: being setled in peaceable possession of his dominions, gave himselfe over unto vanity & pleasures, and at the last to excessive droonkenesse: whereby hee became so odious unto his people generally, that they privily conspired his death, & executed the same: So that they having respect to the excellencie of his singuler vertues, and therewithall weying that his overthrowe came chiefly by this detestable vice; I can not better terme him then a mighty man transfourmed into a brute Beast.

*Apitiüs* not contented to distemper his owne body continually with wine & delicate fare, and after much & great consumption thereof, to find an hole in his bags, as bigge as five hundreth fowre score & three thousand, fifty and fowre pounds sterlings, did yet infect the whole City of *Rome*, with poison of the same abomination: which in times past had bene a perfect Myrror of temperance to other Nations: but in the ende he beastly & most ungodly, dyd wilfully drink poyson, and destroyed himself, fearing lest the remnant of his substance would not minister sufficiently unto the plot forme or foundation which he had layd in this abominable bybbling, banquetting, & quaffing, and what shall I name this man, but a beastly *Metamorphoser*, both of himself & of others?

*Lucullus* a famous Romane, both for learning and skyl in Martial feats, after a nomber of great victories, & exceding Fame got by temperaunce in iustice, and pollitique government, dyd geve him selfe over unto such an *Epicures* lyfe, and soonke so deepe into the gulse of this odious enormity, that in th' end he lost his wyts and memory, & with all his substance was lyke a chylde, committed unto the charge & direction of others: and was not this a playne *Metamorphosis*?

What

What should I rehearse the Histories of *Lucius Verus*, *Marcus Bibulus*, *Sergius*, and sundry other *Romaines*? who wallowing and delyghting in this beastly vice, Metamorphosed themselves most monstrously.

For we must not thinke that the auncient Poettes in their most famous works, dyd dyrectly meane as the lytterall text of their Fables do import: but they dyd Clarkly in figures, set before us sundry tales, which (being wel marked) might serve as examples, to terrifie the posteritie from falling into sundry vanities, and pestilent misgovernments: and therupon they feigned that *Medea*, *Circe*, and such other coulede Metamorphose & transforme men into Beastes, Byrdes, Plantes, and Flowres: meaning thereby, that whosoever is so blinded in sensuality, that forgetting his intellectuall reasons, & the better part of his understanding, he follow the appetite and concupiscence of nature, he shal without doubt transforme him self, or be transformed from a man to a Beast, &c. For what greater imperfection can we alledge in the most brute and savage Beasts, than to follow sensuall appetyte, unto al vaine apparaunce of delyghtes? Nay, rather we must confesse that Beasts doo by a natural instincte observe a certaine mediocritie, in many thinges whiche doo by extremitie turne into vice: The Beasts and Cattell, with Fowles, Fishes, and other such creatures, voyde of reason: doo yet covet or desyre the acte of generation, but onely at certaine times prefixed, when nature doth thereunto kindle and provoke them. But men who challenge a perfection above all other creatures, doo beastly and more then beastly, and abhominably delight therein, (naye, provoke & pamper the dayly excesse therof) to the weakning of their bodies, offending of their devout & wel disposed brethren, & high displeasing of almighty God. The Beasts, &c. never or seldome do surcharge theyr stomacke with more meate then they maye welle digest, but men doo crainme them selves with Cates, untill they be constrained to vomitte: Beastes, when they are stirred or provoked to wrath and angre, doo yet presently passe over the mallice, without entent of revenge: But men can reteyne a mallice, yeeres & ages: whereby the destruction of sundry worthy famyllies hath ensued. And now to touch our purpose

pose more peticularly: Beasts are satisfied with drinking once or twise a day at ordinary and accustomed howres, but men are not ashamed to syt bybbling, quaffing, and tossing of pottes, whole daies and nyghtes: So that a iust account of their lyves being called, they maye seeme eyther borne to do none other thing, or else to have so guilty mispent their time, that the most brute and senceles Beastes, are able to accuse them of sundry huge enormities. By these and sundry other reasons, I thought not impertynent to name this detestable vice of droonkenesse, the *Circe* or *Medea*, which *Metamorphoseth*, & transfourmeth men into most ougly and monstrous shapes & proporcions: wherof I have brought foorth some examples out of holy scriptures, and others some out of the Heathen Authours, which wrote the factes and governmentes of the famous *Romaines*. But now if we consider our own age (yea our owne Nation) the verye chiefe cause which made me presume to adde this smal treatise, unto the Epistle of *S. Augustine*, we shal find by too true experience, that we doo so much exceede al those that have gone before us, that if they might seeme as men transfourmed into Beasts, we shal rather appeare as Beasts mishapen & chaunged into Devyls. And in this accusation, I doo not onely summon the *Germaines* (who of auncient tyme have beene the continual Wardens of the Droonkards fraternitye and corporation,) but I would also cyte to appeare our newfangled Englyshe men, which thinke skorne to leave any newe fashion (so that it be evyll) untryed or unfollowed. For now a dayes what Marchaunt, what Artificer, nay, what botcher, or boongler, in any occupation, can be contented to envite his friende to dynner, or supper, unlesse he doo his best, to geve him a Cup of *Magis* (as they terme it) and beguile both the Coffer of their store, and the treasure of theyr soule, with counterfeyte names to cloake theyr beastly inventions: Wherin I note the vyce so much the more daungerous, since they cannot denye, that they are dayly thereof both admonished and reproved by sundry learned & godly Teachers and Preachers: who painfully and zealously doo exhort them from this Quaffing, Carrowling, and tossing of Pots.

But

But what amendment followeth in many of us? surely I tremble to wryte it, and it greeveth mee sufficiently to thinke thereon, that in steede of reformation, they scoffe and taunt amongst them selves, in theyr banquets, saying: *Friendes we are forbidden to Quaffe, or to Carowse, and therefore let us use none other drynking but a harty draught*: And having thus (in theyr owne frantike imaginations) cloaked theyr devyllishe & damnable intent, they proceede untill this new founde harty draught, bee found five tymes worse then theyr former Quaffing & Carowling: O grosse blindnesse of harte: can impudent men thinke so to deceyve the almightye God, which seeth the secreets of al harts? no surely, *For hee which dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorne: yea, the Lorde shall vex them in his sore displeasure.* [ Psal. 2. ] Let us but consider this one thing: in what civyll Realme or dominion, where the people are taught and exercised in the commandementes and counsels of God ( England onely excepted ) shall we see the unthriftye Artificer, or the labourer, permitted to sit bybbing and drinking of Wine in every Taverne? or what woman (even amongst the droonken *Almaines*) is suffred to followe her Husbände unto the Alehouse or Beerehouse? But it were folly to stand so much upon these meane personages, who for lacke of wytte or good education, maye easily be enclyned to thinges undecent. I would (for God) that our gentrie, and the better sort of our people, were not so much acquainted with Quaffing, Carowling, and drinking of harty draughtes, at many mery conventions: would God that we learned not (by the foreleaders before named) to charge and coniure each other unto the pledge, by the name of such as we most honour and have in estimation: *Befor your Maistresse and my beloved Wife, pledge me this cupfull, &c.*

Ah las, we Englishe men can mocke & scoffe at all Countreyes for theyr defectes, but before they have many times mustred before us, we can learne by lytle and lytle to exceede and passe them al, in all that which (at first sight) we accompted both vyle and vyllanous: The *Spanishe* codpeece on the bellye: the *Itallyan* waste under the hanch bones:

the *French* Ruffes: the *Polonian* Hose: the *Dutch* Jerkin: and the *Turkie* Bonnet: all these at the first we despised, & had in derision. But immediatly (*Mutate opinione*) we doo not onely reteyne them, but we do so farre exceede them: that of a *Spanish* Codpeece, we make an English footeball: of an *Itallyan* wast, an English Petycoate: of a *French* ruffe, an English Chytterling: of a *Polonian* Hose, an English bowgette: of a *Dutch* Jerken, an olde English Habergeone, and of a *Turkie* bonnet, a Copentank for *Caiphas*: In lyke manner we were woont (in tymes past) to contempne and condempne the *Almaines* and other of the low Countreyes, for theyr beastly drinking and quaffing. But now a dayes (although we use it not dayly lyke them, for it seemes that they are naturally enclyned unto that vyce) yet, when we doo make banquets and merymentes, as wee terme them, we surpasse them very farre: and small difference is founde betwixt us and them, but only that they (by a custome rooted amongst them, & become next Cosen to nature as before sayd) doo dayly wallow in a grosse maner of beastlines, & we think to cloake the filthinesse therof by a more honorable solemnitye, & by the cleanly tytle of curtesie. The *Almaines* with their smal Renish wine are contented: or rather then faile a cup of Beere may entreatethem to stoupe: But we must have March beere, dooble dooble\* Beere, Dagger Ale, Bragget, Renish wine, White wine, French wine, Gascoyne wine, Sack, Hollocke, Canaria wine, *Vino greco: Vinum amabile*, & al the wines that may be gotten: Yea wine of it selfe is not sufficient, but Suger, Limons, & sundry sortes of Spices, must be drowned therin. To minister mater unto our vaine delights & to beguile our selves with the baite which drunkenesse doth therein lay for us. And all this must be covered with the cleanlye name of curtesy, & friendly entertainment.

But geve mee leave (*O Droonkards*) to aske you this question, if by this curtesy, and friendly entertainment of yours, a friend which is constrayned thus to pledge you, doo chance to surfeite, & to fal thereby into such distemper, that he

\* This duplication of the word dooble seems to have been only an error of the press; but, that the tract might be faithfully reprinted, it is retained.

he dye thereof: what kind of curtesie shall we then account it? or what friendship can be found in such entertainment? yea, if he escape surfeiting or daunger of death, (which is feldome avoyded in them that use drinking unmeasurably) yet if his former good fame & credyte be thereby so much touched, that his gravest friends take iust occasion to reprehend him, & to withdrawe theyr good wyls from him: shall hee not have iust cause to condempne this curtesy as counterfayt, and curse this feyned friendship? At the least, though his worldly friendes wynke, and temporall death forbear him a while, let him yet not thinke to escape the iust iudgement of God, who punisheth the abhominacion of iniquitie, unto the third & fowrth generation. And in these three poynts, especially have I considred the enormity of this sinne: For that it weakeneth and endaungereth mans body dayly, it impayreth his credite openly, and woundeth his soule secretly. So that for mine owne perticular opinion, I could wythe that (*Italian* or *Spaniard* like) we dyd altogether banishe from our banquets, the common curtesy of drinking one to another at all: not that I would seeme thereby to condempne it (of it selfe) if it be but temperately used, but because I finde that the pleasauntnesse of the drinke, and the infirmity of our nature doo beget one draught upon another, so that beginning with curtesie, we ende with madnesse and beastlynesse. And well wrote hee which sayd, that the first Cuppe quenched thyrst, the seconde enduced myrth, and rejoying in hart, the thyrd voluptuousnesse, the fowrth droonkenesse, the fifth wrathfulnesse, the syxt contenciousnesse, the seventh furiousnesse, the eyght sluggishnesse, and the nynth, extremitie of sycknesse. But with us, nynce draughts: yea, nyneteene draughts: nay, sometime nine & twenty doo not suffice. And whereas the Forefathers gave no further warrant, then for the second draught, and seemed to thinke that (passing further then that) concupiscence straight waies crept in, we ar not abashed to breake their boundes, & make concupiscence but a tryfling fault in comparison of our beastly excesse. For fyrst to speake of sicknesse

nesse and infirmities, what knoweth he which taketh the Cup in hand to drink unto another, whether he have as much delyght to pledge, as he hath to drinke unto him? or whether the constitution of his body, wyll so well awaye with excessive drynking, as his owne wyll? then must it follow, that if the Pledger be not of lyke disposition, the Bryncher is guyltie of alluring unto sinne:

And if he were as forwardly disposed as hee, yet at the least hee must bee guyltie in styrring him to continuance thereof: In lyke manner, if the Pledger bee inwardlie sicke, or have some infirmite, whereby too much drinke (or drynking, when nature doeth not desyre it) doo empayre his health, and shorten his lyfe, then doeth the Bryncher seeme to bee guyltie of his death: Yea, though he bee of a lustye disposition and constitution of body, (considering the fundrie sicknesses which growe uppon surfeytes) the Bryncher doth at the least, put a naked Sworde in a mad mannes hande: and is culpable both of his owne transgression, and of his fellowes faulte: this is then one braunche of this droonken curtesie.

But to speake of empayring the credite both of himselfe, and his companion, what greater shame can bee shewed, then to weaken reason and understanding, which are the pryncipall gyftes that we receyve of God? to leese the power, to guyde or governe our handes? feete? tongue? and other members, whiche are lent us of God, to serve him with honour? to bleare our eyes? puffe up our face? and to cast our heayre? which are the ornamentes of nature, to bee used unto the glorie of our creatour? to buylde a kingdome for lust and concupiscence? to chase vertue from our company? to bewraye secretes? to become our enemies iesting stocke, and our friendes cause of lamentation? to runne headlong into every peryll, to begyn lyke Apes, & to ende lyke Asles? to geve occasion of strife lyke wrathfull Boares, and to yeelde unto the slaughter lyke weaklings and Calves? To conclude, I knowe nothing that maye more impayre mans credite, then of a reasonable soule to become a brute

& fenceles Beast: and this is the second braunche of this curtesie & friendship which we use in drynking and Quaffing: Nowe finally to prove that it woundeth mans soule, is evident, in that almighty God hath as well by his Prophets, as also by his Apostles, so often and so manifoldly reprov'd & forbydden the same. And we must fymely beleeve, that whosoever doth wytingly transgresse the counsels or commandements of almighty God, contened in his holy word, doth manifestly wound and hurt his own soule: in that he doth aggravate his original imperfections, & render himselfe more and more culpable of Gods iudgementes. For the Prophet *Esai* in his fowrth Chap: hath these words: *Wo be unto them that ryse up early to folow droonkennesse: now this word (Wo) in the holy Scriptures is commonly taken for a greevous curse and threatning: but the Prophet doth proceede more plainly, saying: In their feastes are Harps and Lutes, Tabrets, Pipes, & wine: but they regard not the Lord, and consider not the operation of his handes: therefore commeth my folke unto captivity, because they have none understanding: their glory is famished with hunger, and their multytude (or plentye) dried up with thyrst: therfore gapeth hell (sayth he) and openeth hir mouth marvailous wyde, that their glory, multitude, and wealth, with such as reioyce therein, may descend into it: And againe in his xxviii. Chapt. speaking of the prowde Potestates, he sayth: Wo bee unto the crowne of pryde, even unto the droonken people of Ephraim, whose great pompe is as a flowre, &c. And speaking against false Judges and Teachers, he sayth: They are out of the way, by reason of wine, yea, farre out of the waye, through strong drinke. And Salomon in his Proverbs hath sundry passages against this lothsome vyce: as in the xx. Chap. he sayeth: Wine maketh a man scorneful, and strong drinke causeth a man to be unquiet: who so delighteth therein shall not be wyse. And in the xxxi. Cha. he sayth.*

*O Lamuel, it is not for Kings, it is not for Kings (I saye) so drinke wine, nor Princes strong drinke: least they by drink-*  
*ing*

*ing forgette the Lawe, and pervert the iudgement of all poore mennes chyldren: The Prophete Amos in the sixt Chapter, reproving the Princes of Israell, for wallowing in vayne delghtes, reckeneth up the abomination of a Droonkard in these words: They drinke wine in Bowles (sayth he) and annoynt themselves with chiefe oyntmennts, but no man is sorie for the affliction of JOSEPH. Micheas also in his seconde Chapter, taunting and reprooving the chylidishnesse, and ignoraunce of the people, sayth: If a man lye falsely, saying, I wyll prophesie to thee of wine, and strong drinke, that were a meete Prophet for this people.*

And the Prophete *Abacuc* in his seconde Chapter, seemeth to ioyne the prowde man and the Droonkard together, where he sayeth: *Yea in deede the prowde man, is as bee that transgresseth by wine, therefore shall he not endure: because hee hath enlarged his desyre as the hell, and is as death: And in the end of the same Chapter he sayeth: Woo bee unto him that geveth his neyghbour drinke: thou ioynest thy rage, and makest him droonken also, that thou mayst see theyr privities: thou arte fylled with shame, for glorie: drinke thou also, and bee made naked, the Cuppe of the Lordes right hande, shall be turned unto thee, and shamefull spewing shal be for thy glorie.*

But to conclude this proposition, although I myght heere alledge, very many other textes of holy Scriptures, which doo expressedly reprove this lothsome abomination, I thinke it sufficient to recyte the wordes of *Paule*, in the sixt Chapter of his fyrst Epistle to the *Corinthians*, where (amongste sundrye other vyces) hee pronounceth playne sentence against Droonkardes, saying: *That they shall not inheryte the kingdome of God: And in his fyfth Chapter to the Galathians, and to the Ephesians, hee repeateth (in manner) the selfe same wordes.* This is then the thyrde branche of the frutes which grow by this beastly vyce, even the wrath of God, and losse of the heavenly habitation. Nowe if these aucthorities, examples, counsels, and commandements, seeme not sufficient to terrifye us from falling into this swynish and filthye  
abho-

abhominacion, I can doo no more, but praye unto God, that some better learned, and more eloquent then I, maye (by assistance of his holy spyrite ) be made able to set downe such wholsome lessons for the avoyding thereof, that the excesse and custome of the same, maye generallye throughout all Christendome, and especially heere in England, be reformed. And the plagues and punishmentes by him threatened and pronounced ( by his clemency and mercy ) may be withdrawne and remytted: So that in all cleaneesse and purenesse of hart, we maye praise his name: To whome with the Sonne and the holy Ghost, bee all dominion, power and glory, nowe and for ever. So bee it.

### F I N I S.

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The following Stanzas, supposed to have been written by *Gascoigne*, are taken from a Collection of Poems by several persons, intituled *The Paradice of Daintye Devices*, Published by *H. Dizle*, 4to. 1592.

#### A DESCRIPTION OF THE WORLD.

**W**HAT is this world? a net to snare the soule,  
 A masse of sinne, a desert of deceit:  
 A moment's joy, an age of wretched dole,  
 A lure from grace, from flesh a loathsome baite.  
 Unto the minde a canker worme of care,  
 Unsure, unjust, in rendring man his share.

A place where pride ore-runnes the honest minde,  
 Where rich men joyne to rob the thriftles wretch:  
 Where bribing mistes doo blinde the judges eyen,  
 Where parasites the fattest crummes doo catch.  
 Where good desertes which challenge like reward,  
 Are over blowen with blastes of light regarde.

And

And what is man, dust, slime, a puffe of winde,  
 Conceiv'd in sinne, plasste in the worlde with greefe :  
 Brought up with care, 'till care hath caught his minde,  
 And then till death vouchsafe him some releefe,  
 Day, yea nor night, his care dooth take an end,  
 To gather goods for other men to spend.

Oh foolish man that art in office plaste,  
 Think whence thou camste, and whither thou shalt goe :  
 The hautye okes small windes have overcast,  
 When slender weedes in roughest weather growe.  
 Even so pale death oft spares the wretched wight,  
 And woundeth you, who wallowe in delight.

You lustie youthes who nourish high desire,  
 Abase your plumes which makes you look so big :  
 The Collier's cut, the Courtier's steed will tire,  
 Even so the Clarke the Parson's grave doth dig :  
 Whose hap so is, yet here long life to winne,  
 Dooth heap God wot, but sorrowe upon sinne.

And to be short, all sortes of men take heede,  
 The thunder boltes the loftie towers teare,  
 The lightning flash consumes the house of reede,  
 Yea more, in time all earthly things will weare,  
 Save only man, who as his earthly time is,  
 Shall live in woe, or els in endlesse blisse.

T H E    E N D.

---

# DISPERSED POEMS,

By SPENSER;

NOT IN ANY EDITION OF HIS WORKS:

AND NOW FIRST COLLECTED,

1792.

---

“ Loe here I let you see my olde use of toying in  
Rymes, turned into your artificial straightnesse of  
Verse, by this *Tetraſticon*. I beſeech you tell me  
your fancie, without parcialitie.

See yee the blindefoulded pretie God, that feathered Archer,  
Of Lovers Miſeries which maketh his bloodie Game?  
Wote ye why, his Moother with a Veale hath coovered his  
Face?

Truſt me, leaſt he my Looove happely chaunce to beholde.

Seeme they comparable to thoſe two, which I tranſ-  
lated you *ex tempore* in bed, the laſt time we lay to-  
gether in Weſtminſter?

That which I eate, did I joy, and that which I greedily  
gorged,

As for thoſe many goodly matters leaſt I for others.”

This, ſubſcribed, as cuſtomary with *Spencer*, IM-  
MERITO, is in the firſt of “ *Three Proper, and wittie  
familiar Letters: lately paſſed betwene two Vniuerſitie  
men: [i. e. Edmund Spencer and Gabriel Harvey]*  
*touching the Earthquake in Aprill laſt, and our Engliſh*  
reſourmed

*refourmed Versifying. With the Preface of a well willer to them both. Imprinted at London, by H. Bynneman, dwelling in Thames Streete, neere unto Baynardes Castell. Anno Domini. 1580. Cum gratia & privilegio Regiæ Majestatis."*

4to. B. L.

In Hughes's edition of *Spenser*, 1715, the letter this is extracted from is the second in "*Letters between Mr. Spenser and Mr. Gabriel Harvey.*" Vol. 6, p. 1751; but the entire passage, verse and prose, here printed, is omitted: indeed they are all abridged, falsified, and mangled, in that edition, to a degree not to be conceived, but by those who shall compare them with edition 1580.

---

*" Iambicum Trimeterum.*

Unhappie Verse, the witnesse of my unhappie state,  
Make thyselfe fluttring wings of thy fast flying  
Thought, and fly forth unto my Love, whersoever she be:

Whether lying reastleffe in heavy bedde, or else  
Sitting so cheerlesse at the cheerfull boorde, or else  
Playing alone carelesse on hir heavenlie Virginals.

If in Bed, tell hir, that my eyes can take no reste:  
If at Boorde, tell hir, that my mouth can eate no meate:  
If at hir Virginals, tel hir, I can heare no mirth.

Asked why? say: Waking Love suffereth no sleepe:  
Say, that raging Love dothe appall the weake stomacke:  
Say, that lamenting Love marreth the Musically.

Tell hir, that hir pleasures were wonte to lull me asleepe:  
Tell hir, that hir beautie was wonte to feede mine eyes:  
Tell hir, that hir sweete Tongue was wonte to make me  
mirth.

Nowe doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindly reste:  
Nowe doe I dayly starve, wanting my lively foode:  
Nowe doe I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely mirth.

And if I waste, who will bewaile my heavy chaunce?  
And if I starve, who will record my cursed end?  
And If I dye, who will saye: *this was, Immerito?*"

This

This is in the first of “ *Two other very commendable Letters, of the same mens writing : both touching the fore said Artificiall Versifying, and certain other Particulars : More lately delivered unto the Printer. Imprinted at London, by H. Bynneman, dwelling in Thames streete, neere unto Baynardes Castell. Anno Domini. 1580. Cum gratia & privilegio Regiæ Majestatis.*”

4to. B. L.

annexed to the other “ *Three.*” It is the first letter in Hughes’s collection, but the verses here printed are there omitted. In the original typography the U and V are used indifferently for each other.

The following also, omitted by Hughes, occurs after

— — — *Deus illum aliquando reducat. &c.*

“ *Plura vellem per Charites, sed non licet per Musas.*

*Vale, Vale plurimum, Mi amabilissime Harveie,  
meo cordi, meorum omnium longè charissime.*”

And the letter concludes thus.

“ *Per mare, per terras,  
Vivus, mortuusq;  
Tuus Immerito.*”

The “ *Iambicum Trimetrum*” was reprinted with this title, “ *An Elegie in Trimeter Iambicks.*” in “ *A Poetical Rapsodie,*” by Fra. Davison. the first edition of which was, I believe, in 1602 ; see *Bibl. Pearsoniana*, No. 1868. the copy I shall quote from is in the edition dated 1608 ; Mr. Warton has also reprinted it in his “ *Observations on the Fairy Queen of Spenser,*” 1762, Vol. 2. P. 245, under the title of “ *Loves Embassie, in an Iambicke Elegie,*” from the 4th. edition of Davison, printed in 1621 ; the date of the 3d. edition, unless it be one of the abovementioned, I am unacquainted with.

In Davison the second and third lines are thus, properly, divided.

Make thy selfe fluttring wings of thy fast flying thought,  
And fly forth, &c.

In line 8, for

— — my mouth can eate no meate :

*Davison* reads,

— — — my mouth can taste no foode :

and in line 18, for

— — — — wanting thy timely mirth,

he reads.

— — — wanting my timely mirth,

In the first line of Mr. *Warton's* copy the pronoun *my* is wanting. The rest is correct, according to *Davison*.

“ To the right worshipfull, my singular good frend,  
M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor  
of the Lawes,

Harvey, the happy above happiest men  
I read : that sitting like a Looker-on  
Of this worlde's Stage, doest note with critique pen  
The sharpe dislikes of each condition :  
And as one careless of suspition,  
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great :  
Ne fearest foolish reprehension  
Of faulty men, which danger to thee threat.  
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,  
Like a great Lord of peerelesse liberty :  
Lifting the Good up to high Honours seat,  
And the Evill damning evermore to dy.  
For Life, and Death is in thy doomefull writing :  
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin : this xvij. of July : 1586.

Your devoted friend, during life,

Edmund Spencer.

This is at the end of “ *Foure Letters, and certaine Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused : &c. impr. by I. Wolfe. 1592.*” 410.

“ To

“To W. Jones on his translation of a treatise on Nobility,  
by Nenna. 1595.

Whoso will seek by right deserts to 'attaine  
Unto the type of true nobility  
And not by painted shews & titles vaine  
Deriyed far from [buried] ancestrie.  
Behold them both in their true visnomy  
Here truly pourtray'd as they ought to be  
And striving both for terms of dignity  
To be advanced highest in degree;  
And when thou dost with equal insight see  
The odds 'twixt both, of both then deem aright  
And chuse the better of them both to thee,  
But thanks to him that [well] deserves belight  
To Nenna first that first this work created  
And next to Jones that truly it translated.  
Edm. Spencer.”

These Verses were printed from a Manuscript copy of them; the editor having never met with the Book they are, he imagines, prefixed to: the words *buried* in the fourth line, and *well* in the antepenult, are not in the MS. but have been supplied to complete the measure, in which *Spenser* is rarely defective.

---

“Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Seanderbeg  
king of the Epirots, translated into English.

Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt,  
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,  
And old Heroes, which their world did daunt  
With their great deedes and fild their childrens eares?  
Who rapt with wonder of their famous praise,  
Admire their statues, their Colossoes great:  
Their rich triumphal Arcks \* which they did raise,  
Their huge Pyramids †, which do heaven threat ‡.

L9

\* “Triumphant Arcks,” Spenser’s *Ruines of Rome*, St. 7.

† “Now flourishing with fanes, and proud piramides,”  
Drayton’s *Polyolbion*. Song 13,

‡ “And their sky-threatning towres,” *Faerie Queene*, 5. 10, 23.

“That with his tallnesse seemd to <sup>reape</sup> the skye,” *Idem*, 1. 7. 8.  
See

Lo one, whom later age hath brought to light,  
 Matchable to the greatest of those great :  
 Great both by name, and great in power and might,  
 And meriting a meere triumphant seate\*.  
 The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,  
 Thy acts, ô Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

Ed. Spenser.

This is prefixed to "*The Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie, Containing his famous actes, his noble deedes of Armes, and memorable victories against the Turkes, for the Faith of Christ. Comprised in twelve Bookes: By Jaques de Lavardin, Lord of Plessis Bourrot, a Nobleman of France. Newly translated out of French into English by Z. J. Gentleman. London, imprinted for William Ponsonby, 1596.*" folio.

These verses on Scanderbeg were reprinted in the Appendix to *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, P. 144; and in Mr. Neve's "*Cursory Remarks on some of the ancient English Poets*," 8vo. 1789, P. 24 seq. in which latter work the following illustrations of the word *meere* are inserted.

\* a *meere* triumphant seate.] i. e. absolute.

"I am a *meere* gentlewoman." Dekker's *Satiromastix*.

"—— things rank and gross in nature

"Possess it *meere*ly."

*Hamlet.*

The antique *Babel*, Empreffe of the East,  
 Upreard her buildings to the threatned skie :  
 And Second *Babell* tyrant of the West,  
 Her ayry Towers upraised much more high.  
 But with the weight of their own surquedry,  
 They both are fallen †, that all the earth did feare,

See also *Idem.* 3. 9. 45. *Ruines of Rome*. St. 4. and *Ruines of Time*. St. 60.

"Upreard her buildings to the threatned skie."

*Verses to Lerkenor.* infra.

"Ne proude high Towers that preaced to the Skie."

Sackville's *Buckingham*. St. 41.

† "With her own weight down pressed now she lies."

*Ruines of Time*. St. 11.

And

And buried now in their own ashes ly,  
 Yet shewing by their heapes how great they were.  
 But in their place doth now a third appeare,  
 Fayre *Venice*, flower of the last worlds delight,  
 And next to them in beauty draweth neare,  
 But farre exceeds in policie of right.

Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold

*As* ~~This~~ *Lewkenors* file that hath her beautie told.

Edw. Spencer.

This is prefixed to "*The Commonwealth and Government of Venice, Written by the Cardinall Gaspar Contareno, and translated out of Italian into English, by Lewes Lewkenor Esquire, London, imprinted by John Windet for Edmund Mattes, and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the Hand and Plow in Fleetstreet. 1599.*" 4to.

These verses to Lewkenor have been reprinted in Warton's *Observations on the Fairy Queen*, Vol. 2, P. 246. and in the Appendix to *The Sad Shepherd*, 1783, P. 143.

" *Certaine verses of Mr. Edm. Spenser's.*

A translation made *ex tempore* by Mr. Edm. Spenser upon this distich, written on a Booke belonging to the right honorable *Richard Earle of Corke*, &c.

*Nulla dies percat, percat pars nulla diei,  
 Ne tu sic pereas, ut periere dies.*

Let no day passe, passe no part of the day,  
 Lest thou doe passe, as dayes do passe away,

*Verses upon the said Earles Lute.*

Whilst vitall sapp did make me spring,  
 And leafe and bough did flourish brave,  
 I then was dumb and could not sing,  
 Ne had the voice which now I have:  
 But when the axe my life did end,  
 The Muses nine this voice did send,

*E. S."*

The

The foregoing are annexed to “ *A View of the State of Ireland, Written dialogue-wise betweene Eudoxus and Irenæus, By Edmund Spenser Esq. in the yeare 1596. Dublin, Printed by the Society of Stationers.—M.DC.XXXIII.*” Folio.

---

“ By SPENCER.

*Phillis* is both blithe and young;  
 Of *Phillis* is my Silver Song:  
 I love thilk Lais, and in my Heart  
 She breeds full many a baleful Smart.  
 Kids, cracknels, with my earliest Fruit,  
 I give to make her hear my Suit;  
 When *Colin* does approach o'erjoy'd,  
 My Hopes, alas! are all accoy'd.  
 Were I not born to love the Maid,  
 Yet she calls Miracles to her Aid.  
 When stormy Stou'rs had dress'd the year,  
 In shivering Winters wrathful Chear:  
*Phillis*, that lovely cruel wight,  
 Found me in a dreerie Plight;  
 And Snow-balls gently flung at me,  
 To wake me from my Lethargie.  
 Fire I ween there was ypent  
 In all those frozen Balls she sent:  
 For, Ah! woe's me, I felt them burn,  
 And all my Soul to Flames I turn.  
 Ah! *Phillis*, if you'd quench my Fire,  
 Burn your self with as fierce Desire.”

This is in “ CHORUS POETARUM: or, *Poems on Several Occasions.* By the Duke of Buckingham, the late Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, Sir Geo. Etheridge, Andrew Marvel, Esq. *The famous Spencer, Madam Behn, And several other Eminent Poets of this Age. Never before Printed.* London: Printed for Benjamin Bragg, at the White-Hart, over against Water-Lane in Fleet-street. MDCLXIXIV.” 8vo. Dedicated to Sir Fleetwood Sheppard, by Charles Gilden.

I do

I do not believe these lines to be *Spenser's*; but, finding them in print under his name, I thought it improper to omit them: the date of the Miscellany they are in is evidently erroneous; but, from an annexed advertisement of "*Miscellaneous Letters & Essays, &c.* said to be *lately Publish'd*, which *Letters, &c.* are dated 1694, we may conclude it to be the same, or the following year.

---

The following is extracted, with corrections, from the Appendix to "*THE SAD SHEPHERD:*" &c. Svo. 1783, p. 144 seq.

To Peacham's MINERVA BRITANNA are prefixed the following Stanzas, thus addressed.

TO MASTER HENRY PEACHAM.

A VISION UPON THIS HIS MINERVA.

Methought I saw in dead of silent night  
 A goodly Citie all to cinders turned,  
 Upon whose ruines sate a Nymphe in white,  
 Rending her haire of wieri gold, who mourned  
 Or for the fall of that faire Citie burned,  
 Or some deare Love, whose death so made her sad:  
 That since no joye in worldly thing she had.  
 This was that *Genius* of that auntient *Troy*,  
 In her owne ashes buried long agoe:  
 So griev'd to see that *Britaine* should enjoy  
 Her *Pallas*, whom she held and honour'd so:  
 And now no litle memorie could show  
 To eternize her, since she did infuse,  
 Her Enthean soule, into this English Muse.

E. S.

Whether or not these initials mean *Edmund Spenser*, remains to be enquired into.

I have seen no other edition of this work of Peacham's but the one I transcribed these Stanzas from; which is dated 1612: yet is there in it (p. 44.) this expression, and marginal note;

"Then pardon \*Soveraigne. \**Regina Elizabetha.*"

\* B

and

and Queen Elizabeth died March 24, 1603. If the verses be Spenser's, the edition they are prefixed to must either have been a good deal delayed in its publication, or it is a second one, with additions, since he read the work; for Peacham's first verses therein are addressed, "To my dread Sovereigne James, King of Great Britaine, &c." there are others to the Queen (Anne), Princess Elizabeth, Henrie Prince of Wales, and Charles, Duke of York (afterwards King Charles I.), who was not so created till about the year 1605, or 1606; and Spenser died, if we can depend on tradition, in 1598, or, at latest, 1599. See his Life by Hughes, Birch, Church, and Upton.

It may be thought that these initials E. S. stand for *Edward Sharpham*, whose Comedy of *The Fleire* was entered on the Books of the Stationers' Company, May 9, 1606; or that they may signify *Edmond Scory*; there being verses prefixed to Drayton's Heroical Epistles, 1605, signed *E. St. Gent.* which, in the folio edition, 1619, are subscribed *Edmond Scory, Knight.*

*Peacham*, in his *Compleat Gentleman*, 1622, p. 95, 6. speaking of celebrated poets, particularizes *M. Edmund Spenser*; but mentions no other to whom the initials E. S. could belong.

The insertion of this "*Vision*," merely on account of the signature, may be thought an act of Supererogation; but, in one who has that veneration for Spenser which I profess to have, and who would rescue the smallest fragment of his writing from oblivion, it is no more than duty: and that the Stanzas in question were written by him, I think there is both external, and, which is infinitely more satisfactory, internal evidence. In the first place the very title of the verses is similar to those of three of Spenser's small poems; viz.

"Visions of the World's Vanitie."

"The Visions of Bellay." and

"The Visions of Petrarch."

which

which were published in a collection of some of his "disperst" pieces, called COMPLAINTS, in 4to, 1591. Secondly, One of the entries mentioned by Mr. Steevens, is "a booke, called; The Second Book of Songes or Ayres, of twoo, foure, and five Partes, with Tribletures for the Lute or Orpherion, with the Viol-de-gambo. Composed by John Dowland, Batchelor of Musick, and Lutanist unto the most famous Christian the IVth. by the Grace of God, king of Denmark, Norway, &c." The entry is dated July 16, 1600.

The verses in Peacham's *Minerva*, P. 74, (reprinted in the Appendix to *The Sad Shepherd*) on the neglect into which Dowland had fallen, must have preceded his being raised above it, by his appointment to the king of Denmark's service, with whom he went to Denmark, and there died: which brings the matter in question so near to Spenser's time, that, allowing for those who complimented the Author of the *Minerva* with verses on it, to have read it in MS. the preparing of above two hundred cuts; and other necessary or accidental delays before the publication; (during which time the verses on the Stuart family might have been prudently added) it certainly must be granted that it is *possible* for the VISION to have been Spenser's.

Thirdly, as to the *probability, that*, I conceive, must depend on the internal evidence, i. e. the verses themselves; and I think whoever shall be pleased to compare this *Vision* with Spenser's RUINES OF TIME (the first poem in the Collection called COMPLAINTS), and with his FOWRE HYMNES, 4to. 1596, for the construction of the stanza in each, and the similarity of thought and expression in the first six stanzas of the former, will also grant that I have no slight reasons for my supposition. To prevent the trouble of referring, the following parallels are brought into one point of view.

" ——— fate

“ ————— fate a Nymphe in white,  
Rending her haire of wieri gold, who mourned.”

*Vision.*

“ A Woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,  
Rending her yeolow locks, like wyrie gold.”

*Ruines.*

“ ————— who mourned,  
Or for the fall of, &c.  
Or some deare Love”

*Vision.*

“ Which did the losse of some dere love lament.”

*Ruines.*

“ That since no joye in worldly thing she had.”

*Vision.*

“ Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,  
Or comfort can I wretched creature have?”

*Ruines.*

“ This was that *Genius* of that auncient *Troy*”

*Vision.*

“ Or th’ auncient *Genius* of that Citie brent”

*Ruines.*

“ In her owne ashes buried long agoe”

*Vision.*

“ And have in mine owne bowels made my grave”  
“ And lye in mine owne ashes.”

*Ruines.*

“ Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,  
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie.”

*Faerie Queene.* 3. 9. 33.

To these may be added a line from the Verses on  
Lewkenor.

“ And buried now in their own ashes lie.”

I believe there needs no more on the subject, unless it be to beg the reader’s pardon for having said so much about *fourteen lines only*; but, admitting that they are Spenser’s (to apply an expression of Garrick’s, in a prologue on Shakspeare, to our great dramatist’s beloved poet), I would *lose no drop of that immortal man!*

F. G. W.

THE  
P E R I O D  
O F  
Mourning.

*Disposed into sixe VISIONS.*

In Memorie of the late Prince.

T O G E T H E R

With Nuptiall Hymnes, in  
Honour of this Happy Marriage

betweene the Great PRINCES,

F R E D E R I C K

Count Palatine of the RHENE,

A N D

The Most Excellent, and Aboundant President  
of all VIRTVE and GOODNES

E L I Z A B E T H

*only Daughter to our Soueraigne,*  
his MAIESTIE.

Also the manner of the Solemnization of the Marriage at  
White-Hall, on the 14. of February, being Sunday,  
and S<sup>t</sup>. Valentines day.

---

By Henry Peacham, M<sup>r</sup>. of Arts.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed by T. S. for Iohn Helme, and are to be sould in Saint  
Dunstanes Churchyard in Fleetstreet. 1613.

L O N D O N,

Reprinted for the EDITOR, and Sold at No. 62, Great Wild-  
Street, near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; by Mess. EGERTON,  
Whitehall; Mess. COX and PHILLIPSON, James-Street,  
Covent-Garden; R. RYAN, No. 351, Oxford-Street;  
H. D. SYMONDS, No. 20. Pater-Noster-Row; and  
W. RICHARDSON, under the Royal-Exchange. 1789.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]



To reprint the writings of *Chaucer*, *Spenser*, *Shakspeare*, or *Milton*, now entitles an editor to no other praise than that which results from a careful collation of ancient copies, and an intelligent illustration of the text. To revive the almost-forgotten lines of their minor contemporaries, as it is an arduous, is (it is presumed) not an immeritorious task: this has been attempted in the present instance, in consequence of an opinion, that the Poetry is, in many places, far above mediocrity; and, with the classical and historical notes of the author, well worthy of preservation.

The few trifling observations printed in Italics are by the present editor.



To the Right Honourable and truly Noble-Minded,  
SIR JOHN SWINNERTON, Knight, Lord  
Maioꝛ of the Citie of London, SIR THOMAS  
MIDDLETON, and SIR IOHN IOLLES,  
ALDERMEN, his Brethren.

Right Honourable and Worthy Senators.

IT was an auncient custome, no whit discommendable,  
among the *Ethiopian* Princes, amid their Feasts and Royall  
Banquets, to haue the head of a dead man laid in Earth,  
presented the first to the Table; in abundance of Mirth to  
put them in minde of *Mortalitie*. Though I haue euer beene  
a sworne enimie to Superstition, I seeme to imitate them thus  
farre, who vnseasonably at the solemnitie of this Royall  
*Marriage*, offer againe to view the Image of our dead deere  
and neuer to be forgotten *Prince, Henrie*. Affection is liable  
to none account, and this Sorrow, to sound harts can neuer  
come out of season, yet thus much for my selfe; My loue to  
his excellent vertues, and person, to whom I was so many  
wayes engaged, drew, some while since these teares to their  
head, which encountring with a contrary passion of Ioy, for  
the happy *Marriage* of his Most-like *Sister* the *Princessse* my  
most gracious Lady; like fire and water (striving for prædo-  
minancie) I was enforced to make both way euen to mine  
owne preiudice. What I haue done, my Honourable Lord,  
in regard of the fidelity the *Citie* hath euer borne to the  
*State*, the true hartie loue you carry in your owne particulars  
to his *Maiestie*, and the Progenie Royall, and lastly that you  
are knowne out of your Noble and owne Naturall inclination  
to goodnes, to fauour all Learning and Excellencie,  
whereby beyond your prædecessors you gaine a double Ho-  
nour, I humbly offer vp to your Honourable protection:  
expecting onely Time and Occasion wherein I may really  
manifest how fast I am tyed in Zeale and dutifull Affection  
to so worthy a *Maioꝛ*, and so Honourable a *Citie*.

Your Honours

and Worships, truly deuoted

Henry Peacham.

Ad Avthorem, in Periodum eius, foelicesq; *Frederici*  
Comitis *Palatini Rhenensis*, et *Elizabethæ* Sere-  
nissimæ Principis Hymenæos.

**F**Lebilibus mirâ quod misces arte triumphos  
Carminibus, miror iure Poema tuum :  
In tanto dolor an lusus quis vate requirat ?  
Tam bene qui iungis gaudia cum lachrymis.  
Mortuus *HENRICVS* vitam, plangente *CAMÆNA*,  
Viua canente foror, ne moriatur habet.  
Obstupui fateor fieri hæc contraria somno  
Credo equidem Musam sed vigilâsse tuam  
Vel tu bicipiti hæc cepisti insomnia Monte,  
Fonte caballino, vel benè merfus eras.

A. S.

To the M U S E.

**G**OE Muse, that like *Endimion* did'st but dreame  
Of Golden dayes in thy Dispairefull Night ;  
And stood'st like *Tantale* in a Siluer-streame,  
That fed thy longing with a false delight :  
Ope thy dull eyes, and while that others weepe,  
Say, what thou saw'st, since thou hast beene asleepe.

And yet had'st beene, had not ( Oh Brightest Faire )  
Chast *Cynthia* with her fauours wakened me,  
And His deere Loue, whose losse I shadow here,  
Enforc'd a taske of latest Pietie :  
Else better farre, we had beene silent still ;  
And slept vnseene vpon a peacefull Hill.



THE  
P E R I O D

*Of Mourning.*

---

I.

*Vision.*

I Saw (methought) from *Cambers* hilly shore,  
A goodly Arke, as euer eye beheld;  
Whose Sayles were Silke, and Tackle twined Oare,  
That seem'd reflected, gloriously to guild  
The waue around, while thousand colours faire,  
Kept time aloft with euery little ayre.

She *Archôn* hight, for that she had no Peere,  
And could command the *Ocean* with her might:  
In whom the Hopes of many thousands were,  
But chiefly of the Muse, and Martiall sprite:  
Braue Man of warre she was, from *Britaine* bound,  
For new discoueries all that might be found.

And going out, shee did beguile the way,  
With sound of Trumpet, Shawmes, and Cornet shrill,  
That fil'd the shore, and seem'd to charme the Sea;  
(For windes were ceas'd, and waues were calme and stil.)  
Such peales of Thunder, then anone were sent,  
As if she would haue torne the Firmament.

But

But sodainely the Day was ouercast,  
 A tempest hurles the billowe to the Skye;  
 That Cables brake, and hauing spent her Mast  
 Shee fell on Rocks; herewith I heard a cry  
 Of dying men; who perished on the shelues,  
 Saue some, that knew to swim, and saue themselues:

Which when I saw, a streame of Teares I shed,  
 And said (O God) who did commit the sinne,  
 That such a Treasure should be buried  
 In lowest Graue, as it had neuer bin?  
 A fraught wherein we shared euery one,  
 And by whose losse three Kingdomes are vndone.

## II.

## VISION.

**I** Saw a Palme, of body tall and straight,  
 Vpon whose braunches Crownets did depend;  
 But for the top, were kept a cumbrous waight  
 Of three more great: inough to force it bend,  
 (For little wot we managing of Realmes,  
 The howlerly cares and charge of Diadems.)

And euery bough did bloome with fruitfull store,  
 Wherein all kindes of singing Birds did build;  
 Melodiously reioycing euermore  
 In his deere aide, by whom they were vpheld:  
 And hither oft, the shepheard would repaire,  
 If heate did scortch, or cloude accloie the Aire:

But at the roote, a fearefull Serpent lay,  
 (Whose many mischiefes Time forbids me tell,)  
 That vndermin'd the Body night and day,  
 That last, it downe with hideous fragor fell,  
 To grieve of all; mine eye did neuer see,  
 More hopefull Blossomes, or a fairer Tree.

## III.

## VISION. \*

A Wood there was, along the *Stygian* Lake,  
 Where *Night*, and euerlasting *Horror* dwell,  
 Herein a Caue, two hollow Rockes did make,  
 From whence a Brooke as blacke as *Lethe* fell :  
 A common road led thither, with descent  
 So steepe, that none return'd that euer went.

It was an vncouth Dungeon, darke and wide,  
 Where liuing man nere was, or light had shone,  
 Saue that a little glimmering I espi'de  
 From rotten stickes, that all about were throwne :  
 The Boxe and banefull Eugh-tree grew without,  
 All which a stinking ditch did moate about.

Within, there hung upon the ragged wals  
 Sculs, shirtes of maile, whose owners had been flaine  
 Escotcheons, Epitaphes of Funerals;  
 In bottles teares of friends, and Louers vaine :  
 Spades, Mattockes, models, boltes and barres for strength,  
 With bones of Giants of a wondrous length.

Beneath, all formes of Monuments were seene,  
 Whose superscriptions were through age defac'd,  
 And owners long agoe consumed cleane  
 But now as coffers were in order plac'd,  
 Wherein inditements lay, charmes, Dead-mens wills  
 Popes pardons, pleas, and Pothecharies bills.

In mid'st there sat a meagre wretch alone,  
 That had in sorrow both his ei'n outwept,  
 And was with pine become a Skeleton :  
 I ask'd him why that loathsome Caue he kept,  
 And what he was : my name (quoth he) is *Death*  
 Perplexed here, for *Henries* losse of breath.

HENRIE

\* *This is much in Spenser's manner.*

HENRIE the good, the great, vnware I hit  
 With deadly dart before the timely day,  
 For at one neere him while I leuel'd it,  
 That sent more soules then I my selfe away,  
 Or feare, or fate the arrow did misguide  
 That he escap'd, and Noblest *Henry* di'd.

With that, he bade me to retire in hast,  
 For neuer any came so neere his dore,  
 And liu'd: here-with mine eye aside I cast,  
 Where stood a glue-pot, Canes and quiuers store,  
 And on a shelve, lay many stinking weedes,  
 Wherewith, I ghesse, he poison'd arrow heads.

By doubtfull tracks away through Brake and Breere,  
 I left the Wood, and light at last did view,  
 When *Death* I heard accused euery where,  
 As Theife and Traytor, of the vulgar crew,  
 For this misdeed, he sware against his will;  
 For who knew *Henry* could not meane him ill.

### III.

#### VISION.

I Saw erewhile, conducted forth by *Fame*  
 A Carre Triumphall, all of massie Gold,  
 And \*foure fierce Lyons yoaked in the same,  
 The which a Virgin, louely to behold,  
 With gentle raine did guide and show the way,  
 She ‡ *Vna* hight, none else they would obey.

A warlick Impe within was set on high,  
 Who *Phæbus*, in his glorious armes out-shone,  
 Ydrad of all for awfull Maiestie,  
 Yet louing, and more loued liued none;  
 Hight *Philocles*, whom *Fame* did thus addresse  
 To high designes, which few or none could ghesse.

But

\* Three of England and that one of Scotland.

‡ Vnitie.

But oh vncertaine state of all below,  
 And feeble stay whereon our hopes doe rest!  
 While that I gazed rauish'd with the show  
 And heart did leape for ioy within my breast,  
 From Heauen I saw descend a fiery wand  
 And all to blacke was turned out of hand.

*Carricks* white Lions in a field of Red,  
 His golden Garbes as *Chesters Palatine*,  
 The *Cornish* Beasaunts seldome quartered,  
*Rothsay* with that braue Coate of *Leoline*,  
 Which one-day might in field of *Mars* haue flowne,  
 Before his Herse were mournfull streamers showne.

The gallant Steede that did disdain the bit,  
 And shooke with angry hooft the hollow ground,  
 His Riders losse lamented ouer it :  
 The Souldiour with his Drumme and Trumpets sound,  
 That beate the March, and blew the furious charge,  
 Were turn'd to Singers timing of his *Dirge*.

The fiery spirit whose aspiring flame  
 Brake out enkindled at his glorious light  
 Grew dimme and damp'd, as dying with the same ;  
 The gentle Heart in mourning melted quite,  
 His Friends and louers (*We*) did weare his blacke  
 \*Within the Breast, while others on the Backe.

But in the while we haue related this,  
 The corps was gone and euery thing was past,  
 That there remained nothing but his *Misse*,  
 Which when I saw mine eyes to Heauen I cast,  
 And said, Oh let me neuer liue I pray,  
 To feele the grieve of such another day.

B

V.

\*"But I haue that within which passeth shew."

*Hamlet.*

## V.

## VISION.

**I** Lay to rest by those two Sister-streames,  
 That strive with each as seemeth by their hast,  
 Who to her spouse should take the stately *Thames*,  
 (For both into his bosome fall at last;)

Where, one I heard as *Thracian Orpheus* sing,  
 With beast and bird about him listening.

Come Woods (quoth he) and Waters lend your sound,  
 And help vs to bemoane our *Dions* death,  
 Come euery Plant that growes vpon the ground,  
 Your fruit or saouours to his *Herse* bequeath,  
 Come purple *Roses*, purest *Lillies* turne  
 Your Beauties blacke, and help a while to mourne.

Come *Albion* Muses, come sweet *Philomel*,  
 Report this newes among thy mournefull straines,  
 To greenie Groues the Death of *Dion* tell,  
 Ye Shepheards fill here-with the fruitfull plaines,  
 At Morne and Euen, and say, with *Dion* dead,  
 All Musicke and our Merry daies are fled.

Come *Albion* Muses, come ye siluer Swannes,  
 Sing dying and die singing on the bankes  
 Of *Ists* flood, come wood Musitians  
 Surround him sleeping in your painted ranckes,  
 Leaue wanton *Naiads* treading of your rings  
 And teach your eyes to ouerflow the springs.

Come *Albion* Muses bid *Menalcas* sit  
 With broken reede beside his aged Oke,  
 And solitary there some dittie fit  
 That mought to teares infernall *Dis* prouoke :  
 Eternall silence dwell on Dale and Hill,  
 And Heards vnkept goe wander where you will.

Come

Come *Albion* Muses, come with *Eccho* mourne  
 In hollow rockes and vales, for *Dion* gone,  
 Who (like his lips) shall neuer more returne,  
 A gracious answere call'd by you vpon:  
 Die flowers, and fall ye fruit vnripe from Trees,  
 And cease your toile (the sweetest gone) ye Bees.

Come *Albion* Muses, neuer *Dolphin* wept  
 More kindly, cast by *Neptune* on the shore,  
 Or *Memnons* Bird with greater sorrow kept  
*Auroras* sonne, whom still she weepeth ore,  
 Or groue with plaints of *Philomele* rung  
 When Plough-man had bereft her of her young.\*

*Calliope* more woefull did not seeke  
 Her Loued *Homer* all about the Sea,  
 Or *Venus* on her deere *Adonis* cheek  
 More kisses heaped as he dying lay,  
 † As *Albion* now who (mother-like) in vaine,  
 Would, spight of Nature, weepe him backe againe.

If in a garden but the Mallow die,  
 The Daisie, Dill, or Rose, it liues agen,  
 And shooteth yeerely from his bed on high,  
 But we endu'de with Reason who are men,  
 Much fairer, stronger, if we once doe fall,  
 No more on Earth our being haue at all.

Much more he would haue said but that with griefe,  
 His voyce did faile and hand began to slacke,  
 Wherewith approached first of Beasts the chiefe,  
 Who in their kindes bewailed *Dions* lacke:  
 The Birds aboue, in trees were set aloft,  
 Each chattering in his note as Nature taught.

B 2

None

\* The last image in this stanza is particularly beautiful and tender.

† As *Albion*] Than *Albion* &c. would have been better.

None for precedence stroue, that they forgat,  
 As ill besitting pensiuenesse of heart,  
 But as they came in Loving league they sat,  
 And each to each his sorrow did impart :  
 For griefes doe grow by many bearers weake,  
 That else the backes of one or two would breake.

Three *Lyons* white full bitterly did groane,  
 And waile his absence whom they loued deere,  
 Aloofe the \**Heliconian* Horse did moane,  
 For as the rest he could not come so neere.  
 The *Lynx*, the *Buſſe*, and the *Talbot* true,  
 Did (as they could) their vtmost sorrow shew.

The *Greyhound*, *Griffon*, *Tiger*, and the *Goate*,  
 Two gallant *Dragons* greene, and one of Red,  
 The *Vnicorne* in his faire Ermine-coate,  
 The *Roebucke*, *Bore*, and *Bull*, for combat bred :  
 The *Leopard*, *Wiuerne*, *Munkey*, and the *Beare*,  
 The *Tiger*, *Cat*, and *Porcespine* were there.

Of Birds, I saw the *Eagle* sharpe of sight,  
 Th' *Arabian Phœnix*, and the *Peacocke* gay,  
 The tousing *Falcon* for the Kings delight,  
 The *Chough*, the *Rauen*, and dainty *Poppingaie*,  
 The *Swanne* with *Pheasaunt* fetch'd from *Phasis* flood,  
 And *Pellican* soare wounded with her brood.

With others numberlesse both wilde and tame,  
 By flockes that hither in a Moment flew,  
 But as I neere to this assembly came,  
 Their order, kindes, and cullors for to view,  
 The Man, the Musicke, Bird, and Beast were gone,  
 I left to mourne disconsolate alone.

\* Noble personages of the land whose Crests these are.

## VI.

## VISION.

I Was conducted by a lovely childe,  
 Whose haire outshone the brightest burning gold,  
 Of sweet aspect as Maid, and modest milde,  
 Vnto that place where certainly is told,  
 The soules of such as here had liued well,  
 Disroab'd of Earth in happineffe doe dwell.

It was *Elisium*, a delightfull plaine,  
 Where *Zephyre* makes an euerlasting Spring,  
 And Fruits, and Flowers, doe all the yeere retaine  
 Their tast and beauties, sweetest Birds doe sing  
 In Laurell shades, where coolest siluer brookes  
 Diuorce their courses by a thousand crookes.

Within there was a Theater of gold,  
 Rais'd on a mount in semi-circle wise,  
 Which stately columnes strongly did vphold,  
 That by ascent did ouer other rise,  
 And railde betweene with Christall lights that shone  
 Against the Sunne like Rockes of Diamond.

Not *Scaurus* Scæne might with this same compare,  
 That eightie thousand could at one time hold,  
 Nor that of *Pompey*, nor that wounder rare  
 \**Vespasian* reard, nor that with pouldred gold  
 Which *Nero* as with sand, I read, bestrew  
 And seel'd † with filke of starry gilt in blew.

Three rowes it had where Princesonely sat,  
 To view their worldly miseries foregone,  
 Their Kingdomes changes and to contemplate  
 Their happineffe in full fruition:  
 These liued well, or for the Faith were slaine,  
 Or younglings were who neuer saw their raigne.

Each

\* Marti. Epigr. Lib. 1. Epist. 1. Barbara pyramidum, &c.

† seel'd ] i. e. ciell'd, as we now spell it; from Ciel, the French for Heav'n.

Each were in order rancked as they dy'd,  
 The formost, Heire apparants of our land,  
 Whose deaths were by *Impresas* specifide,  
 So sweetly limn'd as by an Angels hand.

\* *William* first *Henries* sonne did giue a sea  
 Enrag'd, aboue was written, *Cast away*.

The sonne of *Stephen* Prince & *Eustace* next did sit,  
 Who gaue a braunch of bitter *Hellebore*,  
*Dispayre's not holpe* was scored ouer it.

† *Henry* the sonne of second *Henry* bore  
 A *Phaeton*, with this, *Too soone I clime*,  
 A King and Rebelle in my Fathers time.

Appeared then, in Armes, a goodly Prince  
 Of swarthy ¶ hew, by whom there hung a Launce  
 Of wondrous length, preserued euer since,  
 Hee overthrew at Poiteirs *Iohn* of Fraunce:

A *Dial* his deuice, the stile at One,  
 And this, *No night and yet my day is done*.

By

\* Hee was drowned at 17 yeeres of age, comming into England out of Normandie, and with him his brother *Richard*, and *Richard* Earle of Chester, and his brother *Otwele* the Princes Tutor, the Countesse of *Perch*, the Kings daughter named *Mary*, and his Neece the Countesse of Chester, with many young Noble-men and Knights, to the number of 160 persons.

§ *Eustace* being angry with his Father *Stephen* for making peace with *Henry* Duke of Normandie departed from him, at Bury sitting downe to dinner fell mad vpon the receiuing of the first morsell.

† *Henry*, eldest sonne of *Henry* the second, borne in London, was crowned in his Fathers life time, to the quiet of the Realme as it was thought, but he rebelled in Normandie, whose part there took against his Father, *Lewis* King of Fraunce, *William* King of Scots, *Henry*, *Geoffrey*, *Iohn* his sonnes, *Robert* Earle of Leicester, *Hugh* Earle of Chester, &c. Hee fought against his Father, and after dyed of a Feuer, desiring forgiuenesse: his Father sent him his Ring in token he had forgiuen him, which he humbly kissed. He dyed at Martell, and was buried at Roane, his body wound in those linnen clothes hee was annointed King in.

¶ *Edward* the blacke Prince, first sonne to *Edward* the 3. some make his name rather from the black dayes Fraunce endured by him, then from his Countenance.

*Was it not from the black armour which he wore?*

By him I saw in white a comely \*youth,  
 Vpon whose breast appear'd a gaping wound  
 (That would haue mou'd a heart of Flint to ruth)  
 Wherewith the place was smeared all around.  
 A withered crimson Rose by him was fixt,  
 His word, *The last*, as sonne of *Henry* fixt.

A little lower sat two † beauteous Inipes  
 Of smyling cheere, as fresh as flower in May:  
 Not *Tyndaris* faire twinnes, *Pierian* Nymphes,  
 Or *Myrrha's* Boy so louely faire as they:  
 These were the Brother-Princes that in bed  
 The Tyrant slew and left vnburied.

One had a Pillow with his crowne thereon,  
 His Mot, *The Price of my eternall rest*:  
 The other gaue a Vulture ceasing || on  
 The heart of *Titius*, with, *The Tyrants breast*.  
 § Prince *Arthur*, this, aboue an Orange flower,  
 Though seemes the fayrest yet the fruit is sower.

The

\* Prince *Edward* who was slaine at Tewksbury: King *Edward* the first smote him on the face with his Gauntlet, afterward hee was most cruelly slaine, being runne through the breast with an arming-sword: His mother Queene *Margaret* at the same time being taken prisoner, and slaine, *John* Duke of Somerset, *Courtney*, E. of Deuonshire, the Lord *Wenlocke*, &c.

† King *Edward* the fifth, and *Richard* his Brother, taken out of Sanctuary: Murdered in the Tower: The lively pourtraicture of these Princes came to my hands limned in a Manuscript which was written by *Anthony Earle Riuers* their Vncle, and giuen to King *Edward* the fourth; and this was the first booke that euer was Printed in England (as Master *Cambden* told me) this being the same that the Earle gaue the King, bound in greene Veluet, &c.

|| ceasing. ] i. e. seizing, or perhaps preying.

§ Prince *Arthur* married *Catharine*, Daughter of *Ferdinando* king of Spaine. By this deuice the Author seemes couertly to shew a distast of our Princes matching with Spaine.

The last sat our late HENRY on a Throne  
By one degree rais'd higher then the rest;  
About whose brow an heavenly glory shone,  
And certaine beames appeared from his breast,  
Which who so did with neerer eye admire  
Were stricken blinde, or had their hearts on fire.

Where when I saw that Brow, that Cheeke, that Eye,  
Hee left imprinted in *Eliza's* face,  
That louely cheere and gracefull Maiestie  
In hopefull CHARLES that take their second place.  
With Ioy surprized to my home before  
I bad returne, wee cared for no more.

F I N I S.

## A \* EPICEDIVM

*of the Author.*

STay Royall Body ere thou go'st  
 To sleepe in Mothers armes the dust:  
 And let our Teares distilling fast,  
 Embalmne the Louely Limmes the last,  
 Whom Heauen so deere while here did hold,  
 It tooke both Modell and the mold  
 From Nature, least there might remaine,  
 A hope to haue his like againe:

HENRIE too too forward Rose,  
 HENRIE terror to his foes,  
 HENRIE Friendes and Fathers stay,  
 HENRIE Sunne-rise of our Day,  
 HENRIE Loadstar of the Arts,  
 HENRIE Loadstone of all harts.

But now our bud hath bid the frost,  
 And Britaine, warlike *Arthur* lost:  
 Friendes and fathers want their stay,  
 And ouer-clouded is our day,  
 This starre is fallen from our sight,  
 And lost with all our compasse quite.  
 Oh losse of losses, grieve of grieve,  
 Beyond compassion or reliefe!

C

But

\* The difference between an *Epicede* and *Epitaph* is (as *Seruius* teacheth) that the *Epicedium* is proper to the body while it is vnburied, the *Epitaph* otherwise; yet our Poets stick not to take one for the other: it hath the Etymon from *κηδεθ*, which is *curaro inferias*, saith *Scaliger*: in Poet.

† But was our young *Iofias* shot  
 From *Babell*, *Ægypt* ward or not ?  
 His Iourney ſcarfly yet begunne,  
 Or was this deede by Heauen done ?  
 The cauſe were Earths all Horrid crimes,  
 Hatch'd in theſe faithleſſe fruitleſſe times :  
 'Tis finne hath drawne the deluge downe  
 Of all theſe teares, wherein we drowne,  
 Wherein not onely we are drent\*,  
 But all the Chriſtian continent ;  
 Yea vtmoſt climes and coaſtes vnknowne,  
 Where to his winged Fleete is ſlowne,  
 Whoſe Pilot while the Maiſter ſleepes,  
 Is founding of the Northerne deepes,  
 Encounting Icie Mountaines, Coaſts,  
 Rak'd vp in Snowes, or bound with froſts :  
 Who ſaue the Deitie diuine,  
 Could ſay the depth of his deſigne ?  
 As when a Comet doth amaze,  
 The world with it's prodigious blaze,  
 While in ſome pitchie night, from North,  
 Sword-brandiſht flames it ſhooteth forth,  
 All gheſſing what it might it portend,  
 Or where th'effect would fall i'th'end,  
 So when this youth in Armor ſhone,  
 He was with terror look'd vpon,  
 Which way mought turne his ſword or launce,  
 To Turke, to Spaine, to Rome, or Fraunce :  
 But this a Meteor was, no Starre,  
 Imperfect mixt as glories are ;

Though

† Kings 2, Cap. 23. Ver. 29.

\* *Drent*, i. e. *drawn'd*.

Though *Belus* terme himfelfe a God,  
 And *Commodus* beare *Hermes* rod ;  
*Marcellus* call in thunder downe,  
 From Heauen, an artificiall crowne,  
*Clearchus* in his charge beare fire,  
*Augustus* clepe the Sunne his Sire,  
*Domitian* his owne Mother fcorne,  
 To fay of *Pallas* he was borne,  
 Yet all are *Adams* earthy weake,  
 Adord like Idols till they breake ;  
 Become the fcorne of Time and Fate,  
 And obiects of the meanest Hate.  
 By \**Bodkins* greateft *Cæſar's* dead,  
 A Shepherdeſſe take *Cyrus* head,  
 A Weaſils bite kils *Ariſtide*,  
 And Lice did puniſh *Herods* pride :  
 Blinde Times aſcribing theſe to be  
 Th'effects of Fate or Deſtinie  
 Ineuitable ; mocking vs  
 With th'Atomes of *Democritus*.  
 The Soule of this which World we call,  
 Or Influence Cœleſtiall,  
 'Tis no *Ægyptian* Iron Line,  
 But prouidence of Power Diuine ;  
 Whoſe high *Ideas* are beeings,  
 And all Eſſentiall formes of things,  
 Diſpoſing of all here below,  
 Whoſe ends himfelfe doth onely know :  
 Who made a cord of ſeuerall finne,  
 'To whip vs out, or hold vs in.

C 2

That

\* “ *When he himſelf might his quietus make*  
 “ *With a bare bodkin*”.——HAMLET.

. *Bodkin* is the old word for a dagger or poniard.

That what *Rome* of her *Titus* said  
 May to late *Henry* be applied ;  
 That he for his owne good is gone ,  
 But for our full affliction :  
 For whose deare losse, oh let the Towers  
 Of each heauen-daring crime of ours  
 Be cast to ground, as *Carthage* were,  
 When she her Princes death did heare :  
 And to expresse her sorrow more,  
 Her wals with blacke quite couer'd o'er.  
 Or with th' *Ægyptians* let vs mournè  
 Tenne times seauen days about his Vrne :  
 Or strow his Herse with bud and bloome,  
 As *Thetis* her *Achilles* Tombe :  
 Or crowne his Ashes left to vs,  
 As they did of *Demetrius* :  
 Or hang, with *Athens*, Laurell by,  
 In signall of his Victory,  
 Triumpling\* ouer Sinne and Death,  
 Wherewith wee struggle still beneath ;  
 That happy thus, why ( fooles ) doe wee  
 With vaineest vows sollicite thee ?  
 Teares after teares to Heauen send,  
 That should vpon our selues descend ?  
 But rather let thee quiet rest,  
 Where thou perpetually art blest :  
 Then farewell *Henry* heauenly Iemme,  
 Adorning new *Hierusalem* ;  
 Farewell thy Britaines broken Shield ;  
 Farewell the Honor of the Field ;

Farewell

\* Triumpling] In our elder writers we always, I believe, find this, and its radical word accented on the second syllable.

Farewell the Joy of King and Mother ;  
 Farewell *Eliza's* dearest Brother ;  
 Farewell the Church and Learnings prop ;  
 Farewell the arme that held me vp ;  
 Farewell the golden dayes of mirth ;  
 Farewell the best-best§ Prince of earth ;  
 Farewell. Perforce I cease to mourne,  
 For tears mine Inke to water turne .



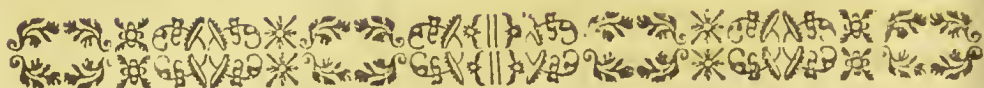
*To the buried Prince.*

\* As from each angle of the Vault  
 Wherein thou lyest, a line is brought  
 Vnto the Kingly founders heart ;  
 So vnto thee, from euery part,  
 See how our loues doe runne by line,  
 And dead, concenter in thy Shrine.

An

§ Best-best ] In *Spenser* we read “ An old old man.”

\*Hee alludeth to that famous worke of *Henry* the seauenths Chappell,  
 so contriued, that from every window in the same, in the Foundation,  
 a line was laid to the Kings Graue , and in the same to his heart, as  
 hee ordained it in his life.



An Elegiacke EPI T A P H vpon the vntimely  
death of the hopefull Prince HENRIE, &c.

Written by the Author, at the time of his DEATH.

**W**HO ere thou art that passest by,  
And canst not read for weeping eye  
Our interrupted Lines, or speake  
For sighes, that swollen hart would breake;  
Imagine Heauens and Earth reply,  
Our Hopes are fal'n, and here they lye:  
For Griefe her selfe is stricken dumbe,  
To see this worthiest worthies toombe,  
And Earth to hide from mortall sight  
The worlds sole wonder and delight,  
The richest Iemme ere *Nature* wrought  
For prizeles forme, of purest thought,  
For chaste desire, for Churches zeale,  
For care and loue of common weale;  
For manly shape, for active might,  
For Courage and Heroique spirit,  
For Loue of Armes and Heauenly Arts,  
For Bounty toward all best deserts:  
That euen by Teares of yet vnborne,

His

His marble will be wash'd and worne :  
 For living we, though deadly shot,  
 Stand at the gaze but feele it not.  
 Oh neuer land had such a losse

\* —————  
 But certaine soule thou art but gone,  
 To thy new coronation;  
 Thy presence Heauen, thy state a Throne,  
 Thy Carpet Starres, to tread vpon,  
 Full glory for a Crowne of gold,  
 Out shining this accursed mold.  
 For awfull Scepter, or thy Rod,  
 A palme; thy friends, the Saints of God :  
 When Parasite, nor Spangled groome,  
 With Courtiers vaine accloy thy roome;  
 Where Sisters, Friends, thy comming greeté,  
 With Himnes and Halleluiahs sweet.  
 That from the height of blisse aloft  
 Thou view'st methinkes our Mansion oft :  
 Braue *Hampton*, checking Heauen with state;  
 Or *Richmond*, thy belou'd of late,  
 And bid'st Adiew these heapes of clay,  
 Cares restles roomes, Innes for a day.  
 Oh that the Heauens deny it me,  
 Here loathing life, to follow thee!  
 But till my death I weare my dayes  
 In zealous teares, and in thy praise ;  
 Since I may neuer liue to see  
 A *Prince*, or *Henrie*, like to thee.


\* A line wanting in the original.

F I N I S.



# SEQUENTIA

Doctissimi Amici Carmina, Lachrumarum  
coronidem, ob elegantiam, & Autoris sin-  
gularem in Principis defuncti Pietatem,  
& Amorem, meritò adposuimus.



## POST NENIAS

ΤΩΝ ΓΑΛΕΜΙΖΟΝΤΩΝ ad Funus diù diù Britannis  
Lugendum!

HENRIC. BRIT. PR.

& Deliciarum.

**Β**ΟΨΠΟΡΕ, σῆιο γόων, ΚΑΜΟΡΙΘ΄Α τε, σῆιο πέπυσμαί,  
Τῶν δ'ἀποδημῶντ', τῶν προπάροιθε θεῶν,  
Εἰς μέγαυ ἘΡΡΙΚΟΝ. Μέγα θαῦμα δὲ ΦΟΪΒΟΝ ἀπείναι  
Εἶο ναῶν, Μύσαις μῆτ' ἐπαρωγὸν ἑοῖς.  
Ἀλλ' ὕπαρ' οἶδα λογού. Θεὸς ἀσχολ', ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,  
Πρὸς ΜΟΥΤΣΑΣ ὀλίγης ἔξοχα τάττε φίλως.  
Κλητὸς ἄρ' ἀγχιμόλον ποτ' Ολύμπια δώματ' ἐβάνεν  
Καί, πολυθαμβῆς περ, κλαίει θεοῖσιν ὁμῶς.  
Κλαίει θεοῖσιν ὁμῶς: ὀλοφύρετο ΖΕΥΣ, ἐμὸν ἔρν',  
Κόπτεται, ἔνγε θεοῖοις ἔδεν ἔϊσον ἔφν.  
Οὔτε θάλος γλυκερὸν ΠΑΦ΄ΙΗ ἄιαζεν, Ε΄ΡΩΤΕΣ  
Αἰάζεσσι, νέας καὶ ΧΑΡΙΤΕΣ χάριτας.

(\*)

Εἰγκαλέσθ

Ἐγκαλέουσι κακὰς κῆρας· προσεῖπε δ' ἔντῳ  
 ΚΑ'ΝΔΑΟΝ', ὅς τοις ἔην, ἐν χθονίοισιν, ἈΡΗΣ.  
 Τὸν σφετέρηζε σοφὸς ΚΑΔΜΙΛΟΣ, τὸν γε ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ,  
 Ἰσοθέετε περιζ' πάντας ὀδυρμὸς ἔχει.  
 Πάντας ἐρισματ' ἔχει. πλὴν Φοῖβος· τίς παρὰ θνητοῖς  
 Τάρεχεσι τῆς Ἀρετῆς ἄρκετος; οὐτις ὅλως.  
 Οὐτις ὅλως νοεῖ τα' ΒΡΕΤΑ'ΝΝΙΚΑ τήματα μένοις  
 Γνωτὰ θείοισι, γονῶν ἔσσομένων τε μόρον.  
 Σπαρνος ἀριθμὸς ἔην Θιάσῃ κεχαρισμένος ὕμνῳ,  
 ὅς περὶ τόσσον, ἐπὸς παῦρον, Ἀνακλῆα λέγοι.  
 Λέξε· κ' ἈΗΔΟΝΙΕΪΣ μινύριζον, τῶν μελᾶ ΚΙ'ΣΣΑΙ.  
 Αἶ' κ' ἀποδημῶντος, χαῖι προπάροιθε θεῶ.

I. S.\* è Soc. Int. Templi.

# E P I T A P H I V M,

*Eodem Auctore.*

**H**IC quis iacet libentiùs proh! dixeram,  
 Nisi rettulissent Neniae tot vndiq;  
 Tot vndiq; & Lessi; malum! Vos *Futiles*  
 Exeste sultis. Metus adest à Posteris,  
 Seris Nepotibus, ne Diris malè ferant  
 Liras vouentes, perquam iniquas Principi  
 Liras! Quis, aſt Viator, *Illius* memor  
 Eſſe potis eſt ſatis? Sed impares *Clar*  
 Fuère *Vates*. Quicquid *Humanum* magis  
 Impar; quod olim ſentient *Britannides*  
 Olim nimis, cum grauiùs eheu! dixerit  
 Fatum hoc ſtupendum *Gnata temporis*. Sed.

H A V E,

Henrice Princeps, Magne, Semonum Decus,

A E T E R N V M

H A V E.

(\*) D

Avreus

\*I. S.] John Selden. From his extensive and multifarious learning, deservedly named the Great Selden; he died in 1654, and was buried on the south side of the round walk in the Temple Church. An account of him and his writings is in Athen. Oxon, 2 Vol. Col. 179.

WHALLEY'S New Edit. of BEN. JONSON, Vol 1, page 4.

## Corona Principis.



**A** Vreus huic vitæ spatium benè circulus actæ,  
 Vitauè quæ Regni sorte beata fuit.  
 Iuncta cruci alterno stant ordine Lilia, miscet  
 An quia diuersus gaudia nostra dolor?  
 Gemma animi fuerat Virtus (*Henrice*) relucens  
 Quælibet, antevenis qua probitate tuis.  
*Vnio* (ait) primùm sum facta *Britannia*, in isto  
 Principe, candidius quo nihil orbe fuit.  
 Indomitas mentis vires Adamantina corda  
 Ipse *Adamas* dederas, et didicisse pati.  
 Quantus eum ætherei cepisset Numinis ardor,  
 Cerule, nec falsus testis *Iaspis* eras.  
 Tempora *Smaragdum* retulisse virentia Veris,  
 Rebar, et in multos spem superesse dies:  
 Desflua flore nouo, fit spes hæc Bruma dolôrum,  
 Præproperam vt necuit dira pruina Rosam.  
 Sanguine fœdatam palmam, spolia ampla, triumphos,  
 Principis innuerit *Martius* ille *Rubor*.  
 Hucq; *Amethyste* venis de *Perside*, pallor Iacchi,  
 Et quam mens illi, sobria, sana fuit.  
 Nec *Chrysolithus* abest, ceu quo radiantibus vndis  
 Splendet opum cumulus, splendet auitus Honos.  
 Est tua de cœlis \**Vngaria* lata corona,  
 In cœlos rapitur dignior ista Polo.

( \* )

Quantum

\* Coronâ auream multis gemmis insignitâ cœlitûs *S. Ladislao Hungariæ* Regi delatam legimus in *Annal. Hun.* quod ab illis adeo constanter creditur, vt penes quemcunq; ea sit pro legitimo Rege haberi debeat, *Vide Hist. Hung. Angl.*

*Pluma triplex principis insigne.*



**Q**uam bene conuenit forti tua Symbola Pluma :  
Gloria cum fuerat, parua, caduca, leuis.

**Q**uod Pius et prudens armisq; animosior esses,  
Est tibi Pluma triplex, qua super astra volas.

I C H D I E N .

I.

Seruio.

**S**ervijt H E N R I C V S bis denos circiter annos,  
Liber abinde fuit, Ciuis et æthereus.

H. P.

**L**iterulæ nostri communes Nominis, H. P.  
Quam fero mœroris vos monumenta mei.

*Rosa Britannica.*

**H***enrici Henricus Regis de sanguine Princeps,*  
 Enatusq; Rosis, *Hinc Rosa vera fuit.*  
 Nascitur ex *Veneris* Rosa vulnere, vulnere Regni  
 Reddunt hunc nobis. *Hinc Rosa vera fuit.*  
 In facie roseusq; pudor, candore remissus  
 Casto flore placens. *Hinc Rosa vera fuit.*  
 Virtute, ingenio, pollebat viribus, Hostis  
 Senferit has spinas. *Hinc Rosa vera fuit.*  
 Poscebant (*Veneres Europæ*) *Tusca Sabauda,*  
 Rure decus thalamis. *Hinc Rosa vera fuit.*  
 Intulit Ambrosios quacumq; incessit odores  
 Numinis afflatus. *Hinc Rosa vera fuit.*  
 Cœlica mellificos ditabat dona labores  
 Elargitus opes. *Hinc Rosa vera fuit.*  
 Præproperè emicuit, cœliq; emarcuit ictu,  
 Solus Honos Hortis. *Hinc Rosa vera fuit.*

*Carduus Scoticus.*

**T** Error eram Hostilis viuus modo, mortuus, Hosti  
 Vt *Zisæ*, inijciant nomina sola metum.  
 Deciduus fuera mihi flos, folia atq; caduca,  
 Nullaq; quæ noceat, spina relicta mihi;  
 Attamen abstineas hostis, radice superstes  
 Idem vnusq; tibi mœror, amâror, inest.

Dum mihi flos teneris lætus rideret agellis,  
 Illucensq; dies aureus omnis adest.  
 Vndiq; sollicitat volitantum turba procorum,  
 Et me fucus iners, sedula quærit apes,  
 Musca dapem captans, crabro, tuq; inuida vespa,  
 Et fame pressa culex, pictaq; papilio.  
 Deferor emoriens, si quid mihi caule relictum  
 Aulicus, aut Patris fiscus, *Acanthis* erit.

*Ad Principem defunctum.*

**S**I quot corda tibi firmo iungantur amore,  
 Principe, cum Domino, contumulata forent :  
 Pyramidum moles reticeret Barbara *Memphis*,  
 Et *Mausolæo* nullus adesset Honos.

Vltima quod mœstas fundat mea Musa querelas,  
 Et minùs in cineres officiosus eram :  
 Obstupui, cœlo ( *Niobes* ceu marmora ) læsus,  
 Dum leuis in luctu-garrit vbiq; dolor.

## Epigrammata alia.

**Q**Vos *Henrice* tui cœpisti viuus amore,  
 Occidis nimium funere sæue tuo.

Vulnera quanta dedit tua Mors, *Henrice* Britannie,  
 Hei mihi vidisses, non fera bella putes.

## Ad Lectorem.

**M**Ense, sapit carmen tibi nostrum vt *Scombrus Iulo*  
 Lector ais, fletum plus et vbiq; fatis :  
 Subsidunt ( fateor ) Lachrymarum flumina, regno  
 Intempestiuus non dolor iste venit.

Conscia mens Veri Famæ mendacia ridet ;  
 Fama loquens Verum, vertitur in lachrymas.

Imminet *Henrico* morienti nubibus *Iris*,  
 Nuntia *Iunonis*, non fuit illa *Dei*.

Quod nullo prodire tibi mea carmina cultu,  
 Nil mirum luctu squalleo et ipse meo.



# Nuptiall Hymnes :

In Honour of the MARRIAGE.

ALL Feares are fled, and from our Sphære  
The late Eclipse is vanish'd quite :  
And now we entertaine the yeare  
With *Hymenæus* chaste delight :  
Heauen, the first, hath throwne away  
Her weary weede of mourning hew,  
And waites *Eliza's* Wedding-day  
In Starry-spangled Gowne of blew.

The Huntresse in her siluer Carre,  
The Woods againe suruaieth now :  
And that same bright *Idalian* Starre  
Appeares on *Vesper's* vailed brow :  
Let Earth put on her best aray,  
Late bath'd in eye-distilled showers ;  
And melt yee bitter Frosts away,  
That kill'd the forward Hope of ours.

Yee highest Hills that harbour Snowes,  
And arme your heads with Helmes of Ice,  
Be Gardens for the *Paphian* Rose,  
The Lilly, Violet, or De-lis :  
Low Vallies let your Plaines be spread  
With painted Carpets of the Spring,  
( Whereon *Eliza's* foote must tread )  
\* And euery where your odours fling.

And

\* "——— fresh gales and gentle airs  
" *Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings*  
" *Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub.*"  
*Paradise Lost. B. 8, V. 515, Seq.*

And tallest Trees, with tender'st Twigs,  
 Whom Winters-Storme hath stripped bare,  
 Leau off those rimy Periwigs,  
 And on with your more seemely haire.  
 Forget yee siluer-paued Flouds,  
 Your wonted rage, and with your found  
 Reuiue the Shores and shady Woods,  
 That lay in deepest sorrow drown'd.

Tell *Amphitrite*, when you meete,  
*Eliza*, Princeesse, is a Bride :  
 And bid her with the Newes goe greete  
 The farthest Shoares at euery Tyde ;  
 And as yee wash high towred wals,  
 With gentle murmure in each eare,  
 Command these Royall Nuptials  
 Be solemnized euery where.

Let *Thracian Boreas* keepe within,  
 With \**Easterne* Blasts that crops doe kill,  
 And *Auster* wetting to the skinne ;  
 Be onely *Zephyre* breathing still,  
 Warme *Zephyre* to perfume the Ayre,  
 And scatter downe in siluer Showers  
 A thousand Girlands for her haire  
 Of Bloffome, Branch, and sweetest flowers.

With *Rosemarine*, and verdant Bay,  
 Be wall and window clad in Greene :  
 And sorrow on him who this day  
 In Court a Mourner shall be seene.  
 Let Musicke shew her best of skill,  
 Disports beguile the irksome night.  
 But take my Muse thy ruder Quill,  
 To paint a while this royall fight :  
 Proclaiming first, from *Thames* to *Rhine*  
*ELIZA* Princeesse Palatine.

Nymphes

*Eurus*

\* ~~Easter~~ should have been named ; that is, the *Easterne* Blasts should have been personified, as well as *Boreas*, *Auster*, and *Zephyre*, or *Zephyrus*, the North, South, and West Winds.

2.

**N**ymphes of Sea and Land away,  
 This, ELIZA's Wedding day,  
 Helpe to dresse our gallant Bride  
 With the Treasures that yee hide :  
 Some bring flowry Coronets,  
 Roses white, and Violets :  
*Doris* gather from thy Shore  
 Corall, Chrystall, Amber, store<sup>1</sup>,  
 Which thy Queene in Bracelets twists<sup>2</sup>  
 For her Alabaster wrists<sup>3</sup>,  
 While yee Siluer-footed Girles  
 Plat her Tresses with your Pearles.  
 Others from *Paetolus* streame,  
 Greete her with a Diademe :  
 Search in euey Rockie Mount  
 For the Iemmes of most account :  
 Bring yee Rubies for her Eare,  
 Diamonds to fill her Hayre,  
 Emrald greene and Chrysolite  
 Binde her Necke more white then white<sup>4</sup>.  
 On her Breast depending be  
 The Onyx, friend to Chastitie ;  
 Take the rest without their place<sup>5</sup>,  
 In Borders, Sleeues, her Shooes, or Lacc.  
 Nymphes of *Niger* offer Plurles :  
 Some your Odors and Perfumes.  
*Dians* Maids more white then milke,  
 Fit a Roabe of finest Silke :  
*Dians* maids who wont to be  
 The Honor of Virginitie.

Heauens haue bestow'd their grace,  
 Her chaste desires, and Angels face.

VRANIAS

<sup>1</sup> Store.] *A sufficient quantity.* E

<sup>2 3</sup> In the original we read twist and wrist, which I conceive were only errors of the press; as grammar requires twists in the first line of the couplet, and both rhyme and reason wrists in the second.

<sup>4</sup> More white then white.] *i. e. more white than even the abstract idea of whiteness; then is commonly written by our elder authors for than.*

<sup>5</sup> Without their place.] *Without the particular place, or part of her dress, which they are to enrich or adorn, (whether borders, sleeves, &c.) being specified.*

## 3.

**V** R A N I A S Sonne, who dwell'st vpon  
The fertile top of *Helicon*,  
Chaste Marriage Soueraigne, and dost leade  
The Virgin to her Bridall Bed.

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

With *Marioram* begirt thy brow,  
And take the \*Veile of yealow: now  
Yee †Pinie Torchcs with your light,  
To golden day conuert the night.

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

See how like the *Cyprian* Queene,  
ELIZA comes, as when ( I weene )  
On *Ida* hill the prize she had  
Allotted by the *Phrygian* Lad.

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

As *Asian* Myrtle fresh and faire,  
Which *Hamadryads* with their care,  
And duely tending by the fouds,  
Haue taught to ouer-looke the Woods:

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

Behold how *Vesper* from the skie  
Consenteth by his twinckling eye;  
And *Cynthia* stayes her Swans to see  
The state of this Solemnitie.

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

Wedlocke, were it not for thee,  
Wee could not Childe nor Parent see;  
Armies Countries to defend,  
Or Shepheards hilly Heardes to tend.

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

But

\* Called in Latine *Flammeum*, it was of a yellowish colour, & worne of the Romane Virgins going to be marryed, to conceale & hide their blushing and bashfulness.

† *Plutarch* saith these Torchcs were of waxe, like ours; *Plautus* onely once mentioneth one of these waxen Lights, but for the most part, they were of Pine or thorne tree.

But *Hymen* call the Nymph away,  
 With Torches light the Children stay,  
 Whose sparkes ( see how ) ascend on hye,  
 As if there wanted Starres in Skye.

*Io Hymen Hymenæus.*

As virgin Vine her Elme doth wed,  
 His Oake the Iuie ouer-spread :  
 So chaste desires thou ioynt in one,  
 That disvnited were vndone.

*Io Hymen Hymenæus.*

But see her golden foote hath past  
 The doubted \*Threshold, and at last  
 Shee doth approach her Bridall-bed  
 Of none saue *Tyber* enuyed.

*Io Hymen Hymenæus.*

Chast Mariage-bed, he sooner tels  
 The Starres, the *Ocean* Sand, or shels,  
 That thinkes to number those delights.  
 Wherewith thou shortnest longest nights.

*Io Hymen Hymenæus.*

With richest *Tyrian* Purple spred,  
 Where her deare Spouse is laid on bed,  
 Like yong *Ascanius*, or the Lad  
 Her Loue the Queene of *Cyprus* had :

*Io Hymen Hymenæus.*

Young *Frederick* of Royall Ligne,  
 Of *Cassimiers*, who on the *Rhine*  
 To none are second said to be,  
 For † Valour, Bounty, Pietie.

*Io Hymen Hymenæus.*

E 2

Come

\* The Bride neuer vsed to touch the threshold ( which custome is yet obserued in some places of Italy ) but very warily passed over the same, least charmes or some other kinde of Witch-craft might be laid vnder the same, eyther to cause debate, or to the hinderance of procreation. By the Threshold, at her coming home, was set fire and water, which shee torched with cyther hand.

† *Vienna* valiantly defended by *Philip*, Earle *Palatine*, against *Soliman*: who besieged it with 300,000. men. An. 1529.

Come Bride-maide *Venus* and vndoe  
Th' Herculean knot with fingers two,  
And take the \*girdle from her wast,  
That Virgins must forgoe at last.

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

Scatter §Nuts without the Dore,  
The Married is a Childe no more,  
For whofoere a wife hath wed,  
Hath other businesse in his head.

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

Where passe ye many an happy night,  
Vntill *Lucina* brings to light,  
An hopefull Prince who may restore,  
In part, the losse we had before.

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

That one day we may liue to see,  
A *Frederick Henry* on her knee,  
Who mought to *Europe* giue her law,  
And keepe encroaching Hell in awe.

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

Vpon whose Brow may Enuie read,  
The reconcile of Loue and Dread,  
And in whose Rosie cheek we see,  
His Mothers gracefull Modestie.

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

But Muse of mine we but molest,  
I doubt, with ruder song their rest,  
The Dores are shut, and lights about  
Extinct, then time thy flame were out,

*To Hymen Hymenæus.*

Th'

\* This girdle was dedicated to *Diana*, whom the Grecians called *Λυσίζώνη*, and the Latines *Cinxia*: it was wouen with wool, and knit with a kinde of knot which they called *Herculean*, in signe of fruitfulness, which Virgins ware, and neuer was taken away vntill the first night of their Marriage, which then the bride maid vnknit but with two fingers onely.

† Nuts at their going to bed were woont to be throwne among children & those without the dore; in token (as *Scaliger* saith) of renouncing the delights of youth and childhood, and vndertaking the weighty charge of household affaires. Diuers other opinions the ancient writers haue had hereof.

## 4.

**T**H' *Idalian* Boy no sooner with his Fire,  
 Had warm'd the brest of Honour'd *Casimire* :  
 ( That now he leaues the *Nimphes* along his *Rheine*,  
 T'espouse *Eliza*, with Saint *Valentine*. )  
 But smiling at the Newes, away he hi'de  
 To *Cyprus*, where his Mother did abide.  
 There is a Mount within this sacred Ile,  
 Right opposite against seauen-headed *Nile*,  
 Another way affronting *Pharos* bright,  
 That many a mile, the Sea-man lends her light :  
 Here on a plaine, to mortall wight vnknowne,  
 Where neuer storme, or bitter blast had blowne ;  
 Or candi'd hoare-Frost strow'd<sup>1</sup> the crusty earth ;  
 But euer *May* of meriment and mirth.  
 An hedge the same enuirones all of Gold,  
 Which *Mulciber*, for sweet embracements sold  
 And wanton dalliance, to the *Cipryan* Dame ;  
 ( Tis said ) and since she hath possesst the same.  
 Where still the fields with veluet-greene are spred,  
 And blossomes paint the woods all white and red,  
 No Bird may perch her on the tender bow  
 But such for voyce as *Venus* shall allow.  
 The trees themselues doe fall in loue with either,  
 As seemes by kissing of their tops together :  
 And softly whispering ; when some gentle gale  
<sup>2</sup>Chides from the Mountaine, through the shady Vale.  
 Now from a Rocke within, two fountaines fall,  
 One sweet, the other, bitter as the gall,  
 Herein doth *Cupid* often steepe his darts,  
 When h'is dispos'd to seuer louing harts.  
 A thousand *Amorets* about doe play  
 ( Borne of the *Nimphes* ) these onely wound, they say,  
The

<sup>1</sup> Strow'd, or Strew'd.] In the original it is show'd ; which I conceive to have been an error of the press, and have accordingly corrected it.

<sup>2</sup>Chides from the Mountaine. ] Chides here means only sounds, or sings ; See the note on " Such gallant chiding."

The common people ; *Venus* darling, hee  
 Aimes at the Gods, and awfull Maieftie :  
 And many a *Powver* else in this place is found,  
 As *Licence*, euer hating to be bound,  
*Wrath*, easie to be reconcil'd, and *Teares* ;  
 3 *Slie Theft*, and iocund *Pleasure*, and pale *Feares* :  
 And ouer-head doe flutter in the bowes  
 With painted wings, *Lyes*, *Periuries* and *Vowes*.  
 Hence *Age* is banish'd. Here is seene besides  
 The Goddesse Court, where alway she resides,  
 This *Lemnius* built of Gold and rarest Iemmes,  
 That like a Mount quite hid with Diadems  
 It seemes ; where Art and Cost with each contend<sup>4</sup>,  
 For which the Eye, the Frame should most commend.  
 Here *Cupid* downe with weary wing did light,  
 And iocund comes into his Mothers sight,  
 With statefull gate : who from a burnish'd Throne,  
 Embraces, with Ambrosian Armes, her Sonne ;  
 And thus begins ; the newes my louely Boy,  
 And cause of thy arriues<sup>5</sup>, and this new joy ?  
 Hast thou againe turn'd *Iö* into' a Cow<sup>6</sup> ?  
 Or wanton *Daphne* to a Lawrell-bough ?  
 What Man, or Power immortall, by thy Dart,  
 Is false to ground, that thus reuiu'd thou art ?  
 With many a Nectar kisse, milde Loue replies,  
 Our Bow ne'er bare away a greater prize :  
 Knowes not the Goddesse by the fertile *Rheine*,  
 Young *Fredericke*, borne of imperiall Ligne,

Descended

<sup>3</sup> *Slie Theft*, &c.] In the original it is  
*Slie Theft*, and *Pleasure*, pale, and iocund *Feares* :  
 which being evidently wrong, I have arranged as above.

<sup>4</sup> “ ———— Where Art and Cost with each contend,

“ For which the Eye, the Frame should most commend.]

“ ———— — while both contend

“ To win her grace, whom all commend.” Milton's L'Allegro.

<sup>5</sup> Arrive.] Used substantively for Arrival.

<sup>6</sup> Hast thou againe turn'd *love* into a Cow? is the original reading.  
*Jupiter* chang'd *Iö* into a Cow, but assumed the form of a Bull himself ;  
 I imagine the author wrote Hast thou againe turn'd *Iö* into' a Cow?  
 meaning, Hast thou, Love, been the cause of such a metamorphosis, as was  
 the changing of *Iö* into a Cow, or of *Daphne* into a Lawrell? and I have  
 so altered the text. — Wanton is a very improper epithet for *Daphne*, who  
 was changed into a Laurel to preserve her chastity.

Descended from that braue<sup>1</sup> *Rolando* slaine,  
 And worlds great Worthy, valiant <sup>2</sup>*Charle-Maigne* :  
 This hopefull Impe is stricken with our Bowe,  
 Wee haue his Armes, and three-fold Shield to show;  
<sup>3</sup> *Franconias* Lyon, and this of <sup>4</sup>*Baueir*,  
 A potent Heyre deriu'd to *Cassimire*.

Another

(<sup>1</sup>) A most valiant Souldier, and Nephew to *Charlemaine*, who with his companion *Oliuer*, was slaine vpon the *Pyranæan* Hills, in *Rouci* valley, or *Roulandi* valley, warring against the Infidels. His Horne wherewith he called his Souldiers together, and his Sword are yet to be seene at a Village in *Xantoigne* : of whom, as of the Emperour *Charlemaigne* the *Palsgraue* is lineally descended.

(<sup>2</sup>) *Pipin* King of *France*, the Father of *Carolus Martellus*, he begat *Pipin* the Father of *Charlemaigne*, auncetour to Count FREDERICK : I will shortly publish the Pedigree itselſe, being too long for this place.

*The editor does not know whether or not Peacham fulfilled this promise.*

(<sup>3</sup>) Whose ancient Armes was the Lyon, which the *Hollanders* beare, as descended from the auncient *Franci*. The *Romane* Empire was diuided into two Kingdomes; the one called *Lombardicum*, the other *Teutonicum* : this latter, being indeede *Germany* it selfe, was againe subdiuided, and gouerned iure *Franconico* & *Saxonico*; that of *Saxonie* stretched it selfe vnto the *Balticke-sea*; the other of *Franconia* contained eyther side about the *Rhine*, *Sueuia*, *Franconia* East, and all *Bauaria*. The Palatinate of the *Rhene* to make a difference betweene that of *Saxonie*, had the beginning in the time of *Otho* the third Emperour, about the yeere of Grace, 985. At what time the seauen Electors were ordained at *Quedlingburge*.

(<sup>4</sup>) *Otto* the Sonne of *Lewes* Duke of *Bauaria*, or rather *Boiaria*, married *Agnes* Daughter and Heire of *Henry*, Count Palatine of the *Rhine*, in the yeere 1215, (as saith *Auentinus*) which was the first vnitng of these noble Houses. *Bauaria*, was sometime a great Kingdome lying one part vpon *Hungary*, the second vpon the *Adriatique-sea*, the third vpon *Franconia*. Out of this Family haue many worthy Emperours descended, in a manner, by continuall succession, vnto our times. The Coate or Armes of *Bauaria* or *Boiaria* is Masculy Argent and Azure, which had the beginning (as is verily supposed) at the same time when *Chrixus*, Duke of the *Boij* or *Bauarians*, tooke the Capitoll of *Roome*, whose Souldiers had their Callockes wrought of the same manner and forme, which *Virgil* (whose penne wrote nothing in vaine) testifieth in the eight Booke of his *Æneidos*, reporting they were suted *Sagulis virgatis* : which kinde (saith *Diodorus*) were *interstincta*, & *coloribus variegata in stellatam speciem*.

Another <sup>5</sup> Argent onely, long they bore,  
 Till charg'd by *Charles* the last, late Emperour,  
 That as <sup>6</sup> Arch-Sewer, and <sup>7</sup> Elector, this  
 Hee beares, saue honor, adding nought of his.  
 What Coast or Country haue not heard their Fame?  
 Or who not lou'd their euer-honour'd Name?  
 Yet trembled at from farthest <sup>8</sup> *Caspian* Sea,  
 And *Scythian Tanais*, to the *Danubie*.

ELIZA'S

(<sup>5</sup>) The third and middlemost, borne by the *Palatine*, was onely white, till the time of *Charles* the fift, who bestowed the Pall, or Mound, for the charge vpon *Fredericke* the second, Count *Palatine*, in regard it is his office to deliuer it into his hand at his Coronation. It is called in Greeke *μῆλον*, (*Cedrenus*) and he that bare it, *μυλοφῶρος*, (*Glycas*) and was vsually borne by the Grecian Emperours. Concerning the Fable, how the forme of it was showne vnto Pope *Benedict* in a dreame, I let it passe, as frivolous.

(<sup>6</sup>) Howsoeuer it pleaseth *Bodin*, *lib. de Rep. cap. 9.* to iest at the *Germane* Princes, in regard of these their dignities at the Emperours Coronation, where he saith; *Les Electeurs portent le qualite's de varlets domestiques, comme boutelliers, escuiers, eschaufons de l'Empereur*: The beginning and vse hereof is most honourable and ancient. *Nicephorus* saith, that in the time of *Constantine* the great, that the office of Arch-Sewer was assigned to *Rossicus*, a great Prince, his wordes be; *Ρωσικος την τε σάσιν και το ἄξιωμα τῷ ἐπὶ τῆς τραπέζης παρὰ τῷ μεγάλῃ κεκληρώται Κωνσταντίνῳ*. And whosoever list to see the large priuiledges which haue been graunted *Archidapifero*. *S. I.* let him reade the Golden Bull of *Charles* the fourth Emperour.

(<sup>7</sup>) By which Bull the senior Electorship is also confirmed to the *Palatine*, in these wordes; *Quoties sacrum vacare continget Imperium Illustris Comes Palatinus S. I. Archidapifer ad manus futuri Regis Romanorum, in partibus Rheni, & Sueuia, &c. debet esse prouisor*. By the same Bull the *Palatine* may call the Emperour to his tryall, (but within the limits of his owne court) hee may redeeme, and recall, any alienation made uniuersally by the Emperour, lands pawned or solde, &c. One goeth farther, and affirmeth that if the Emperour be conuict of any capitall crime, the *Palatine* himselfe is to cut off his head with a golden Axe, upon his Shield: but mine Author worthily condemneth this as an idle and ridiculous iest.

(<sup>8</sup>) From hence had the *Turkes* their first Originall. *Danubie* is in a manner the bounds of the *Ottomans* Empire, vpon the West, whereon standeth the famous *Vienna* in *Austria*, so valiantly defended by *Philip* Count *Palatine* against *Soliman* in the time of *Charles* the fift, whereof wee haue already spoken.

ELIZA's Name, I know, is not vnknowne  
 Vnto my Queene, the second vnto none,  
 For beauty, shape of body, euery grace,  
 That may in earthly Maiestie take place;  
 That were not *Venus* daily seene of mee,  
 I would haue sworne this Princeesse had beene shee,  
 Hast *Cytherea*, Leauue thy natie Land,  
 And ioyne them quickly by the Marriage band.  
 The Queene her Sonne remouing from her lap,  
 Her haire of wieri gold shee treisseth vp<sup>7</sup>;  
 Throwes on her Veile, and takes the Girdle chaste,  
 Wherewith she quiets stormes, and euery blast,  
 Allaies the swelling flouds, and furious sea;  
 Whereto full speedily she takes her way:  
 And here arriu'd, sends forth a *Cupid* faire,  
 Drest like a Sea-Nymph, with a siluer hayre:  
 To search the deepe, and bring vnto the shore  
 Some *Triton*, able to conuay her o'er;  
 Which if hee did performe with nimble speede,  
 A golden Bowe and Shafts should be his meede.  
 No sooner *Loue* had diu'd into the Maine,  
 But on the surge appear'd a wondrous traine  
 Of Sea-gods, Tritons, Nymphes, who equall stroue  
 The formost who should aide the Queene of Loue;  
 First, *Neptune*, mounted on a \* *Grampas* crown'd  
 With Roses, calm'd the *Ocean* all around:  
*Palæmon* on a Seale with hoary lockes,  
 Begirt with Samphire from the neighbour rockes:  
 An vgly Whirlepoole *Nereus* bestrides,  
 With Trident galling oft his lazie sides.  
 Among the Maids flie *Glaucus* hindmost lagges,  
 Vpon a Porpoise brideled with flagges.  
 Next *Venus* comes, with all her beauteous crew,  
 Whom Dolphins in a shelly Chariot drew.

F

No

<sup>7</sup> This line is extremely in Spenser's manner.

\* A Fish almost as bigge as the Whale.

No Nymph was there but did some gift bestow,  
 That did in *Amphitrites* bosom grow :  
<sup>8</sup>*Cymothoe* brought a girdle passing faire  
 Of siluer, twisted with her Christall haire.  
 Young *Spathale*, a pearly Carcanet,  
 And *Clotho* Corral good as she could get.  
 Faire *Galatea* from the *Persian* Shore,  
 Strange Iemines and Flowers, some vnknowne before,  
 Which to ELIZA, as their loues they sent,  
 ( Herewith adorning *Venus* as she went )  
 Whom when they had conducted to our *Thame*,  
 And view'd the spacious channell of the same,  
 Admir'd our Chalkie Cliffes, suruai'd each Pierre,  
 Our fertile Shores, our Ships, and Harbours here,  
 They backe unto their boundlesse home doe hye ;  
 But in a cloud the Queene ascends the skie,  
 And takes her way unto the Royall Hall,  
 Where downe, she did no sooner softly fall,  
 But Clouds were fled that quer-cast the ayre,  
<sup>9</sup>And *Phæbus* threw about his golden hayre :  
 \*Eke Snow-tres'd *January* ( seldome seene )  
 Vpon his brow had got a wreath of greene.  
 Ioy was in Court, and iocund mirth possesse  
 The hearts of all, from greatest to the least,  
 ( Yet knew they not the cause ) the windowes lay  
 Bestrow'd with Primrose, Violets, and Bay.  
 Now *Children* looke ( quoth shee ) you banish hence  
 Affaires of State, ambitious difference,  
 Complaints, and Faction, melancholy Feares,  
 All Parsimonie, Sighes, and former Teares.  
 Let Nights in royall banquetting be spent,  
 Sweet Musicke, Masques, and ioyous merriment.  
 Now *Pleasure* take her fill; bring *Graces* Flowers ;  
 With Torches *Hymen* plant the lofty Towers ;  
 Twine, *Concord*, double Girlands, *Cupids* you  
 Some gather branches from the Myrtle bough, And

<sup>8</sup> See the enumeration of Sea-Nymphs in THE FAERIE QUEENE.  
 B. 4. C. 11. S. 48. Seq.

<sup>9</sup> This is a most elegant line !

\* See Spenser's beautiful description of the Months and Seasons; F. Q.  
 B. 7. C. 7. S. 28. Seq.

And guild the rooffe with waxen lights on high ;  
 Tacke ( others ) vp rich Arras bufily ;  
 Some caft about sweet waters ; others clenfe  
 With Myrrhe, and beft *Sabaean* Frankinfence,  
 The Curtaines ; others fit about her Bed,  
 Or for her foote the floore with Veluet fprede.  
 Which faid, into the Chamber of the Bride,  
 Who lay to reft, ſhe paſſed vneſpide,  
 And ſecretly inſtructs her how to loue,  
 Recounting every pleaſure ſhee ſhould proue :  
 And vrgeth that each Creature's borne to be  
 The Propagator of Poſteritie.  
 And now and then, ſhee caſteth in betweene,  
 Their Legends that haue faithfull Louers beene :  
 Shee tels of *Dido*, and *Lucretia* chaſte,  
*Camilla*, *Hero*, *Thiſbe*, and the reſt ;  
 And many a Booke ſhee had at fingers end,  
 Which for her purpoſe oft ſhee can\* commend.  
 Now as the Aire 'gan more and more to cleare,  
 The Goddeſſe plainly did at laſt appeare.  
 Whoſe burniſh'd haire the goodly roome did guild,  
 And with a ſweet Ambroſian odor fill'd ;  
 That ſeeing now *ELIZA*'s goodly grace,  
 Her daintie fingers, and her faireſt face :  
 Shee ſtood amazed, and with a Nectar kiſſe,  
 Shee bow'd her ſelfe, and boldly vtter'd this.  
 All happineſſe vnto the Princeſſe be,  
 The Pearle and Mirrour of great *Brittannie*,  
 For whoſe deere ſake, I this aduenture tooke,  
 And *Paphos* with my *Cyprus* ſweet forſooke ;  
 Drawne by the Rumor of thy Princely Name,  
 And pittie of the hopefull *Frederickes* flame:  
 Though thou wert not a Princeſſe by thy birth,  
 This face deſerues the greateſt King on Earth;  
 What hand ſo fits a Scepter, and what Eye,  
 Did euer ſparke with ſweeter Maieſtie :

F 2

Thy

\* Can ] did ; ſo uſed frequently by Spenser : See Upton's *Gloſſary* to  
 THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Thy lips the Roses, whitest necke excells  
 The mountaine snow, and what is whiter els.  
 With equall temper how the white and red,  
 ( Our cullors, ) are vpon thy cheekke dispred;  
 The fingers of the Morning doe not shine,  
 More pleasing then those beauteous ones of thine :  
 If *Bacchus* crown'd his Loue with many a starre,  
 Why art thou yet vncrowned, fairer farre ?  
 Oh Virgin, worthy onely not\* of *Rhine*,  
 And that sweet soile, thy <sup>1</sup> *Countie* <sup>2</sup> *Palatine*,  
 ( Where <sup>3</sup> *Mose*, the *Moene*, the *Nab*, and *Nicer* clear,  
 With *Nectar* runne against thy comming there )  
 But of a world, due to those guiftes of thine,  
 Which in thee more than all thy Jewels shine.  
 This said, about her Iuory necke shee hung  
 The *Nereids* tokens, which shee brought along;  
 And with a needle curl'd her louely haire,  
 Then Gallant Pearles bestow'd at either eare:  
 And ore her head she threw her Sindon vaile,  
 That farre adowne ( upborne by Nymphes ) did traile.

By

\* Onely not is here an inversion for not onely.

<sup>1</sup> They were called, Comites, or Earles, among the Romans; who alwaies followed the Emperour in his Court; out of these number were elected the choifest, and sent to gouerne sundry Prouincēs, as *Comes*, *Africae*, *Tingitaniae*, *Littoris Saxonici*; &c. Besides there were others called Comites, *Palatij qui præerant Palatio*, as it were viceroys in the Court of these, *Clotharius*, *Sigebert*, and other Kings of France had, whom they sent viceroys into *Austrasia*, *Burgundie*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Palatine* is a name of office, deriued not from the Pallace in *Treuir*, nor from a Castle called *Die pfalsz* and of old *pfaltz greuenstein*, in the middle of the *Rhene*, but of the Emperours Pallace whereof they had the charge and disposing all affaires of the same, and was immediate next to the Emperours. I denie not but that there haue beene many *Palatines*, as the *Palatine* of *Troyes*, *Bloies*, *Champaigne*, *Hungary*, *Habsperge*, and *Tubing*: but this is the greatest and in a manner who hath worne out all the rest: of whose familie haue beene nine or ten famous Emperours, they are lineally discend from *Pepin* King of France.

<sup>3</sup> Rivers that fall into the *Rhene* in the *Palatinate*.

By this, without a thousand Virgins staid,  
To lead along to Church the Princely maid,  
With heavenly sounds, (in fall of plenteous showers,  
Among the crew, of all the sweetest flowers.)  
That *Cytherea* leaves the Virgin now,  
And takes her leave with this, or other vow.  
*Live Roiall Paire* in peace and sweetest Loue,  
With all aboundance blest by heaven above;  
A thousand kisses binde your hearts together,  
Your Armes be weary with embracing either:  
And let me live to see betweene you twaine,  
A *Cæsar* borne as great as *Charlemaine*.

*There are so many beauties interspersed throughout these poems, that I cannot but wonder they have been so little known and noticed.*

F I N I S.

Monumenti,



Monumenti,  
 Anno superiori  
*In aëta Diuūm publica relati*  
*Formula*  
 De Destinatis  
 Superillustris. Prr.  
 Frederici V. Com. Palat. ad Rhenum Pr. Elect.  
 S. R. I. Archidapif. & Vic.  
*Et*  
 Sereniss. D. D. ELIZABETHÆ VNICÆ  
*Potentiss. D. N.*  
 Iacobi Regis, & Chariss. Filiæ,  
*Nuptijs.*

**C**onsentes, Socij, Lares, quibúsq;  
 Fas est indugredi Jouis Senatū,  
 Adfint vt numerò, monet <sup>1</sup> Camillus.  
 Sic iussit Cronius. Frequens Olympo  
 Confessus Superūm. Tonantis ora  
 Intenti adspiciunt; Relationem  
 Exspectant. BONA<sup>2</sup> scæua FAVSTAq; (orsus  
 Adfatur.) Teneræ in suis <sup>3</sup> Britannis

( Concham

<sup>1</sup> Mercury; to euery schoole boy he is common for Ioues messenger. But also his office was to summon the Gods of every ranke to Parliament, as you may see in Lucians Ζεύς τραγ.

<sup>2</sup> Good Fortune. V. Festum in Scæua. in steed of Quod bonum faustum fælixq; sit. Which was solemnly vsed before euery matter of moment (as we vse Good speed, or such like) and especially before motions in the Senate, by those which proposed. Cic. 1. de Diuinat. Donat. in Phorm. Terent. caterū apud Liuium passim.

<sup>3</sup> For our Women (scarce equall'd, no where better'd) Venus may well call our Nation hers. The Topique starre also of London (Beauties confluence) is the Harp, being of hir nature in Astrologie. And her image and name hath been ghes'd to be in some British siluer coines. Camd. ad Numismat. pag. 71.

( Concham quæ meruit tenere eandem,  
 Quæ Gerimen *Charitum*, <sup>4</sup> *Sacróq;* Patrum  
 Regnat Stemmata ) Virgini iugalem  
*Cypri Diua Potens* torum rogauit,  
 Id *Fritonia*, *Juno* idem rogauit.  
 Quid censetis ? Erant Opinione  
 Pleri quàm vario, tamen volebant  
 Consulti simúl Ordines <sup>5</sup> Bis octo,  
*Magnus ter Superis* <sup>6</sup> *quatérq;* <sup>7</sup> *Amatæ*  
*Terrestriq;* *Deæ vt Deus* <sup>8</sup> *Daretur.*  
*Parcarum* in Tabulas refertur. Vrget  
 ( Quis dignus ? ) *Iupiter.* Statim rogantur  
 Terrarum *Genij.* Suis petendo  
 Ambit quisq; Deam : excipítq; <sup>9</sup> *Præses*  
*Germanúm;* Modò *Quintus Ille* <sup>10</sup> *Diues*  
*Nostri Pace viret,* *Quirine,* <sup>11</sup> *Rhenis*

Quoi

<sup>4</sup> Beside the common reasons of *Sacrum* attributed to great subiects, our Soueraigns ancestors specially deserue it, for their solemne anointings at their Coronation, which is familiarly knowne vsuall to them and some other Princes. But in ours so ancient, that *CIO* veeres since and more it was common to them, if *Gildas* deceiue not. *V. eum in Epist. de excid. Brit.*

<sup>5</sup> *Mart. Capella, lib. 1.* makes so many seuerall Estates ( as it were ) among the Deities.

<sup>6</sup> It is triuiall how *thrise and foure times*, expresse a superlatiue. But also it heere respects the Name of our Princessse *Elizabeth*, which together may signifie the *Septenary of God.* The number withall includes *Virginity*, & by the ancients was titled *Pallas.* *Mac. lib. 1. ad som. Scip.*

<sup>7</sup> It was also the name whereby the noble *Vestals* were alwaies ceremoniously called when they were chosen. *Agell. Noët. Attic. 1. Cap. 12.* and fits ( with the other sensé ) for a Virgines name.

<sup>8</sup> Both holy and prophane authoritie stile great Princes, Gods. *v. Psal. 82. & sæpius alibi.*

<sup>9</sup> Euery state or country hath been supposed to haue his Topique Gouvernour, as a *Genius* or *Angell.* *v. Macrob. Saturn. 2. cap. 9. Alios. Symmachus. lib. 1. epist. 40. vt animæ nascentibus, ita populis fatales Genij, diuiduntur.* See *Paralip. 2. cap. 28.* and what true Diuines haue vpon *Daniel, cap. 9.*

<sup>10</sup> *Diues pace* interprets *Fredrique*, in old English or Dutch. ———

<sup>11</sup> The people by *Rhine* in *Steph. περι πολ.*

Quoi te Magnanimum dedisse Semen,  
 Quoi <sup>12</sup> *Malum, Cytherea*, te venustum,  
 Quoi dotes Animi liquet *Minervam* :  
 Haut est, tam meritò *Parem Britannam*,  
 Alter, qui cupiat. Pares *Amorum*  
 Pulli ! quin *Generis Pares honore* !  
 Fit discessio. Quotquot id *Deorum*  
 Censent vnanimi, nimis *Minorum*  
 Antistant numero, qui aliud proteruus.  
 Ceris *Fata* duint, iubet *Senatus*.  
 Perscribunt. *Paphie, Cupidinesq;*  
*Aethon*<sup>13</sup> et *Pyrois* parate *Flammæ*.  
<sup>14</sup> *Patlæci, Gemini, Thetisq;* *Conse*  
*Vestras Nodo operas. Propago Tamæ,*

Rheni

<sup>12</sup> That Apples were as intercession, oft, for Loue, if you have read any thing in old Poets, you must know, & that, fitting to this purpose, euery æquiuocation of it may be. That they are proper for *Venus* to giue, *Claudian's roscida læti Mala legunt donum Veneris*, is testimonie, and an old allusion in *Pindar. Isthm. 2.* with many other. But the verse here alludes also to that golden Apple, Globe, or Ball, which the *Palsgraues of Rhine* beare with an infixt crosse in a Scutcheon pendant to their owne coate and that of *Bauiere*, as token of what they carry at the Emperours Coronation. Following the vulgar, I thinke of it by name of an Apple, but certainly it seemes it was purposed for a Symbole of the Earth, by the first inuentor, (which was *Iustinian 1.*) and the Crosse vpon it interpreted, Our Saviours passion on the earth, shewing, *ὡς διὰ τῆς εἰς τὸν Σταυρὸν πίστεως τῆς γῆς ἐγκρατὴς γέγωνε*, as expressely *Codin* in *Orig. Constant.* and *Suid.* in *Iustiniano. 1.* that through beliefe in the Crosse hee became Ruler of the earth. *Frederique II.* first bare it in the Scutcheon by grant of *Charles V.* Of it see more in *Marquard, Freh. Orig. Palat. 1. Cap. 15.*

<sup>13</sup> They are vsed as for *Eros & Anteros* by *Claudian* in *Epithalam. Pall. & Serenæ.* viz. for the II. Cupids that make Loue mutuall.

<sup>14</sup> By that name were those pictures titled, which the Gentiles painted for Tutelary Deities in the poupes of their ships. *Europe* had it from the *Phœnicians.* v. *Suid.* in *Πατλαῖοι Θεοί. Fest. in Europ. et ibid. Scaliger. quin et Tzetz. ad Lycophron. pag. 11. in Ἀφλαστὰ.* And a place of Scripture, *Act. Cap. 28. Com. 11.* may be hereon interpreted. But see there *Theophylact*, who places them in the Prowe. They & their fellowes in the verse are all known Sea-gouernars.

*Rheni ut fulgeat ampliter* <sup>15</sup> *Corollâ,*  
*Tædam præferat aut* <sup>16</sup> *Amica JVNO,*  
*Aut CAIAE* <sup>17</sup> *Genetrix. Sient* <sup>18</sup> *LYCAEA*  
*PANOS postridiè, ut Satu fruantur.*  
 Adclamant Superi, PARES HAVETE.  
 Quis vidit Venerem auspiciorem?

I. S. è Soc. Int. Templi.

G

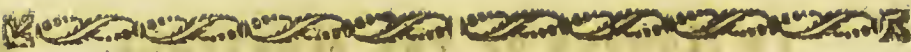
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<sup>15</sup> And also as proper to the Marriage, Crownes were vsed to the couple in the Orientall Empire, as you may see in *Theophilact. Simocat. Hist. I. cap. 10.* & *ibid. Pontanum. Phranz. lib. II. cap. 17.* which I transferre not hither, but with allusion.

<sup>16</sup> *Pronuba Iuno* is so familiar that none can be ignorant of her interest in Marriages; and for this Passage,—*Dat Iuno verenda Vincula,* & *insigni geminat concordia tædâ. Papinius Sylvar. I.* agreeing testimonies are obuious.

<sup>17</sup> *Caia* by the auncient Romane vse, was a perpetuall name for euery Bride, and shee vsed to salute her husband being first brought to him thus; *Vbi tu Caius, ego Caia.* The reason of it may beenquired in *Plutarch. Problem. Rom. 30. Valer. Epit. de Nom. Rat.* and else-where. And choise is giuen whether *Iuno*, or the Brides mother, beare the Light, being in this particular, Both great *Queenes*; and that, Mothers also did vse so, authoritie is large. *Scholiasst. ad Apollon. Argonautic. d. & Euripid. in Phænissis,* with others.

<sup>18</sup> That, the Nuptials should be the day before the *Lupercals* (i. *Lycæa*) which was a Sacrifice instituted anciently in *Rome*, and the chiefe effect was, that young married women touch'd with a bloudy piece of *Goates-skinne*, should be fertile in posteritie. The day of that was alwayes on the *XV. of Kl. February*, that is, the *XV. of February* with vs, which was the day after this happy Knot. For the *Lupercals*, *Plutarch, in Romulo. Ouid. Fast. II. Halicarnass. lib. I.* are most particular.



## The Manner of the Solemnization of this *Royall Marriage.*

THE proceeding was from the Priuie-Chamber through the Presence, and Guard-Chamber, ouer the Tarras, through the new-built Roome, downe into the vtter Court\*: where, from the Gate all along, vp againe to the great Chamber-dore, was a foote-pace made about fixe foote high, and railed in on eyther side, vp againe to the great Chamber-dore, and so by the way leading to the Clofet, they went downe into the Chappell, where the Marriage was solemnized.

The order of the proceeding was thus: First, came the *Palsgraue*, attended by diuers Noble-men, Knights, and Gentlemen, as well English as Strangers; himselfe apparrelled all in *white*, being Cloath of siluer.

Then came the Bride, apparrelled also in *white*, ( Cloath of Siluer also ) with a Coronet on her head of Pearle, and her haire disheueled, and hanging downe ouer her shoulders, lead to the Chappell ( as I remember ) by the Prince, and the Earle of *Northampton*, being Batchelors: ( for in comming backe she was lead by my Lord *Admirall*, and the Duke of *Lennox*. ) And her Train borne by eight or nine *Ladies of Honor*: after whom followed the Queenes Maiestie, with a great number of Ladies and Gentlewomen.

Then came the Kings Maiestie, attended by most of the Nobilitie of the Land, and followed by the band of *Pensioners*, bearing their Axes, and proceeded as before, into the Chappell.

In the middest whereof was erected a Stage of five degrees, high railed on each side, and open at either end; the Railes couered

\* Vtter ] outer.

covered with Cloath of Gold : vpon which was solemnized the afore-said Marriage, which being consummate by my *L. Grace of Canterbury*; and a Sermon made by the *B. of Bath and Welles*, Mr. Garter Principall King of Armes, published the stile of the Prince and Princeesse, to this effect :

*All Health, Happinesse, and Honour be to the High and Mightie Princes, FREDERICK, by the Grace of God Count Palatine of the Rhine, Arch-Sewer, and Prince Elector of the holy Empire, Duke of Bauier\*, and ELIZABETH his Wife, onely Daughter to the High, Mighty, and right Excellent, JAMES, by the Grace of God, King of great Britaine, &c.*

Which finished : the marryed Princes returned backe the same way they came ; but the Kings Maiestie priuately, by another way.

#### An Aduertisement to the Reader.

**R**EADER, I attribute the name of *Casimire* in some places to the *Palsgraue*, which thou happily maiest imagine to be the Sir-name of that Familie, which was but an addition to the Christen-name of some later of the Earles, from the Marquesse of *Brandenburge*, that *Iohannes* or *Frederick Casimire*, is no more then *Henry Frederick, Iohn Maria, Petrus Andraeas*, or the like : but by reason of the remarkable worth and vertues of those his late Grandfires, I have used it καὶ ἔτι οὐκ ἔστιν : besides, the nature of the Verse could not admit the Name *Frederick*, so often, or so well.

*Thine assuredly*

H. P.

\* The order of the Garter, whereof the *Palsgraue* is Knight, was here omitted.

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

Page 15, Note, for King *Edward* the first, read King *Edward* the fourth. This error is in the original, but was overlook'd by the present Editor, till the sheet was printed off.

Page 28, line 9, read *Tusca*, *Sabauda*,

Page 29, line 3, read *fuerat*

*Ibid.* line 9, read *volitantum*

P. 32, for *Euster* read *Eurus*.

The Greek Lines by SELDEN in Pages 24 and 25, having, through an oversight, been printed off without proper revision, the two leaves containing Pages 23, 24, 25, and 26, have been reprinted; the last leaf of Sig. C. and the first leaf of Sig. D. are therefore to be cancell'd: and the Binder is requested to observe, that the Four Reprinted Pages to be inserted instead, are on a connected Quarter Sheet, and have an asterism at the bottom of each Page, thus. ( \* ).

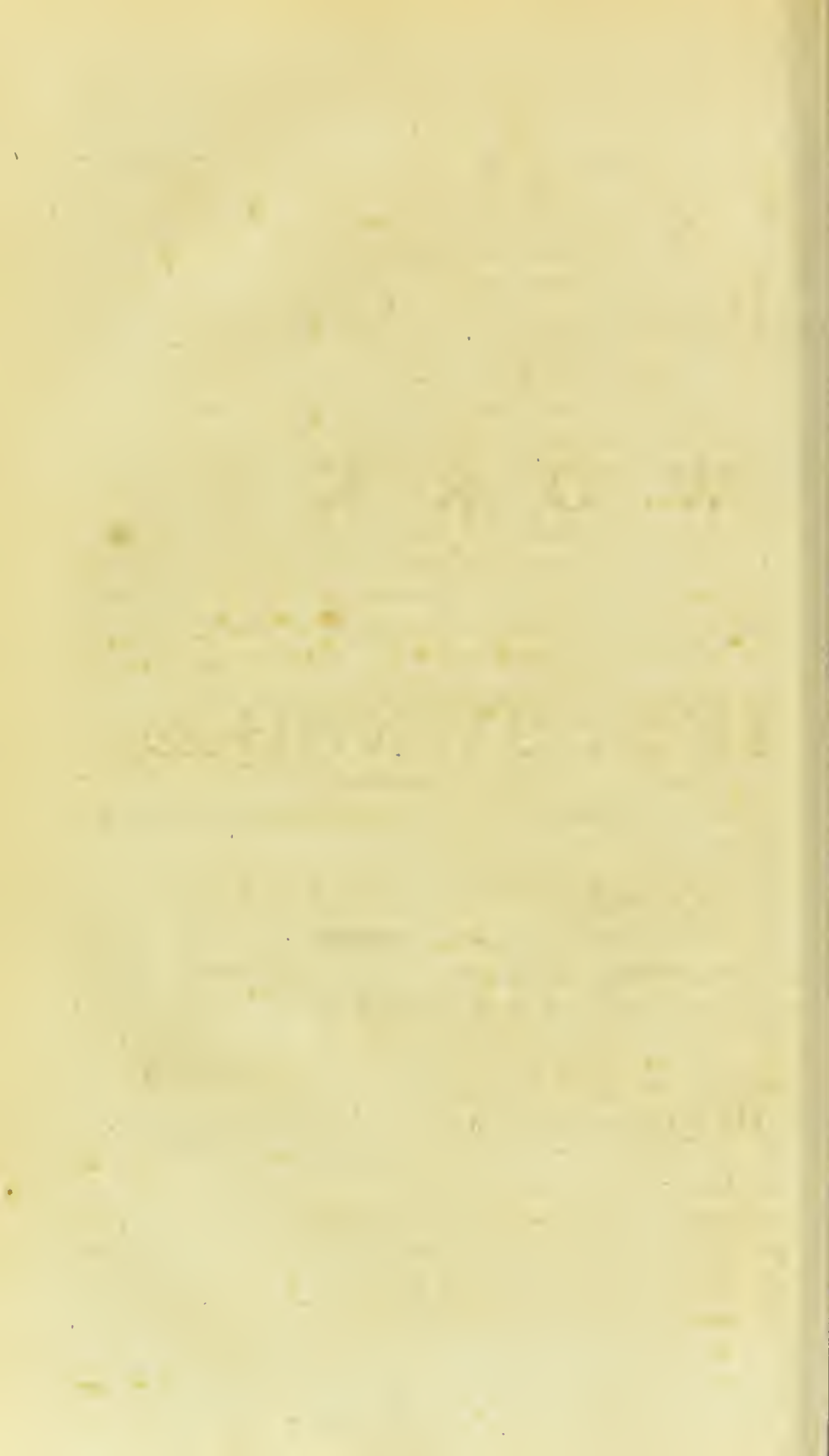


THE  
WORKS  
OF  
BEN. JONSON.

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

EVERY MAN in his HUMOUR. || EVERY MAN out of  
|| his HUMOUR.



## B E N. J O N S O N I U M,

Carmen protrepticon.

**R** Aptam Threicii lyram Neanthus  
 Pulsset; carmina circulis Palæmon  
 Scribat; qui manibus facit deabus  
 Illotis, metuat Probum. Placere  
 Te doctis juvat auribus, placere  
 Te raris juvat auribus. Camænas  
 Cum totus legerem tuas (Camænæ  
 Nam totum rogitant tuæ, nec ullam  
 Qui pigre trahat oscitationem,  
 Lectorem) & numeros, acumen, artem,  
 Mirum iudicium, quod ipse censor,  
 Jonsoni, nimium licet malignus,  
 Si doctus simul, exigat, viderem,  
 Sermonem & nitidum, facetiâsque  
 Dignas Mercurio, novâsque gnomas  
 Morum sed veterum, tuique juris  
 Quicquid dramaticum tui legebam,  
 Tam semper fore, tamque te loquutum,  
 Ut nec Lemnia notior sigillo  
 Tellus, nec maculâ sacrandus Apis,  
 Non cesto Venus, aut comis Apollo,  
 Quàm musâ fueris sciente notus,  
 Quàm musâ fueris tuâ notatus,  
 Illâ, quæ unica, fidus ut refulgens,  
 Stricturas, superat comis, minorum:  
 In mentem subiit Stolonis illud,  
 Lingua Pieridas fuisse Plauti  
 Ufuras, Ciceronis atque dictum,  
 Saturno genitum phrasi Platonis,  
 Musæ si Latio, Jovisque Athenis  
 Dixissent. Fore jam sed hunc & illas  
 Jonsoni numeros puto loquutos,  
 Anglis si fuerint utrique fati.  
 Tam, mi, tu sôphiam doces amænè,

Sparsim tamque sophos amæna sternis!  
 Sed, tot delicias, minùs placebat,  
 Sparsis distraherent tot in libellis  
 Cerdoi caculæ. Volumen unum,  
 Quod feri Britonum terant nepotes,  
 Optabam, & thyasus chorúsque amantum  
 Musas hoc cupiunt, tui laborum  
 Et quicquid reliquum est, adhuc tuisque  
 Servatum pluteis. Tibi at videmur  
 Non tam quærere quàm parare nobis  
 Laudem, dum volumus palàm merentis  
 Tot laurus cupidi reposta scripta;  
 Dum secernere te tuásque musas  
 Audemus numero ungulæ liquorem  
 Gustante, ut veteres novem sorores  
 Et Sirenibus & solent cicâdis;  
 Dum & secernere posse te videmur,  
 Efflictim petimus novúmque librum,  
 Qui nullo facer haut petatur ævo,  
 Qui nullo facer exoleseat ævo,  
 Qui curis niteat tuis secundis;  
 Ut nos scire aliquid simul putetur.  
 Atqui hoc macte fies, velutque calpar,  
 Quod diis inferium, tibi sacremus,  
 Ut nobis benè sit; tuámque frontem  
 Perfundant ederæ recentiores  
 Et splendor novus. Invident coronam  
 Hanc tantam patriæ tibi (quantâ  
 Æternùm à merito tuo superbum  
 Anglorum genus esse possit olim)  
 Tantùm qui penitùs volunt amænas  
 Sublatas literas, timéntve lucem  
 Ionsoni nimiam tenebriones.

J. SELDEN, *Juris-Consultus*.

Of this Author, from his extensive and multifarious learning deservedly named the *Great Selden*, it is unnecessary to say any thing here.—An account of him and his writings is in *Athen. Oxon.* 2. Vol. Col. 179.—He lived in constant friendship with our poet, and dying in 1654, was buried on the South-side of the round walk in the Temple Church.

T O

## BEN. JONSON, on his Works.

**M**AY I subscribe a name? dares my bold quill  
 Write that or good or ill,  
 Whose frame is of that height, that, to mine eye,  
 Its head is in the sky?  
 Yes. Since the most censures, believes, and faith  
 By an implicit faith:  
 Left their misfortune make them chance amiss,  
 I'll waft them right by this.  
 Of all I know thou only art the man  
 That dares but what he can:  
 Yet by performance shows he can do more  
 Than hath been done before,  
 Or will be after; (such assurance gives  
 Perfection where it lives.)  
 Words speak thy matter; matter fills thy words;  
 And choice that grace affords,  
 That both are best: and both most fitly plac'd,  
 Are with new Venus grac'd  
 From artful method. All in this point meet,  
 With good to mingle sweet.  
 These are thy lower parts. What stands above  
 Who sees not yet must love,  
 When on the base he reads Ben Jonson's name,  
 And hears the rest from fame.  
 This from my love of truth: Which pays this due  
 To your just worth, not you.

ED. HEYWARD.

This gentleman was by profession a lawyer, and an intimate friend of our author, and of the great Selden. The regard, which the latter had for him, appears from his addressing to him his book on *the Titles of Honour*.

ON THE  
AUTHOR,

The Poet-Laureat, BEN. JONSON.

**H**ERE is a poet! whose unmuddled strains  
Show that he held all Helicon in's brains.  
What here is writ, is sterling; every line  
Was well allow'd of by the muses nine.  
When for the stage a drama he did lay,  
Tragic or comic, he still bore away  
The sock and buskin; clearer notes than his  
No swan e'er sung upon our Thamesis;  
For lyric sweetness in an ode, or sonnet,  
To BEN the best of wits might vail their bonnet.  
His genius justly, in an entheat rage,  
Oft lasht the dull-sworn factors for the stage:  
For alchymy, though't make a glorious gloss;  
Compar'd with Gold is bullion and base dross.

WILL. HODGSON.

On his elaborated art-contrived PLAYS,  
An EPIGRAM.

**E**ACH like an Indian ship or hull appears,  
That took a voyage for some certain years,  
To plow the sea, and furrow up the main,  
And brought rich ingot from his loaden brain.  
His art the sun; his labours were the lines;  
His solid stuff the treasure of his mines.

WILL. HODGSON.

The treasure of his mines.] The former reading was *lines*.  
I have given the present text, from the conjecture of the ingenious Mr. Steevens.

## Upon S E J A N U S.

**S**O brings the wealth-contracting jeweller  
 Pearls and dear stones from richest stores and <sup>h/</sup>  
 As thy accomplish'd travail doth confer [streams,  
 From skill-enriched souls their wealthier gems;  
 So doth his hand enchase in ammel'd gold,  
 Cut, and adorn'd beyond their native merits,  
 His solid flames, as thine hath here inrol'd  
 In more than golden verse, those better'd spirits;  
 So he entreaasures princes cabinets,  
 As thy wealth will their wished libraries;  
 So, on the throat of the rude sea, he sets  
 His vent'rous foot, for his illustrious prize;  
 And through wild desarts, arm'd with wilder beasts;  
 As thou adventur'st on the multitude,  
 Upon the boggy, and engulfed breasts  
 Of hirelings, sworn to find most right, most rude:  
 And he, in storms at sea, doth not endure,  
 Nor in vast desarts, amongst wolves, more danger;  
 Than we, that would with virtue live secure,  
 Sustain for her in every vice's anger.  
 Nor is this Allegory unjustly rackt  
 To this strange length: Only, that jewels are,  
 In estimation merely, so exact:  
 And thy work, in itself, is dear and rare;  
 Wherein Minerva had been vanquished,  
 Had she, by it, her sacred looms advanc'd,  
 And through thy subject woven her graphick thred,  
 Contending therein, to be more entranc'd;  
 For, though thy hand was scarce addrest to draw  
 The semi-circle of Sejanus' life,  
 Thy muse yet makes it the whole sphere, and law  
 To all state-lives; and bounds ambition's strife.  
 And as a little brook creeps from his spring,  
 With shallow tremblings, through the lowest vales,  
 As if he fear'd his stream abroad to bring,  
 Lest prophane feet should wrong it, and rude gales;  
 But

But finding happy channels, and supplies  
 Of other fords mixt with his modest course,  
 He grows a goodly river, and descrys  
 The strength that mann'd him, since he left his source;  
 Then takes he in delightful meads and groves,  
 And, with his two-edg'd waters, flourishes  
 Before great palaces, and all mens loves  
 Build by his shores, to greet his passages:  
 So thy chaste muse, by virtuous self-mistrust,  
 Which is a true mark of the truest merit;  
 In virgin fear of mens illiterate lust,  
 Shut her soft wings, and durst not shew her spirit;  
 Till, nobly cherisht, now thou let'st her fly,  
 Singing the sable Orgies of the Muses,  
 And in the highest pitch of Tragedy,  
 Mak'st her command, all things thy ground produces.  
 Besides, thy poem hath this due respect,  
 That it lets nothing pass without observing,  
 Worthy instruction; or that might correct  
 Rude manners, and renown the well deserving:  
 Performing such a lively evidence  
 In thy narrations, that thy hearers still  
 Thou turn'st to thy spectators; and the sense  
 That thy spectators have of good or ill,  
 Thou inject'st jointly to thy reader's souls.  
 So dear is held, so deckt thy numerous task,  
 As thou putt'st handles to the Thespian bowls,  
 Or stuck'st rich plumes in the Palladian cask.  
 All thy worth, yet, thyself must patronise,  
 By quaffing more of the Castalian head;  
 In expiscation of whose mysteries,  
 Our nets must still be clogg'd with heavy lead,  
 To make them sink, and catch: for chearful gold  
 Was never found in the Pierian streams,  
 But wants, and scorns, and shames for silver sold.  
 What? what shall we elect in these extremes?  
 Now by the shafts of the great Cyrrhan poet,  
 That bear all light, that is, about the world;

I would have all dull poet-haters know it,  
 They shall be foul-bound, and in darkness hurl'd,  
 A thousand years (as Satan was their fire).  
 Ere any, worthy the poetic name,  
 (Might I, that warm but at the muses fire,  
 Presume to guard it) should let deathless Fame  
 Light half a beam of all her hundred eyes,  
 At his dim taper, in their memories.  
 Fly, fly, you are too near; so, odorous flowers  
 Being held too near the sensor of our sense,  
 Render not pure, nor so sincere their powers,  
 As being held a little distance thence.  
 O could the world but feel how sweet a touch  
 The knowledge hath, which is in love with goodness,  
 (If Poesie were not ravished so much,  
 And her compos'd rage, held the simplest woodness,<sup>1</sup>  
 Though of all heats, that temper human brains,  
 Hers ever was most subtil, high and holy,  
 First binding savage lives in civil chains;  
 Solely religious, and adored solely:  
 If men felt this, they would not think a love,  
 That gives itself, in her, did vanities give;  
 Who is (in earth, though low) in worth above,  
 Most able t'honour life, though least to live.  
 And so, good friend, safe passage to thy freight,  
 To thee a long peace, through a virtuous strife,  
 In which let's both contend to virtue's height,  
 Not making fame our object, but good life.

B                      GEOR. CHAPMAN.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Woodness.*] *Madness.*

“ ——— Wodeness laughing in his Rage.”

*Chaucer's Knyghtes Tale, V. 1152,*

thus modernized by *Dryden,*

“ ——— Madness laughing in his ireful Mood.”

*The Knight's Tale, Page 296.*

*Morell's Edition, 8vo. 1737.*

<sup>2</sup> He was contemporary with our poet, and the author of several plays, which at that time were favourably received, and is famous likewise for his translations of Musæus, Hesiod, and Homer into English verse. The reader will find a history of him and his Poems in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, 1. Vol. Col. 591. and prefixed to his *Comedy of All Fools*, in the fourth volume of *Old Plays*, edit. 1780, also in Langbaine's *Account of the Dramatic Poets*.

To his worthy Friend, BEN. JONSON,  
upon his SEJANUS.

**I**N that this book doth deign Sejanus name,  
Him unto more than Cæsar's love it brings :  
For where he could not with ambition's wings,  
One quill doth heave him to the height of fame.  
Ye great ones though (whose ends may be the same)  
Know, that, however we do flatter kings,  
Their favours (like themselves) are fading things,  
With no less envy had, than lost with shame.  
Nor make yourselves less honest than you are,  
To make our author wiser than he is :  
Ne of such crimes accuse him, which I dare  
By all his muses swear be none of his.  
The men are not, some faults may be these times :  
He acts those men, and they did act these crimes.

HUGH HOLLAND.\*

Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN. IONSON,  
in Vulponem.

**Q**UOD arte ausus es hic tuâ, poeta,  
Si auderent hominum deque juris  
Consulti, veteres sequi æmulariérque,  
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.

His

\* He was bred at Westminster-School, under Cambden, and from thence elected fellow of Trinity college in Cambridge. He is said by Dr. Fuller to have been no bad English, but an excellent Latin poet. He wrote several things, amongst which is the life of Cambden, but none of them, I believe, have been ever published. See an account of him in Athen. Oxon. 1. Vol. Col. 583.

His sed sunt veteres araneosi;  
 Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu,  
 Illos quòd sequeris novator audis.  
 Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ  
 Libri canitie induantur horâ:  
 Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,  
 Nascunturque senes, oportet, illi  
 Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.  
 Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque  
 Te parem; hos superes, ut & futuros,  
 Ex nostrâ vitiositate fumas,  
 Quâ priscos superamus, & futuros.

J. DONNE.\*

To my Friend BEN. JONSON,  
 upon his ALCHEMIST.

A Master, read in flattery's great skill,  
 Could not pass truth, tho' he would force his will,  
 By praising this too much, to get more praise  
 In his art, than you out of yours do raise.  
 Nor can full truth be utter'd of your worth,  
 Unless you your own praises do set forth:  
 None else can write so skilfully, to shew  
 Your praise: Ages shall pay, yet still must owe.  
 All I dare say, is, you have written well;  
 In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

GEORGE LUCY.

\* In former editions we have only the initial Letters J.D. affixed to this copy of verses; I have written the author's name at length, and on his own authority, because the verses are printed in the collection of Dr. Donne's poems.

Ad utramque Academiam,  
De BENJAMIN IONSONIO,  
in Vulponem.

**H**IC ille est primus, qui doctum drama Britannis,  
Graiorum antiqua, & Latii monimenta theatri,  
Tanquam explorator versans, fœlicibus ausis  
Præbebit: Magnis cœptis, geminaast ra, favete.  
Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude: Cothurnum hic,  
Atque pari foccum tractat Sol scenicus arte;  
Das Volpone jocos, fletus Sejane dedisti.  
At si Jonsonias mulctatas limite musas  
Angusto plangent quiquam: Vos, dicite, contra,  
O nimium miseros quibus Anglis Anglica lingua,  
Aut non sat nota est; aut queis (seu trans mare natiss)  
Haud nota omnino: Vegetet cum tempore vates,  
Mutabit patriam, siêque ipse Anglus Apollo.

E. BOLTON.

This author appears to no great advantage in the preceding lines; but we may see him in his proper splendour, in a book entituled *Nero Cæsar, or Monarchy depraved*, which he published in fol. Lond. 1624, and is a work containing much good sense, and curious learning. He is also said to have translated *Lucius Florus*, and written *The Elements of Armory*, printed in 1610. He left in M. S. *Hypercritica, or a Rule of Judgment for Writing or Reading our Histories*: since published by A. Hall, at the end of the 2nd Vol. of the *Annals of Trivetius*. In this piece, treating of different English writers, he thus speaks of our Author: "I never tasted English more to my liking, nor more smart, and put to the height of use in poetry, than in that vital, judicious, and most practical language of Benjamin Jonson's poems." *Adresse, IV. Sect. iii. page 237.* For a more particular account of Bolton, see *Warton's Hist. of Poetry, Vol. 3, Page 278.*

To my dear Friend Mr. BEN. JONSON,  
upon his FOX.

**I**F it might stand with justice, to allow  
The swift conversion of all follies ; now,  
Such is my mercy, that I could admit  
All sorts should equally approve the wit  
Of this thy even work : whose growing fame  
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.  
And did not manners, and my love command  
Me to forbear to make those understand,  
Whom thou, perhaps, hast, in thy wiser doom  
Long since, firmly resolv'd, shall never come  
To know more than they do ; I would have shown  
To all the world, the art, which thou alone  
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,  
And other rites, deliver'd with the grace  
Of comick stile, which only, is far more,  
Than any English stage hath known before.  
But since our subtile gallants think it good  
To like of nought that may be understood,  
Lest they should be disprov'd ; or have, at best,  
Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest  
But what's obscene, or barks : let us desire  
They may continue, simply, to admire  
Fine cloaths, and strange words ; and may live, in age,  
To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,  
And like it. Whilst thy bold and knowing muse  
Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst chuse.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

## Upon the SILENT WOMAN.

**H**EAR you bad writers, and though you not see,  
 I will inform you where you happy be :  
 Provide the most malicious thoughts you can,  
 And bend them all against some private man,  
 To bring him, not his vices, on the stage ;  
 Your envy shall be clad in some poor rage,  
 And your expressing of him shall be such,  
 That he himself shall think he hath no touch.  
 Where he that strongly writes, although he mean  
 To scourge but vices in a labour'd scene,  
 Yet private faults shall be so well express'd,  
 As men do act 'em, that each private breast,  
 That finds these errors in itself, shall say,  
 He meant me, not my vices, in the play.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

To my Friend BEN. JONSON,  
upon his CATILINE.

**I**F thou hadst itch'd after the wild applause  
 Of common people, and hadst made thy laws  
 In writing, such, as catch'd at present voice,  
 I should commend the thing, but not thy choice.  
 But thou hast squar'd thy rules by what is good,  
 And art three ages, yet, from understood :  
 And (I dare say) in it there lies much wit  
 Lost, till thy readers can grow up to it.  
 Which they can ne'er out-grow, to find it ill,  
 But must fall back again, or like it still.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

Beaumont, who was a sincere admirer and friend of Jonson, seems to have gratified the poet's temper in the preceding copies, by a generous contempt of the vulgar judgment and applause, resulting from conscious worth.

EVERY MAN  
IN HIS  
HUMOUR.  
A  
A COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1598,

By the then Lord CHAMBERLAIN's Servants.<sup>1</sup>

---

*Haud tamen invidias vati, quem pulpita pascunt.*<sup>2</sup>  
JUVEN.

---

<sup>1</sup> In the 4to edition 1601, it stands thus; *As it hath beene sundry times publickly acted by the right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.*

<sup>2</sup> Before this verse, in the 4to. is prefixed,  
*Quod non dant proceres, dabit Histrion.*

VI. D. M. T. O. N. V. E.

DE J. O. M. H. H. I.

DE J. O. M. H. H. I.

DE J. O. M. H. H. I.

T O T H E

Most Learned, and my Honoured Friend,

Mr. C A M D E N,

C L A R E N C I E U X.

S I R,

**T**H E R E are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of POETRY, or the professors: But my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things: and, had the favour of the times so conspired with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now I pray you to accept this; such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; <sup>1</sup> nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor: And for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise or excuse.

Your True Lover,

BEN. JONSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor:]*  
Jonson, as we have seen in his life, received part of his education under Camden, at Westminster-School.

# PROLOGUE.\*

**T**Hough need make many poets, and some such  
 As art and nature have not better'd much;  
 Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,  
<sup>1</sup>As he dare serve th' ill customs of the age,  
 Or purchase your delight at such a rate,  
 As, for it, he himself must justly hate:  
 To make a child now swaddled, to proceed  
 Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,  
 Past threescore years: or, with three rusty swords,  
 And help of some few foot and half-foot words,  
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,<sup>2</sup>  
 And in the tiring-house bring wounds to scars.

He

\* To the 4to edition of this Comedy there is no prologue; and probably it was written, when the Author made the total reform taken notice of in the preface, and previous to the publication of it, with other Plays and Poems, in fol. 1616.

<sup>1</sup> *As he dare serve th' ill customs of the age,*] To serve the ill customs of the age is a Latin phrase of the same import with *Instituta majorum servare*, which occurs in *Cicero*.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *With three rusty swords,*

*And help of some few FOOT AND HALF-FOOT WORDS, Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars.*] Here is evidently an allusion to *Shakspeare's* historical plays, on the contention between the houses of *York* and *Lancaster*. Other dramatists indeed had written on this subject, but *Fonson* doth not appear to have thought them worthy of his notice. *Shakspeare*, who died in 1616, retired from the stage about three years before his decease; and our author, envious of his growing fame, began to be very severe in his censures, and invectives against him. The "foot and half-foot words," a translation of *Horace's Sesquipedalia Verba*, allude to expressions of a most unmeasurable length, which were commonly made use of by the authors of that age; and were supposed to give magnificence and sublimity to their diction. It was about this time, that compound epithets were first introduced into our poetry; and to what licentiousness of style they were perverted, appears from the following lines of *Bishop Hall*, who is drawing the character of the Poetaster *Labeo*.

"He

He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see  
 One such to-day, as other plays shou'd be;  
<sup>3</sup>Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,  
<sup>4</sup>Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please:  
<sup>5</sup>Nor

"He knows the grace of that new elegance,  
 "Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France;  
 "(That well befeem'd his high-styl'd Arcady,  
 "Though others mar it with much liberty)  
 "In epithets to join two words in one,  
 "Forsooth, for adjectives cannot stand alone:  
 "As a great poet cou'd of Bacchus say,  
 "That he was *Semele-femori-gena*."

VIRGIDEMIARUM, Lib. VI. Sat. I.

Dr. Donne hath likewise ridiculed the affected use of them,  
 by the following compound;

"The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound serving-man,  
 "Who oft names God in oaths, and only then."

Elegy 4th.

The particular play in view is probably Richard III. where  
 we find the epithets *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, and others  
 of the like kind.

Glo. I am too *childish-foolish* for this world. A. I. S. 3.

Buck: You are too *senseless-obstinate*, my lord. A. 3. S. 1.

<sup>3</sup>Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,] The chorus  
 here alluded to, is the chorus at the beginning of the second  
 Act of Henry V.

" — — — — — The Scene

"Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;

"There is the play-house now, there must you sit:

"And thence to France shall we convey you safe,

"And bring you back, charming the narrow seas."

As this prologue was probably not written before 1616, no  
 conclusion can be drawn from it, that Henry V. as Mr.  
*Malone* supposes, was acted before 1598; nor does it subject  
*Jonson* to the censure of ridiculing his benefactor, at the  
 time he was essentially obliged to him.

Shakspeare, Edit. 1778, page 302.

<sup>4</sup>Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please:] It  
 appears from *Acolastus*, a Comedy printed in 1540, that ma-  
 chinery was then employed in the exhibition of stage plays.  
 In the vision or masque in *Cymbeline*, A. 5. S. 4. Jupiter de-  
 scends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle.

5 Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard  
 The gentlewomen; nor roul'd bullet heard<sup>6</sup>  
 To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum  
 Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;  
 But deeds, and language, such as men do use,  
 And persons, such as comedy would chuse,  
 When she would shew an image of the times,  
 7 And sport with human follies, not with crimes.  
 Except we make 'em such, by loving still  
 Our popular errors, when we know th' are ill.  
 I mean such errors as you'll all confess,  
 By laughing at them, they deserve no less:  
 Which when you heartily do; there's hope left then,  
 You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men.

<sup>5</sup> *Nor nimble squib is seen.*] The like expression is in the prologue to Shirley's *Doubtful Heir*,

"No Clown, no squibs, no devil in't."

<sup>6</sup> — — — *nor roul'd bullet heard*

*To say, it thunders, &c.*] The author had possibly in his intention, the storms in the *Tempest*, and *King Lear*.

<sup>7</sup> *And sport with human follies, not with crimes.*] This distinction is made expressly from the precept of Aristotle; who assigns the τὸ γελοῖον or the ridiculous, as the immediate subject of comedy. Poetic. Sect. 5. but makes the crimes of men, as being of a more serious nature, the particular object of the tragic poet.

(When

( When Mr. GARRICK revived this Play, he  
spoke the following PROLOGUE to it,  
~~written by himself.~~

CRITICKS, your favour is our author's right—  
The well-known scenes we shall present to-night  
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,  
But the strong touches of immortal *Ben*;  
A rough old Bard, whose honest pride disdain'd  
Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd——  
And wou'd to-night your loudest praise disclaim,  
Shou'd his great shade perceive the doubtful fame, }  
Not to his labours granted, but his name.  
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,  
“ He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,  
“ Or purchase their delight at such a rate,  
“ As, for it, he himself must justly hate :  
“ But rather begg'd they wou'd be pleas'd to see  
“ From him, such plays as other plays shou'd be :  
“ Wou'd learn from him to scorn a motley scene,  
“ And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with men.”  
Thuspoke the bard--And tho' the times are chang'd,  
Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd :  
And satire had not then appear'd in state,  
To lash the finer follies of the great,  
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,  
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd ;  
With no false niceness this performance view,  
Nor damn for *low*, whate'er is just and true :  
Sure to those scenes some honour shou'd be paid,  
Which *Cambden* patroniz'd, and *Shakespeare* play'd :  
Nature was Nature then, and still survives :  
The garb may alter, but the substance lives.  
Lives in this play——where each may find complete,  
His pictur'd self.——Then favour the deceit——  
Kindly forget the hundred years between ;  
Become *old Britons*, and admire *old Ben*. )

Dramatis

## Dramatis Personæ.

**K**NO'WELL, an old Gentleman.

ED. KNO'WELL, his Son.

BRAIN-WORM, the Father's Man.

MASTER STEPHEN, a Country Gull.

DOWN-RIGHT, a plain Squire.

WELL-BRED, his half Brother.

JUSTICE CLEMENT, an old merry Magistrate.

ROGER FORMAL, his Clerk.

KITELY, a Merchant.

DAME KITELY, his Wife.

MISTRESS BRIDGET, his Sister.

MASTER MATTHEW, the Town Gull.

CASH, Kitley's Man.

COB, a Water-bearer.

TIB, his Wife.

CAPT. BOBADILL, a Paul's MAN<sup>1</sup>.

The SCENE, LONDON.

\* Every

<sup>1</sup> A *Paul's Man*.] St. *Paul's* Cathedral was at this time a place of resort for idlers, sharpers, and bullies. The Scene was originally at *Florence*, and the persons of the drama Italians. It hath been shewn in the preface, that by changing the names and place of representation, the author adapted it to his own times. *Bobadill* is the only name which is brought from the old play, and has here an English termination. The poet seems to have thought it a word of some humour. *Bobadilla* is the character of a blustering steward in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid*. It is also the name of an illustrious family in Spain.

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# \* Every Man in his Humour.

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## A C T I. S C E N E I.

<sup>1</sup> **A** Goodly day toward! and a fresh morning!  
Brain-worm,

Call up your young master: Bid him rise, fir.  
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

*Brai.* I will, fir, presently.

*Know.* But hear you, firrah,  
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

*Brai.* Well, fir<sup>2</sup>.

*Know.*

\* This Comedy was revived soon after the Restoration, with an epilogue written by Lord Buckhurst, and spoken in the character of Jonson's Ghost. In 1749 it was again revived by the late Mr. Garrick, with some few alterations and an additional scene of his own. Being acted with the full strength of the Company, Garrick himself performing the part of *Kitely*, Woodward *Bobadil*, and Shuter *Stephen*, every character was exhibited in a very striking light, and to the utmost advantage.

<sup>1</sup> *A goodly day toward!*] The prospect or appearance of a fine day. So in *The second part of the Honest Whore*,

"Here's a hot day towards"—

And in *The Spanish Curate*, by Beaumont and Fletcher;

"He bears a promising face, there's some hope toward."

A. 2, S. 1.

A fine day is so called in Shakspeare;

"*A goodly day*, not to keep house" *Cymbeline*, A. 3, S. 3.

The metre of our comic poets, in the age of Jonson, was often loose and irregular, requiring to be helped out by the speaker. The voice, as it is necessary, must either slur over, or lengthen out a syllable to preserve the numbers. There is however nothing in these lines that requires correction, or that disorders the pronunciation in the reading.

<sup>2</sup> *Brain.* WELL, SIR.] An elliptical expression; *It is well, fir*; probably borrowed from the Latin form of speaking, usual on such occasions.

*Rogo nunquid velit*; RECTE, inquit, abeo.

TEREN. Eun. A. 2, S. 3.

The answer in the 4to. is, *Very good, Sir.*

*Know.* How happy yet, should I esteem myself,  
 Could I (by any practice) wean the boy  
 From one vain course of study, he affects.  
 He is a scholar, if a man may trust  
 The liberal voice of fame, in her report,  
 Of good account in both our universities,  
 Either of which hath favour'd him with graces:  
 But their indulgence must not spring in me  
 A fond opinion, that he cannot err.  
<sup>3</sup> My self was once a student, and, indeed,  
 Fed with the self-same humour he is now,  
 Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,  
 That fruitless and unprofitable art,  
 Good unto none, but least to the professors;  
 Which, then, I thought the mistress of all knowledge:  
 But since, time and the truth have wak'd my judgment,  
 And reason taught me better to distinguish  
 The vain from th' useful learnings. Cousin Stephen!  
 What news with you, that you are here so early?

*Step.* Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do,  
 uncle.

*Kno.* That's kindly done; you are welcome, couz.

*Step.* <sup>4</sup> Ay, I know that, sir, I would not ha' come else.  
 How does my cousin Edward, uncle?

*Kno.*

<sup>3</sup> *My self was once a student, and indeed,  
 Fed with the self-same humour he is now, &c.* ] This thought  
 is to be met with in the *Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronimo is mad*  
 again. Old Plays, Vol. 3, page 217.

*Hieron.* When I was young, I gave my mind,  
 And ply'd myself to fruitless poetry:

Which though it profit the professor nought,

Yet is it passing pleasing to the world. Act 5.

And *Jonson*, who played the part of *Hieronimo*, as Mr. Reed  
 observes, hath borrowed it.

<sup>4</sup> *Ay, I know that, sir,* ] The antient way of writing this af-  
 firmative particle (*Ay*) was only with the vowel I, and a  
 comma after it; this is followed in the former editions: but,  
 as it is liable to be confounded with the personal pronoun, I,  
 the modern orthography is now conformed to.

*Kno.* O, well couz, go in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

*Step.* Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting; I would fain borrow it.

*Kno.* Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

*Step.* <sup>5</sup>No, wusse; but I'll practice against next year, uncle: I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by<sup>6</sup>.

*Kno.* O, most ridiculous.

*Step.* Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle; why you know an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting-languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallants company without 'em: And by gads-lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a confort for every hum-drum; hang 'em, scroyles<sup>7</sup>! there's nothing in 'em i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogfden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury,

Vol. I.

D

<sup>5</sup> *No, wusse; but I'll practice against next year,*] I apprehend that *Wusse* is a corruption of *I wis*, which, like *I trow*, was a familiar expression, and is often to be found in our ancient dramatic writers. See *Poetaster*, Act 5, Sc. 3.

<sup>6</sup> *I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.*] Falconry was a favourite diversion of this age. Master Stephen having purchased a hawk with all its furniture, is at a loss how to keep it *secundum artem*. The most curious books on the subject, were the book of St. *Alban's*, in which is a treatise of *Hawkinge*, by Dame *Juliana Bernes*, prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, near St. *Alban's*, Enprynted at Westmostre by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496. Fol. and a treatise on Falconry, by George Turberville, in 1575.

<sup>7</sup> *Hang 'em scroyles!*] Scrophulous scabby fellows. It is used by *Shakspeare*,

“By heaven, the *scroyles* of Angiers flout you, kings.”  
King John, Act 2, Sc. 2.

bury<sup>8</sup>, or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds? A fine jest i' faith! Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman: Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

*Kno.* You are a prodigal absurd cockscorn, go to. Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak. Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you. Ha' you not yet found means enow to waste That which your friends have left you, but you must Go cast away your money on a kite, And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done? <sup>9</sup>

O

<sup>8</sup> *I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury,]*  
*Finsbury* is a lordship or manor lying to the north of Moorfields, and was much frequented by archers, when shooting with bows and arrows made a part of our ancestors diversions. In the year 1498, all the gardens, which had continued, time out of mind, without Moorgate, to wit, about and beyond the lordship of *Finsbury*, were destroyed; and of them was made a plain field for archers to shoot in. It was called *Finsbury* field, in which were three windmills; and here was the meadow, where they usually shot at twelve-score, and where the wrestling usually was.

Stowe's Survey, Ed. 1633, p. 475, & 913.

In this neighbourhood dwelt bowyers, fletchers, and bow-string makers. The prebendary of Hallywell and Finsbury in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul is lord of the manor. *Finsbury* fields were the common resort of the Citizens in the Summer; so in Shakspeare;

" - - - As if thou never walk'dst further than *Finsbury*."

Hen. IV. 1st, pt. Act 3, Sc. 2.

<sup>9</sup> *Go cast away your money on a kite,*

*And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?]* The great number of hawks or falcons kept in that age, and the manner of their food, will appear from the following passage: "I would our falcons might be satisfied with the division of their prey, as the falcons in Thracia were, that they needed not to devour the hens of this realm in such number, that unless it be shortly consider'd, our familiar poultry shall be  
 " as

O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!  
Well, cousin, well! I see you are e'en past hope  
Of all reclaim: ay, so, now you are told on it,  
You look another way.

*Step.* What would you ha' me do?

*Kno.* What would I have you do? I'll tell you,  
kinsman;

Learn to be wise, and practice how to thrive,  
That would I have you do: And not to spend  
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,  
Or every foolish brain that humors you.  
I would not have you to invade each place,  
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,  
Till mens affections, or your own desert,  
Should worthily invite you to your rank.  
He that is so respectless in his courses,  
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.  
Nor would I, you should melt away yourself  
In flashing bravery\*, lest while you affect  
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,  
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,  
And you be left like an unfav'ry snuff,  
Whose property is only to offend.  
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;  
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;  
But moderate your expences now (at first)  
As you may keep the same proportion still.  
Nor stand so much on your gentility,  
Which is an airy, and meer borrow'd thing,  
From dead mens dust, and bones; and none of yours,  
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

D 2

S C E N E

“as scarce, as be now partridge and pheasant. I speak not  
“this in dispraise of the falcons, but of them which keepeth  
“them like cockneyes.”

Sir THO. ELIOT's Governour, L. i. C. 18. Lond. 1580.

\* *Bravery* here means *finery*, a common acceptation of the  
word with the writers of this age.

## S C E N E II.

*Servant, Master Stephen, Kno'well, Brain-worm.*

*Serv.* Save you, gentlemen.

*Step.* Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend<sup>10</sup>; yet you are welcome, and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land: He has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir (at the common law) <sup>11</sup>Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin dye (as there's hope he will) I have a pretty living o'mine own too, beside, hard by here.

*Serv.* In good time, sir.

*Step.* In good time, sir? why! and in very good time, sir: You do not flout, friend, do you?

*Serv.* Not I, sir.

*Step.*

<sup>10</sup> *We do not stand much on our gentility, friend;*] This answer is made with exquisite humour. Stephen piques himself on being a gentleman; Kno'well had just reprov'd him for a rough illiberal behaviour, and cautions him not to presume upon his birth and fortune. Master Stephen doth not seem to relish this advice, but at the entrance of the servant, he discovers his regard for what his uncle had been saying, by the repetition of his last words.

To *stand on any thing*, denotes to insist on, value, or boast oneself of any quality; thus in Warner's *Albion's England*;

"For stoutly *on their honesties* doe wylie harlots *stand*."

B. 6. C. 30.

<sup>11</sup> *Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here.*] This was a phrase in common use;

"He's a Justice of peace in his country,

"*Simple though I stand here.*"

Merry Wives of Windsor, A<sup>c</sup>t. 1, Sc. 1.

"You prophecy'd of the loss of a chain: *simply though I stand here*, I was he that lost it." Puritan, A<sup>c</sup>t 3, Sc. 6.

Again in *The return from Parnassus*, 1616, "I am Stercutio, his father, Sir, *simple as I stand here*." A<sup>c</sup>t 2, Sc. 4.

And in *The Tragedy of Soliman and Perseda*, 1599,

"I was one of the mummers myself, *simple as I stand here*."

*Step.* Not you, fir? you were not best, fir; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: And they can give it again soundly too, an' need be.

*Serv.* Why, fir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

*Step.* Sir, an' I thought you had, I' would talk with you, and that presently.

*Serv.* Good master Stephen, so you may, fir, at your pleasure.

*Step.* And so I would, fir, good my saucy companion! an' you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither in't.

*Kno.* Cousin! cousin! will this ne'er be left?

*Step.* Whorson base fellow! a mechanical serving man! By this cudgel, an' 'twere not for shame, I would——

*Kno.* What would you do, you peremptory gull?<sup>12</sup> If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see, the honest man demeans himself

Modestly towards you, giving no reply

To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion:

And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage

As void of wit as of humanity.

Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am asham'd

Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. [*Exit Stephen.*]

*Serv.* I pray, fir, is this master Kno-well's house?

*Kno.* Yes, marry is it, fir.

*Serv.* I should enquire for a gentleman here, one master Edward Kno'well; do you know any such, fir,  
I pray you? *Kno.*

<sup>12</sup> *You peremptory gull?*] Absolute fool, or idiot. In the persons of the play, Master Stephen is called a *Country Gull*, and Master Matthew the *Town Gull*. Dekkar, our poet's great adversary, wrote a satirical pamphlet in 1609, named the *Gull's Horn-book*.—A gosling in many counties is called a *Gull*. Thus in *Wily Beguiled*;—"And so we'll make a gull of the one, and a goose of the other."

*Kno.* I should forget my self else, fir.

*Serv.* Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, fir. I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, fir.

*Kno.* To me, fir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sie. (*To his most selected friend master Edward Kno'well.*) What might the gentleman's name be, fir, that sent it? nay, pray you be cover'd.

*Serv.* One master Well-bred, fir.

*Kno.* Master Well-bred! A young gentleman? is he not?

*Serv.* The same, fir, master Kitley married his sister; the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

*Kno.* You say very true. Brain-worm,

*Brai.* Sir.

*Kno.* Make this honest friend drink here: pray you go in.

This letter is directed to my son:

Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,  
With the safe conscience of good manners, use  
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious)

Be it but for the stile's sake, and the phrase,

To see if both do answer my son's praises,

Who is almost grown the idolater

Of this young Well-bred: what have we here? what's  
this?

### The L E T T E R.

**W**HY, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn  
all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? or dost thou  
think us all Jews that inhabit there? yet if thou dost,  
<sup>13</sup>come over, and but see our frippery; change an old  
shirt

<sup>13</sup> Come over and but see our frippery; ] Frippery, Fr. Fripperie, old clothes, or the place where they are sold; the Jews dealing

shirt for a whole smock with us: do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsdén, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-west wall: an' I had been his son, I had sav'd him the labour long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for 'em, would ha' serv'd. But pr'y thee come over to me quickly, this morning; I have such a present for thee (our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand-Signior). One is a rimer, fir, <sup>14</sup>o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet-major o' the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guild-hall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your viaticum.

<sup>15</sup> From the Windmill.

<sup>16</sup> From

dealing formerly, as they now do, in cast-off suits of apparel. So *Shakspeare* in the *Tempest*,

“Look what a wardrobe is here for thee,

“We know what belongs to a frippery.” Act 4.

And so in *Massinger's City Madam*,

“He shews like a walking *Frippery*.”—Act 1, Sc. 1.

<sup>14</sup> O' your own batch, your own leaven; ] Our author has used the same metaphor in his tragedy of *Catiline*;

“Except he were of the same meal, and batch.”—Act 4, Sc. 3.

A batch of bread, as Mr. Steevens justly remarks, in his note on Act 5, Sc. 1, of *Troilus and Cressida*, is bread made out of the same flour, and all baked at one time.

<sup>15</sup> From the WIND-MILL.] This house then stood at the corner of the Old Jewry, towards Lothbury; and was remarkable for the various changes it had successively undergone. The Jews used it at first for a Synagogue: afterwards it came into

16 From the Bordello, it might come as well,  
The Spittle, or Piſt-hatch. Is this the man  
My ſon hath ſung fo, for the happieſt wit,  
The choiceſt brain, the times have ſent us forth?

I

into the poſſeſſion of a certain order of friars called *de Pœnitentia Jeſu*, or *Fratres de Sacca*, from their being cloathed in ſackcloth. In proceſs of time, it was converted to a private houſe, wherein ſeveral mayors reſided, and kept their mayoralty. In the days of *Stow*, from whom this account is taken, it was a wine-tavern, and had for the ſign a wind-mill.

See *Stow's Survey* by STRYPE, L. III. p. 54.

In an old poem called, *Newes from Bartholmew Fayre*, in 4to. B. L. where there is an enumeration of taverns, the *Windmill* is mentioned amongſt others;

“The *Windmill* in Lothbury, the *Ship* at the Exchange,  
“*King's-Head* in New Fiſh-Street, where royiſters do range.”

16 From the Bordello, it might come as well,

*The Spittle, or Piſt-hatch.*] From the *Brothel* or *Stews*, for which the bankſide in Southwark was anciently noted.—*Spittle* is in general an hoſpital, but ſeemingly here to be underſtood of the *Loke*, or *Lock* hoſpital for venereal patients at Kingſland, in the neighbourhood of Hogſden.—*Piſt-hatch* was an infamous receptacle of prostitutes and pickpockets. It is ſaid to have been in Turnbull, more properly Turnmill, or as *Stow* calls it Tremill-ſtreet, near Clerkenwell-green. It might be ſo, but the true ſituation of it, I think, is not clearly made out. There are one or two defiles, in the ſkirts of the town, formerly poſſeſſed by this kind of gentry, which had the name of Hatches. One in particular, named the Half-penny Hatch, from the toll paid at paſſing it, at no great diſtance from where the *Globe* playhouſe formerly ſtood, leading out towards Lambeth-Marſh; and another, if I miſtake not, which goes from the fields near Hogſden to Kingſland-road. *Piſt-hatch* was ſo called from pikes or ſpikes on the top of it. *Shore-ditch* was likewise a noted harbour for thieves and ſtrumpets. All theſe places are mentioned together in *Randolph's Muſes Looking-glaſs*, 1638.

“ - - - - - The yearly value

“ Of my fair manor of Clerkenwell, is pounds

“ So many, beſides new-year's capons,—the lordſhip

“ Of Turnbal ſo—which with my *Piſt-hatch*, Grange,

“ And Shoreditch farm, &c.” Act 4, Sc. 3.

See *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act 2, Sc. 2, Ed. 1778.  
with Mr. Steevens's note.

I know not what he may be in the arts,  
 Nor what in schools; but surely, for his manners,  
<sup>17</sup> I judge him a prophane and dissolute wretch:  
 Worfe by possession of such great good gifts,  
 Being the master of so loose a spirit.  
 Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ  
 In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend!  
 Why should he think, I tell my apricots,  
 Or play th' Hesperian dragon with my fruit,  
 To watch it? Well, my son, I had thought, you  
 Had had more judgment to have made election  
<sup>18</sup> Of your companions, than t'have ta'en on trust  
 Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare  
 No argument, or subject from their jest.  
 But I perceive affection makes a fool  
 Of any man, too much the father. Brain-worm.

*Brai.* Sir.

*Kno.* Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

*Brai.* Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

*Kno.* And where's your young Master?

*Brai.* In his chamber, sir.

*Kno.* He spake not with the fellow, did he?

*Brai.* No, sir, he saw him not.

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E

*Kno.*

<sup>17</sup> *I judge him a prophane and dissolute wretch.*] *Profane* is not an impious or irreligious person, but one of gross, licentious conversation: so Shakspeare uses it,

"What *profane* wretch art thou?" Othello, Act 1. Sc. 1.  
 And again,

"Is he not a most *profane* and liberal counsellor?"

Act 2. Sc. 1.

<sup>18</sup> ——— *I had thought, you  
 Had had more judgement to have made election  
 Of your companions.*] Hamlet supplies us with a similar sentiment and expression:

"Since my dear soul was mistress of herself,

"And could of men distinguish, her *election*

"Hath seal'd thee for herself."

Act 3. Sc. 2.

*Kno.* Take you this letter, and deliver it my son;  
But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your life.

*Brai.* O lord, sir, that were a jest indeed!

*Kno.* I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey,  
Nor practise any violent means to stay  
Th' unbridled course of youth in him; for that  
Restrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind  
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,  
Who ne'er so little from his game with-held,  
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.  
There is a way of winning more by love,  
And urging of the modesty, than fear<sup>19</sup>:  
Force works on servile natures, not the free.  
He that's compell'd to goodness, may be good;  
But 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn  
By softness and example, get a habit.  
Then, if they stray, but warn 'em; and the same  
They should for virtue have done, they'll do for  
shame.

### S C E N E III.

*Edw. Know'ell, Brain-worm, Master Stephen.*

*E. Kn.* Did he open it, say'st thou?

*Brai.* Yes, o'my word, sir, and read the contents.

*E. Kn.*

<sup>19</sup> *There is a way of winning more by love,  
And urging of the modesty, than fear, &c.]* TERENCE is the  
author of these sentiments, which are adapted with the utmost  
propriety of character to the temper of the speaker.

*Pudore, & liberalitate liberos*

*Retinere, satius esse credo, quam metu.*

*Malo coactus qui suum officium facit,*

*Dum id rescitum iri credit, tantisper cavet.*

*Hoc patrum est, potius consuefacere filium*

*Sua sponte recte facere, quam alieno metu.*

*Adelp. Act I. Sc. 3.*

*E. Kn.* That scarce contents me\*. What countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i'th' reading of it? was he angry, or pleas'd?

*Brai.* Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

*E. Kn.* No? how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

*Brai.* Marry, sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

*E. Kn.* That's true: well, I thank thee, Brain-worm.

*Step.* O, Brain-worm, did'st thou not see a fellow here in a what'sha'-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

*Brai.* Yes, master Stephen: what of him?

*Step.* O, I ha' such a mind to beat him ———  
Where is he? canst thou tell?

*Brai.* Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master Stephen.

*Step.* Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

*Brai.* He is rid hence: he took horse at the street-door.

*Step.* And I staid i' the fields! horson Scanderbag<sup>20</sup> rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again.

E 2

*Brai.*

\* *That scarce contents me.*] The fashion of playing on the word, pervaded, in our author's time, the Stage, the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Senate; we may therefore pardon in the Playwright, what was common to all ranks and professions.

<sup>20</sup> *Horson Scanderbag rogue!*] *Scanderbeg*, or *Ischenderbeg*, which as *Leunclavius* tells us signifies *Lord Alexander*, was the name the Turks gave to their valiant enemy *George Castriot*, Prince of *Albania*; who is said to have killed two thousand Turks with his own hand, never to have lost a battle, and never to have been wounded. He died, in 1467. There is his history in English, with this title; "The Historie of  
" George

*Brai.* Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

*Step.* But I ha' no boots, that's the spight on't.

*Brai.* Why, a fine whisp of hay, roul'd hard, master Stephen.

*Step.* No, faith, it's no boot to follow him, now : let him e'en go and hang. Pr'y thee, help to trufs me § a little. He does so vex me—

*Brai.* You'll be worse vex'd when you are trufs'd, master Stephen. Best keep unbrac'd, and walk your self'till you be cold ; your choler may founder you else.

*Step.*

“ George Castriot, furnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie. Containing his famous actes, his noble deedes of Armes, and memorable victories against the Turkes, for the Faith of Christ. Comprised in twelve Bookes: By Jaques de Lavardin, Lord of Pleffis Bourrot, a Nobleman of France. Newly translated out of French into English, by Z. J. Gentleman.—London, imprinted for William Ponsonby, 1596.” Prefixed to this translation is the following copy of verses, by Spenser.

“ Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, king of the Epirots, translated into Englishh.”

“ Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt,  
 “ Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,  
 “ And old Heroes, which their world did daunt  
 “ With their great deedes, & fil'd their childrens cares ?  
 “ Who rapt with wonder of their famous praise,  
 “ Admire their statues, their Colossoes great,  
 “ Their rich triumphall Arcks which they did raise,  
 “ Their huge Pyramids, which do heaven threat.  
 “ Lo one, whom later age hath brought to light,  
 “ Matchable to the greatest of those great :  
 “ Great both by name, and great in power and might,  
 “ And meriting a meere triumphant seate.  
 “ The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,  
 “ Thy acts, ô Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER.”

§ *Pry'thee help to trufs me.*] This means to button, or tie the points of, his doublet ; *to trufs a point* is a phrase not quite disused at this day. *Trufs* was also formerly the name for some part of the dress.

“ Puts off his Palmer's weed into his trufs.”

*Drayton's Polycbion*, Song 12, Page 898, 8vo. Ed.

*Step.* By my faith, and so I will; now thou tell'st me on't: How do'st thou like my leg, Brain-worm?

*Brai.* A very good leg, master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

*Step.* Oh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell i'th'town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose—<sup>21</sup>

*Brai.* Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.

*Step.* In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg.

*Brai.* You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for't.

*Step.* Another time will serve, Brain-worm. Gra mercy for this.

*E. Kno.* Ha, ha, ha.

[*Kno*'well laughs, having read the letter.

*Step.* 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do—

*E. Kno.* Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the

<sup>21</sup> *I think my leg would shew in a silk hose.*] The humour of these half-witted gallants, with relation to their dress, and particularly the furniture of their legs, is frequently taken notice of by our old comedians.

“*Sir Tob.* I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

“*Sir And.* Aye, 'tis strong; and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stocking.”

SHAKESPEARE'S Twelfth-Night, Act 1. Sc. 4.

This passion for the finery of silk stockings we find in other dramatic writers;

“This town craves maintenance; *silk stockings* must be had.”  
Miserics of inforced Marriage.

See Mr. Reed's note on *The Roaring Girl*, Act 3, Page 86.

And in *The Hog bath* left his Pearl, 1614, “Good parts without habiliments of gallantry, are no more set by in these times, than a good leg in a woollen stocking.” Act 1. Sc. 1.

the sencer, sure; that make the careful costar'\*-monger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt,<sup>22</sup> and troll ballads for Mr. John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man; for he takes much physick: and oft taking physick makes a man very patient. But would your packet, master Well-bred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience; then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens——What! my wife cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's

\* *Costar'*.] An abbreviation of *costard*, an *apple*; a costar-monger was anciently the title of a dealer in apples. *Farquhar* in his *Recruiting Officer*, has named a clown *Costar Pearmain*, being a native of Herefordshire, which abounds in apples.

<sup>22</sup> And TROLL ballads for Mr. John Trundle yonder.] Cry, or sing ballads; the expression common at that time.

“——— Will you *troul* the catch

“ You taught me but while ere.”

SHAKSPEARE'S *Tempest*, Act 3. Sc. 2.

And Milton in the *Paradise Lost*,

“ To dress, to *troll* the tongue, and roll the eye.” B. 11. V. 620.

Applied likewise to a ring of bells;

“ The pleasing changes that a well-tun'd cord

“ Of *trouling* bells will make——”

*Lingua*, Act 5. Sc. 9.

There is also a mode of fishing, called *Trolling*, *Trouling*, or *Trowling*.

Mr. *John Trundle* was a printer, who lived at the sign of the *No-body* in Barbican. Amongst other pieces suited to the humour of the times, he published a book entitled *Westward for Smelts*, &c. printed first in 1603, and again in 1620, to which Shakspeare is thought to have been indebted for part of the fable of *Cymbeline*. See Supp. to Shakspeare, Vol. 1. p. 82, 249. He published also an edition of *Greene's Tu quoque*, or *The Cittie Gallant*, written by J. Cooke, Gent. in 4to. 1614. He is not mentioned in the 4to. edition of this play.

that's three: Oh for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee ——

*Step.* Oh, now I see who he laught at. He laught at some body in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laught at me——

*E. Kn.* How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

*Step.* Yes, a little. I thought you had laught at me, cousin.

*E. Kn.* Why, what an' I had, couz? what would you ha' done?

*Step.* By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

*E. Kn.* Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, couz.

*Step.* Did you, indeed?

*E. Kn.* Yes, indeed.

*Step.* Why then——

*E. Kn.* What then?

*Step.* I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

*E. Kn.* Why, be so, gentle couz. And, I pray you, let me intreat a courtesie of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i'th' Old Jewry, to come to him; It's but crossing over the fields to Moor-gate: will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, couz.

*Step.* Sir, that's all one, an' 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as Moor-gate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest——

*E. Kn.* \*No, no, you shall not protest, couz.

*Step.*

\* *No, no, you shall not protest, couz.* ] There appears to have been something affected or ridiculous, at this time, in using the word *protest*. Thus the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2. S. 4. "I will tell her, Sir, that you do *protest*; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer." And in the old Comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606, as cited by Mr. Steevens in a note; "There is not the best duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*, before he is one and thirty years old at least; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before."

*Step.* By my fackings, but I will, by your leave ; I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

*E. Kn.* You speak very well, couz.

*Step.* Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me : but I speak to serve my turn.

*E. Kn.* Your turn, couz ? do you know what you say ? <sup>23</sup> A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, <sup>24</sup> like a tankard-bearer at a conduit ! fie ! A wight that ( hitherto ) his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the favour of a strong spirit ! and he ! this man ! so graced, gilded, or ( to use a more fit metaphor ) so tin-foiled by nature, as not ten housewives pewter ( \*again a good time ) shews more bright to the world than

<sup>23</sup> *A gentleman of your sort.* ] That is, rank or degree in life: So in Shakspeare ;

“ - - - - None of nobler sort

“ Would so offend a Virgin.”

*Midsum. Night's Dream*, Act 3. Sc. 3.

“ It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great *Sort*.” *Hen. V.* Act 4. Sc. 7. And so Drayton in his *Barons Wars* ;

“ Men most select, of special worth and *sort*.” 2 *Capt.* 40.

<sup>24</sup> *Like a tankard-bearer at a conduit !* ] A servant or an apprentice, whose business it was to fetch water in a large vessel called a tankard, from the conduits, for the use of the family.

“ I left my tankard to guard the Conduit.”

*Four Prentices of London*, Act. 1. Sc. 1.

And in *Eastward-Hoe* ; “ Wilt thou bear tankards, and may'st bear arms ? ”

Act 1. Sc. 1.

*Cob*, in this play, is professionally a tankard-bearer. This class of people, since the abolition of conduits in London, has become extinct ; in Edinburgh, water-bearers and their tankards are still in use : the tankard is a kind of pitcher made of leather, large enough to contain several gallons.

\* *Again a good time.* ] i. e. a merry meeting ; *Bontemps*, a Gallicism, having that signification. Hence *Roger Bontemps* became the title of a French jest book, published at Cologne, in 1731.

Mr. Steevens.

*Again*

than he! and he (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as\* a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with <sup>25</sup>a smoaky lawn, or a black cyprus! O couz! it cannot be answered,

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Again was frequently in this age used for against; Thus our author in *The Silent Woman*; "It goes again my conscience." Act 4. Sc. 2.

And Stow in his Annals, Edit. 1580, p. 758.

"William the Lord Hastings, a nobleman then Lord Chamberlaine, againe whom the Queene specially grudged." And in Massinger's *City Madam*;

" - - a Caudle,

"Again you rise."

Act 3. Sc. 1.

Again a good time means against some festival, as Christmas, &c. when House-wives are careful to set their furniture out to the greatest advantage.

\* *A milliners wife.* ] In the 4to, of 1601, it is a *Millaner's* wife, which was the orthography of Jonson's age. So Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*;

"And first to the *Millainer*; what toye deviseth he "to feed the humour of the Upstart Gentleman?"

And this points out the etymology of the word, for persons exercising the trade of a *Millaner*, came originally from *Milan*; as Bankers, who formerly resided chiefly in Lombard-Street, did from *Lombardy*.

<sup>25</sup> *A smoaky lawn or a black cyprus.* ] *Cyprus* is a kind of thin transparent crape, so called from being originally manufactured in the Island *Cyprus*.

It is mentioned in Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*,

"*Cyprus* black as any Crow."

Act 4. Sc. 3.

And in the old Comedy of the Puritan, Edmond, the Widow's son, makes his entry in a *Cyprus* hat; i. e. with a crape hatband in it.

Act 1. Sc. 1.

The transparency of it is taken notice of by Donne;

"As men which thro' a *Cyprus* see

"The rising Sun."

Eclogue on the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset.

And in our Author's 73d. epigram;

" - - - - One half drawn

"In Solemn *Cyprus*, th' other cobweb lawn."

swered, go not about it. <sup>26</sup>Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, couz; but hold up your head, so; and let the idea of what you are be pourtrayed i' your face, that men may read i' your physnomy, Here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature, which is all one. What think you of this, couz?

*Step.* Why, I do think of it; and I will be § more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been; I'll insure you.

*E. Kn.* Why, that's resolute, master Stephen! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, <sup>27</sup>it will do well for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. Come, couz.

*Step.* I'll follow you.

*E. Kn.* Follow me? you must go before.

*Step.* Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you shew me, good cousin.

## S C E N E IV.

*Master Matthew, Cob.*

*Mat.* I think this be the house: what, hough?

*Cob.*

<sup>26</sup> *Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again.*] After this celebrated Navigator had returned from his Voyage round the World, his ship was laid up at Deptford, and visited as a singular curiosity. Among Cowley's verses written on several occasions, is an ode on sitting and drinking in the chair made out of the reliques of Sir Francis Drake's Ship. See Mr. Reed's note on Eastward-Hoe, Act 4.

Old Plays, Vol. 4. page 254.

§ *More proud, and melancholy, and gentleman like,*] See below, Act 3. Sc. 1. Note 4.

<sup>27</sup> *It will do well for a suburb humour.*] A low humour, not tinged with urbanity; fitted to the taste of the inferior people, who usually dwell in the suburbs.

*Cob.* Who's there? O, master Matthew! gi' your worship good morrow.

*Mat.* What! Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

*Cob.* Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here, in our days.

*Mat.* Thy lineage, Monsieur Cob, what lineage? what lineage?

*Cob.* Why sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man: and yet no man neither (by your worship's leave, I did lie in that) but <sup>28</sup>Herring the king of fish (from his belly I proceed) one o' the monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, \*by the harrot's book. His Cob was my great-great-mighty-great-grand-father.

*Mat.* Why mighty? why mighty? I pray thee.

*Cob.* O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great Cob.

F 2

*Mat.*

<sup>28</sup> *Herring the king of fish.*] This may be illustrated, with the following allusion to the name of *Cob*, from a passage in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, or *the praise of the red herring*, 1599,

"None won the days in this, but the herring; whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with *Vive le Roy, God save the King, God save the King*."—In the same pamphlet, a red herring is called a Cob: "He eftsoons defined unto me, that the red herring was this old tickle *Cob*." but why it is so called I am not able to say. It is so used in the second part of *The Honest Whore*;—"He can come bragging hither with four white herrings, but I may starve ere he give me so much as a *Cob*." Old Plays, Vol. 3. page 440. Mr. Malone with great judgement has drawn *Nashe's* character as a writer; Essay to ascertain the order of Shakespeare's Plays, page 295.

\* *By the harrot's book.*] The vulgar pronunciation for *herald's*. Thus in "*A Dialogue both pleasaunte & pietifull, &c.* by William Bulleyn, Lond. 1564," 12mo, "Sir when the battaile was pitched, and appointed to be foughten, nere unto this Windmill, and the Somons geven by the *Harottes* of *Arms*," fo. 45.

*Mat.* How know'st thou that?

*Cob.* How know I? why, I smell his ghost, ever and anon.

*Mat.* Smell a ghost! O unfavory jest! and the ghost of a herring *Cob.*

*Cob.* Ay, sir, with favour of your worship's nose, Master Matthew, why not the ghost of a herring *Cob.*, as well as the ghost of Rasher-Bacon?

*Mat.* Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

*Cob.* I say Rasher-Bacon. They were both broil'd o'th' coles; and a man may smell broil'd meat, I hope? you are a scholar, upsolve me that, now.

*Mat.* O raw ignorance! *Cob.*, can'st thou shew me of a gentleman, one captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

*Cob.* O, my guest, sir, you mean.

*Mat.* Thy guest! alas! ha, ha.

*Cob.* Why do you laugh, sir! do you not mean captain Bobadill?

*Mat.* *Cob.*, 'pray thee advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. <sup>29</sup> I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house, he! he lodge in such a base obscure place, as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed, if thou 'dst gi't him.

*Cob.* I will not give it him, though, sir. Mafs, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed all night: Well, sir, though he lye not o' my bed,

<sup>29</sup> *I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house, he!*] The repetition of the pronouns of each person is common in our antient poets. So in *Wily Beguiled*. "I like not this learning without living, I."

Hawkins's Orig. of the Drama, Vol. 3. page 322. and in Marlow's Edward II.

"I am none of these common Pedants, I."

Old Plays, Vol. 2. page 342.

See other instances by Dr. Farmer, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Malone in note to 2d. Part of Henry IV. Act 2. Sc. 4.

bed, he lyes o' my bench: an't please you to go up, fir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet (I warrant) he ne'er <sup>30</sup>cast better in his life, than he has done to night.

*Mat.* Why? was he drunk?

*Cob.* Drunk, fir? you hear not me say so. <sup>31</sup> Perhaps he swallow'd a tavern token, or some such device, fir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine. Gi' me my tankard there, hough. God b' w' you, fir. It's fix a clock: I shou'd ha' carried two turns, by this. What hough! my stopple, come.

*Mat.*

<sup>30</sup> *He ne'er cast better in his life,*] A quibble on casting or throwing dice at play, and on easing an overloaded stomach by vomiting. We have a like play upon the word in these instances; "What a drunken knave was the sea, to *cast* thee "in our way?"

Pericles, Act 2. Sc. 1.

"Dost thou not know numbers? can't thou not *cast*?"

"*Cast*? dost thou speak of my *casting* i' the street?"

Puritan, Act 3. Sc. 1.

<sup>31</sup> *Perhaps he swallowed a tavern token.*] A *token* is properly a memorial of friendship, or pledge of remembrance. Hence a piece of money divided between two persons, each of which kept half of it, was called a *Token*.

"I'll break this angel: take thou half of it; this is a token "betwixt thee and me."

First Part of Sir John Oldcastle, Act 3. Sc. 2.

Thus, in the Office of Matrimony, the ring, given and received, is called a *token* and *pledge*. And hence the name of *Farthing-tokens* was given to the small pieces of brass or copper, that tradesmen were permitted to coin for their own use, and which passed current in the neighbourhood where they lived. The word occurs in *Dekkar's Honest Whore*:

"A spleen not so big as a *tavern-token*." Act 1. Sc. 4.

Where Mr. Reed, from *Philocothonista*, a pamphlet, published in 1635, remarks, that to *swallow a tavern-token*, was a cant term to signify the getting drunk.

*Mat.* Lye in a Water-bearer's house ! A gentleman  
<sup>32</sup>of his havings ! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

*Cob.* What, Tib, shew this gentleman up to the captain. Oh, an' my house were the brazen-head now ! faith it would e'en speak <sup>33</sup>"Mo fools yet." You should ha' some now would take this master Matthew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth ; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is : ( O, my guest is a fine man ) and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house (where I serve water) one master Kitley's i' the Old Jewry ; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, ( Mrs. Bridget ) and calls her mistress : and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading o' these same abominable, vile, ( a pox on 'em, I cannot abide them ) <sup>34</sup>rascally verses,  
Poyetry,

<sup>32</sup> *A gentleman of his havings !*] Of his fortune and possessions. So the word is used by our Author's contemporaries ;

" The gentleman is of no *having*."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 3. Sc. 2.

And again in Twelfth Night ;

" *My having* is not much." Act 3. Sc. 4.

In the same manner likewise by *Randolph* ;

" One of your *havings*, and thus cark and care !

Muses Looking-Glass, Act 2. Sc. 4.

It seems to have been taken from the Latin phrase,  
*Amor sceleratus habendi*.

The 4to reads, " A gentleman of his note ?"

<sup>33</sup> "*Mo fools yet*." ] This obsolete word *Mo*, for *more*, is to be found in almost all our old writers ; I will give but one instance ; " A thousand *mo* waies could I tell, and not misse."

New Custom, Act 2. Old Plays, Vol. 1. page 276.

<sup>34</sup> *Abominable, vile, rascally verses, Poyetry, &c.*] The number of small wits and pretenders to poetry in this age, was very great. Gascoigne and Lodge, with some others, had written madrigals and pastoral sonnets in a natural and easy strain. This produced a herd of imitators, who by degrees brought  
the

Poyetry, and speaking of interludes; 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so geer, and ti-he at him——well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh. There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest (he teaches me) he does swear the legiblest of any man christned: By St. George, the foot of Pharaoh, the body of me, as I am a gentleman and a soldier: such dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels!<sup>35</sup>

Well,

the fashion into contempt. The severer poets, therefore, took occasion to ridicule this affectation, by making it the object of mirth, even to the vulgar themselves. Master Matthew indeed might be very reasonably excused, both as a gentleman and a lover. In the 4to. the word *Abominable* is spelt *Abhominable*, and so it is read in the Old Moralities and Dramatists, and other antient Authors.

“A sinne in sight of God, of great abhomination.”

New Custom, Act 1. Sc. 2. Old Plays, Vol. 1. page 261.

“And then I wyll brynge in

“Abhominable Lyvyng.”

Origin of the Drama, Vol. 1. *Lusty Juventus*, page 138.

Where see Mr. Hawkins's note. And in Shakspeare's *Love's Labour Lost*;

“This is abhominable, which he would call abominable.” Act 5. Sc. 1.

I am aware that this remark, with others of the like nature, may be censured as insignificant and trifling; but in a work, where, according to just criticism, it is necessary to point out the variations of a language, at different periods, in orthography and diction, an attention to the *minutiæ literarum* hath a claim to pardon.

<sup>35</sup> *It would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels.*] That is, his nostrils; through which these gallants discharged the smoke of their tobacco, instead of their mouth. The different pipes and channels in a chimney are called *tonnels*. The metaphor inverted occurs in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1617;

“The nostrils of his chimnies are still stuff'd with smoak.”

Act 1.

Well, he owes me forty shillings ( my wife lent him out of her purse, by six-pence at a time) besides his lodging : I would I had it. I shall ha't, he says, the next action, <sup>36</sup> Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat\*, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman.

## S C E N E V.

*Bobadill, Tib, Master Matthew.*

[Bobad. is discovered lying on his bench.<sup>37</sup>

*Bob.* Hostels, hostels.

*Tib.* What say you, sir?

*Bob.* A cup o' thy small beer, sweet hostels.

*Tib.*

<sup>36</sup> *Helter skelter.*] We use the expression, to denote a confused precipitate manner of doing a thing. Some have derived it from the latin *Hilariter Geleriter*; and this etymology may perhaps be supported by the application of it in Shakspeare;

“ Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

“ And *helter skelter* had I rode to thee,

“ And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys.”

Henry IV. 2d. part. Act 5. Sc. 4.

\* *Care'll kill a cat, uptails all.*] The first of these expressions was proverbial. So Shakspeare, “ What though *care* kill'd a “ *cat*, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.”

*Much ado about nothing*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

The other as Mr. Steevens pointed out to me, occurs in an old ballad, entitled “ *An Excellent new Medley*,” B. L.

“ The Tinker swore that Tib his wife

“ Would play at *Uptails* all.”

And I find it, apparently as part of an old ballad, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act 1.

“ Then set your foot to my foot, and *Uptails* all.”

Again, in *The Fleire*, by Edward Sharpham, 1617;

“ She everie day sings *John for the King*, and at *Uptails* “ *all* thee's perfect.”

<sup>37</sup> *Bobadill is discovered lying on his BENCH.*] The same attitude is given to a brother of the society, by Sir Thomas Overbury; “ Three large bavins set up his trade, *with a bench*; “ which in the vacation of the afternoon, he uses for his day- “ bed.”

*Character of an ordinary Fencer.*

*Tib.* Sir, there's a gentleman, below, would speak with you.

*Bob.* A gentleman! 'ods so, I am not within.

*Tib.* My husband told him you were, sir.

*Bob.* What a plague——what meant he?

*Mat.* Captain Bobadill!

*Bob.* Who's<sup>s</sup> there? (take away the bason, good hostess) come up, sir.

*Tib.* He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here.

*Mat.* 'Save you, sir; 'save you, captain.

*Bob.* Gentle master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.

*Mat.* Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

*Bob.* Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants<sup>38</sup>, where you were wish'd for, and drunk to, I assure you.

*Mat.* Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

*Bob.* Marry, by young Well-bred and others: Why, hostess, a stool here, for this gentleman.

*Mat.* No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

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*Bob.*

<sup>38</sup> *I was requested to supper, last night, by a SORT of gallants.* ] *Sort* here means an assembly or company. Thus, in the old translation of the Psalms;

"Ye shall be slain all the *sort* of you." Pf. 62. 3.

And so in *The Spanish Tragedy*;

"Here are a *sort* of poor petitioners,

"That are importunate." Old Plays, Vol. 3. page 201.

And in the Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex;

" - - The unchosen and unarmed *Sort*

"Of skillese rebelles."

Act 5. Sc. 1.

The same expression occurs also in *Every Man out of his Humour*.

Act 5. Sc. 8.

But it would be endless to multiply authorities.

To *confort* seems of kindred with this word.

As in the following passage;

"Mercutio, thou confort'st with Romeo." Rom. & Jul.

*Bob.* Body o' me! it was so late e're we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passës the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

*Mat.* Faith, some half hour to seven: now trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

*Bob.* Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master Matthew (in any case) possëss no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging<sup>39</sup>.

*Mat.* Who? I sir? no.

*Bob.* Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

*Mat.* True, captain, I conceive you.

*Bob.* For do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, (as your self, or so) I could not extend thus far.

*Mat.* O Lord, sir, I resolve so.

*Bob.* I confess, I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo<sup>40</sup>!

*Mat.*

<sup>39</sup> *Possëss no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.*] Inform or tell no gentlemen of my lodging.

"*Possëss us, possëss us; tell us something of it.*"

Twelfth Night, Act 2. Sc. 3.

"I have *possëst* him, my most stay

"Can be but brief." Measure for Measure. Act 4. Sc. 1.

"———Is he yet *possëss'd*

"How much you would?" Merchant of Venice. Act 1.

And, out of numerous examples, to add one more;

"Now, ladies, is your project ripe? *Possëss us with the knowledge of it.*" Brome's Jovial Crew, or The Merry Beggars. Act 2. Old Plays, Vol. 10, page 351.

<sup>40</sup> *What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo!*] The piece referred to is *The Spanish Tragedy*, written by Thomas Kyd; a play much admired by the populace, and as much

*Mat.* Ay, did you ever see it acted? Is't not well pen'd?

*Bob.* Well pen'd! I would fain see all the poets, of these times, pen such another play as that was! they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman) read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again!

*Mat.* Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this book<sup>41</sup>. "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught

G 2

with

much derided by our old Comedians. The line here quoted is in the 4th. Act;

"*King.* Who is he that interrupts our business?"

"*Hiero.* Not I: Hieronimo beware; *go by, go by.*"

Old Plays, Vol. 3. page 190.

It is also ridiculed in the induction to Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*;

"*Go by, Jeronimy*;—Go to thy cold bed and warm thee."

The last part of this sentence alludes to the following line, in the second act of the same play.

"What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?"

This and the following quotations are in the 4to. of 1601.

<sup>41</sup> *Here are a number of fine speeches in this book; O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears.* ] We have here another instance from the third act of *HIERONYMO*, which may serve the reader as a specimen of that poetry and nature, which reign throughout the whole. In the comedy call'd *ALBU-MAZAR*, these verses are ridiculed by the following parody:

"O lips, no lips, but leaves besmear'd with mel-dew!

"O dew, no dew, but drops of honey-combs!

"O combs, no combs, but fountains full of tears!

"O tears, no tears, but ———" Act 2. Sc. 1.

And they are again parodied in Massinger's *Old Law*, Act 5.

"Oh musick, no musick, but prove most doleful trumpets;

"Oh bride, no bride, but thou may'st prove a strumpet."

I would beg leave to remark, that this kind of satire, tho' now grown into disuse, was frequently practised by the poets of this age, upon the dramatic compositions of each other. It found a place, likewise, in the earliest productions of the stage. The old comedy of the Greeks abounded with raileries of this nature: and numerous examples might be produced from Aristophanes, in which Euripides is treated by him in the same manner.

with tears!" There's a conceit! fountains fraught with tears! "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" Another! "O world, no world, but mass of publick wrongs!" A third! "Confus'd and fill'd with murder, and misdeeds!" A fourth! O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. To thee, the purest object to my sense,  
The most refined essence heaven covers,  
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence  
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.

If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude,  
Haste made the waste. Thus, mildly, I conclude.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

\*[Bobadill is making him ready all this while.]

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage;  
the infancy of my muses! but, when will you come  
and see my study? good faith, I can shew you some  
very

\* *Bobadill is making him ready.* ] Is dressing. To make himself *ready* or *unready*, was the common phrase for a person's dressing or undressing himself. In *A match at Midnight*, is this stage direction; "He makes himself *unready*."

See other instances in Mr. Steevens's note on *Hen. VI. Part 1. Act 2. Sc. 1.* And so our author in *The New Inn*, ordering the horses to be unfaddled;

"Make *unready* the horses."

Act 1. Sc. 6.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher;

"Here's a priest ready, and a lady ready,

"A chamber ready, and a bed ready,

"Tis then but making *unready*, and that's soon done."

*The Maid in the Mill*, Act 4. Sc. 3.

And in *The Island Princess*, Act 3.

"- - - Make me *unready*,

"I slept but ill, last night."

very good things, I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg, passing well, captain, methinks!

*Bob.* † So, so, it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

*Mat.* Troth captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, master Well-bred's elder brother and I are fall'n out exceedingly; this other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman-like! yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down for the most pyed and ridiculous that ever he saw.

*Bob.* Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

*Mat.* Ay, sir, he.

*Bob.* Hang him, rook, he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse: By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs! a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

*Mat.*

† *So, so, it's the fashion gentlemen now use.*] The fashion of wearing boots prevailed so universally at the latter end of queen Elizabeth's, and during the reign of James, her successor, that Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, pleasantly remarked, that all the citizens of London were booted, and ready, as he thought, to go out of town.

See Mr. Reed's note on the prologue to Sir John Suckling's Comedy of *The Goblins*, 1646.

With boots they also wore remarkably long spurs, both on foot and on horseback; so that in the last parliament of queen Elizabeth, the speaker directed the members of the house of commons to come without spurs.

*Mat.* Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood, still, where he comes : he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

*Bob.* How ! he the bastinado ! how came he by that word, trow ?

*Mat.* Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me ; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

*Bob.* That may be ; for I was sure it was none of his word : but when ? when said he so ?

*Mat.* Faith, yesterday, they say ; a young gallant, a friend of mine told me so.

*Bob.* By the foot of Pharaoh, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently : the bastinado ! <sup>42</sup>A most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great Caranza : come hither : you shall chartel him ; I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure ; \*the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

*Mat.* Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i'the mystery, I have heard, sir.

*Bob.* Of whom ? of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you ?

*Mat.* Troth I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

*Bob.*

<sup>42</sup> *A most proper and sufficient* DEPENDANCE, warranted by the great CARANZA. ] DEPENDANCE, when the duelling system was in vogue, signified the ground or cause of quarrel.

So in *The Elder Brother*, by Beaumont and Fletcher ;

“ - - - your high offers,

“ Taught by the Masters of *Dependencies*.” Act 5. Sc. 1. The reader may find the doctrine of dependencies humorously explain'd in *The Devil is an Ass*, Act 3. Sc. 3. and by Shakespeare in *As you like it*, Act 5. Sc. 4. Caranza was an author who wrote a treatise on the *Duello*. As did also the learned Selden.

\* *The first stoccata.* ] The fencing term for a thrust with a rapier. See below, Act 4. Sc. 7. n. 32.

*Bob.* By heav'n, no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemens use, than mine own practice, I assure you: hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly: lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of action<sup>43</sup>. Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poynard maintain your defence, thus; (give it the gentleman and leave us) so, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so, indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time<sup>44</sup>.—Oh, you disorder your point, most irregularly!

*Mat.*

<sup>43</sup> *Hostess, ACCOMMODATE us with another bed-staff here quickly; lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of ACTION.*] Corporal Bardolph will explain to us what the captain means by the words of action. "*Bard.* Pardon me, sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing."

*2d. Part. Hen. 4th. Act 3. Sc. 4.*

The word accommodation, as the poet tells us in his Discoveries, was at this time a modish expression, and what he calls, one of the perfumed terms of the age.

And so Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Queen of Corinth*;

" - - - Has he deny'd

" On thirty damme's to accommodate money."

*Act 4. Sc. 1.*

<sup>44</sup> *Note your distance, keep you due proportion of time.*] This exposes with much life and humour the affected fashion of duelling, which then so universally prevailed. Bare fighting was not enough; but it must be managed according to rule, and the directions of the masters in the science. We have the same

*Mat.* How is the bearing of it now, fir?

*Bob.* O, out of measure ill! a well experienc'd hand would pass upon you, at pleasure.

*Mat.* How mean you, fir, pass upon me?

*Bob.* Why, thus, fir; (make a thrust at me) come in, upon the answer, controul your point, and make a full career at the body: The best practis'd gallants of the time name it the passada; a most desperate thrust, believe it!

*Mat.* Well, come, fir.

*Bob.* Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility, or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you: your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

*Mat.* But one venue, fir.

*Bob.* Venue! fie; most gross denomination, as ever  
45 I heard: O, the stoccata, while you live, fir, note  
that;

same kind of satire in Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. "He fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion: Ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso."  
Act 2. Sc. 4.

And in Nabbes's *Microcosmus*, 1637;

"I was bred up in Mars's fencing-school, where I learn'd  
"a mystery that consists in lying, distance, and direction;  
"pace, space, and place; time, motion, and action; progression, reversion, and traversalion; blows, thrusts, falses,  
"doubles, slips, and wards." Act 2.

45 *Venue! fie; most gross denomination, as ever I heard: O, the stoccata, while you live, fir;*] Venue was the common technical term for a touch, or a bout, at fencing. In our old Comedians, where it frequently occurs, it is often written *Veny*. "I am no sooner got into a fencing school,

"To play a *venie* with some friend I bring."

Four Prentices of London, Old Plays, Vol. 6. page 461.  
And in Chapman's Comedy of The Widow's Tears, Act 1.

"So, there's *Veny* for *Veny*." Ibid. page 153.

Also Slender in The Merry Wives of Windsor;

"Three *Veney*s for a dish of stew'd prunes." Act 1. Sc. 1.  
Where, in the note by Mr. Steevens, many other instances are cited.

*Stoccata*

that; come, put on your cloke, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some tavern, or so—and have a bit—I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your trick: you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to controul any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand; you should, by the same rule, controul his bullet, in a line: except it were hail-shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, master Matthew?

*Mat.* Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

*Bob.* <sup>46</sup>'Tis somewhat with the least; but come: we will have a bunch of radish, and salt, to taste our wine; and a pipe of tobacco, <sup>47</sup>to close the orifice of the stomach: and then we'll call upon young Well-bred. Perhaps we shall meet the <sup>48</sup>Coridon, his brother, there, and put him to the question.

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A C T

*Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or push with a rapier; and this, with *passado* above mentioned, are found in the following lines quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

“He makes a thrust; I with a swift *passado*

“Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata*, &c.”

Romeo and Juliet, Act 3. Sc. 1.

<sup>46</sup>'Tis somewhat with the least. ] We say at present somewhat of the least.—*Of* and *with* are indiscriminately used by our antient writers. So in *The Spanish Tragedy*;

“Perform'd of pleasure by your son, the prince.”

See note on *Macbeth*, Act 1. Sc. 2 Mr. Steevens.

<sup>47</sup>To close the orifice of the stomach, ] A similar expression occurs in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Act 5. Sc. 2.

“My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

“After our great good cheer.”

<sup>48</sup>The Coridon his brother. ] Meaning Downright, who was half-brother to Well-bred.

So

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Kitely, Cash, Downright.**Kit.* **T**Homas, come hither.

There lyes a note, within, upon my desk;  
 Here, take my key: it is no matter, neither.  
 Where is the boy?

*Cash.* Within, sir, i' the warehouse.

*Kit.* Let him tell over, straight, that Spanish gold,  
 And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Do you  
 See the delivery of those silver-stuffs  
 To master Lucar: tell him, if he will,  
 He shall ha' the grograns, at the rate I told him,  
 And I will meet him, on the Exchange, anon.

*Cash.* Good, sir.*Kit.* Do you see that fellow, brother Downright;*Dow.* Ay, what of him?*Kit.* He is a jewel, brother.

I took him of a child, up, at my door,

And

So in *The Parson's Wedding*, 1663;

"He has not so much as the family-jest, which these  
*Coridons* use to inherit." Act I. Sc. 3.

And in *Taylor's Fearefull Summer*, 1636, 4to.

"If any such have fallen into the uncurteous pawes of the  
 "sordid rusticks or clownish *Coridons*, let them know that  
 "God's blessings are worth thankes, and that they were  
 "justly plagued for their unthankfullnesse." Mr. Reed.

I took him of a child, up at my door,  
 Since bred him at the hospital; where proving  
 A toward imp, I call'd him home, } Bred him in Christ's hos-  
 pital; where, at the first establishment of it, foundling chil-  
 dren, taken up in the city, were sent for maintenance and  
 education.—A toward imp; a tractable boy; and of promising  
 parts. *Imp*, in the antient British, is a shoot or scion from a  
 tree; and applied figuratively, with this epithet, to a young  
 person, of whose growth and abilities we have good hopes.  
 It was often used in this age, as it is always in the present,  
 ironically,

And christen'd him, gave him mine own name, Thomas,  
 Since bred him at the hospital; where proving  
 A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him  
 So much, as I have made him my cashier,  
 And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash;  
 And find him in his place so full of faith,  
 That I durst trust my life into his hands.

*Dorw.* So would not I in any bastard's, brother,  
 As, it is like, he is; although I knew  
 Myself his father. But you said yo' had somewhat  
 To tell me, gentle brother; what is't? what is't?

*Kit.* Faith, I am very loth to utter it,  
 As fearing it may hurt your patience:  
 But that I know your judgment is of strength,  
 Against the nearness of affection——

*Dorw.* What need this circumstance? Pray you be direct.

*Kit.* I will not say, how much I do ascribe  
 Unto your friendship, nor in what regard  
 I hold your love; but, let my past behaviour,

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And

ironically, or in a degrading sense.

"Noble imp of fame," is a title given by *Caxton* to prince *Arthur*; and by *Pistol*, in *Shakspeare*, to prince *Henry*.

" - - - Most royal Imp of fame."

Henry IV. part 2. Act 5. Sc. 5.

Where, in the note by Mr. Steevens, many other instances are given.

These lines are not in the 4to. but were added when Jonson reformed this Comedy, to accommodate it to his own times.

An allusion to the *hospital* is in *The Widow*, a Comedy by *Jonson*, *Fletcher*, and *Middleton*;

" - - - I ha' no child of mine own,

" But two I got once of a scowering woman,

" And they're both well provided for; they're i' th'

" hospital."

Act 2. Sc. 1.

And in *The Spanish Curate*. by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*;

" - - - I will rather choose

" A bastard from the hospital, and adopt him"

Act 1. Sc. 3.

And usage of your sister, but confirm  
How well I have been affected to your——

*Dow.* You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.

*Kit.* Then (without further ceremony,) thus.  
My brother Well-bred, sir, (I know not how)  
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,  
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.  
When he came first to lodge here in my house,  
Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him :  
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,  
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,  
And (what was chief) it shew'd not borrow'd in him,  
But all he did became him as his own ;  
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and posselt,  
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.  
But now, his course is so irregular,  
So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace ;  
And he himself, withal, so far fall'n off  
From that first place, as scarce no note remains\*,  
To tell mens' judgments where he lately stood.  
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,  
Forgetful of his friends ; and, not content  
²To stale himself in all societies,

He

\* *As scarce no note remains,*] We should now say, as scarce a note remains; but that was the idiom of the time.

² *To stale himself in all societies,*] To make himself cheap, and common in all companies. So we find it used by Shakspeare ;

“ Were I a common laugher, or did use

“ To stale with ordinary oaths my love.”

Julius Cæsar, Act 1. Sc. 1.

As a substantive, *stale* is used to denote a bait or allurement ;

“ - - - Go bring it hither,

“ For stale to catch those thieves.” Tempest, Act 4.

And so in Gascoigne's *Supposes* ;

“ No stale at the door for the by-passers.” Act 3. Sc. 4.

And

He makes my house here common as a mart,  
A theatre, a publick receptacle  
For giddy humour, and diseased riot;  
And here (as in a tavern, or a stew<sup>s</sup>) §  
He, and his wild associates, spend their hours,  
In repetition of lascivious jests;  
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,  
Controul my servants; and indeed what not?

Dow. 'Sdeyns, I, know not what I should say to  
him, i' the whole world! He values me at a crackt  
three-farthings, for ought I see<sup>3</sup>. It will never out  
o'

And again in *Spenser's Fairie Queene*;

"Still as he went he craftie *stales* did lay,

"With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares."

B. 2. C. 2. S. 4.

And in the translation of the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*, 1595,  
it is a *Butt* to create merriment and laughter;

"He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock."

And so in *Wily Beguiled*;

"And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,

"Is made a *stale* by this base cursed crew."

Origin of the English Drama, Vol. 3. page 330.

§ *As in a tavern, or a stew<sup>s</sup>.*] The more usual expression is  
*the stew<sup>s</sup>*, in the plural number; but *a stew<sup>s</sup>* is the reading of  
the 4to. and folio: and it is so used in *Withers's Abuses Stript*  
*and Whipt*, 1613.

"Turne his own house into a filthy *stew<sup>s</sup>*." L. 1. Sat. 8.  
In the 5th. scene of this play we read

"He liv'd not in *the stew<sup>s</sup>*."

The singular number occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act 1. Sc. 8.

"- - - to mart,

"As in a Romish *stew*."

And in *Omphale*, a Poem, by Richard Brathwayt, 1621;

"Is now become no temple but a *stue*."

<sup>3</sup> *He values me at a crackt three-farthings, for ought I see.*]

The three-farthing pieces current in the reign of queen Eli-  
zabeth were made of silver; consequently very thin, and  
much crackt by public use.

"----- My face so thin,

"That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

"Lest men should say, look where three-farthings goes."

Shakspeare's King John, Act 1. Sc. 2.

o' the flesh that's bred i' the bone! I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve: but, counsel to him, is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well! he knows what to trust to, for George: let him spend, and spend, and domineer, 'till his heart ake; an' he think to be reliev'd by me, when he is got into one o' your city-pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear i' faith; and claps his dish at the wrong man's door<sup>4</sup>: I'll lay my hand o' my half-penny, ere I part with't, to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

*Kit.* Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

*Dow.* 'Sdeath; he mads me, I could eat my very spur-leathers, for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

*Kit.*

<sup>4</sup> *Claps his dish at the wrong man's door.*] This is to be found in Ray's Collection of Proverbs. It is an allusion to the practice of beggars in the earlier times of our ancestors, and which was probably subsisting in Jonson's days, who had a wooden dish and cover, which they clapped or clacked, at the doors where they came to ask alms. Hence it was called a clap-dish or clack-dish.

"I that was wont so many to command,

"Worse now than with a *clap-dish* in my hand."

Drayton's Epist. from El. Cobham to D. Humphrey.

"Y' an best get a *clap-dish*, and say y' are proctor to some  
"spittle-house." The Honest Whore, by Dekkar, Part 2.

Vol. 3. Old Plays, page 442.

"His use was to put a ducket in her *clack-dish*."

Measure for Measure, Act 3. Sc. 2.

To illustrate which passage Mr. Steevens adduces various authorities.

This practice prevailed in foreign countries; for *Morryson* informs us that near Inspruck were many alms-houses for persons infected with the leprosy; and that they were not permitted to come near travellers, but begged at a distance, with the sound of a *wooden clapper*. Travels, 1617, page 22.

*Kit.* O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother. But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it, (Though but with plain and easy circumstance) It would both come much better to his sense, And favour less of stomach, or of passion. You are his elder brother, and that title Both gives, and warrants your authority ; Which (by your presence seconded) must breed A kind of duty in him, and regard : Whereas, if I should intimate the least, It would but add contempt to his neglect, Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred, That, in the rearing, would come tott'ring down, And, in the ruin, bury all our love. Nay, more than this, brother ; if I should speak, He would be ready, from his heat of humour, And over-flowing of the vapour in him, To blow the ears of his familiars, With the false breath of telling, what disgraces, And low disparagements, I had put upon him. Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable, Make their loose comments upon every word, Gesture, or look, I use ; mock me all over, From my flat cap, unto my shining shoes<sup>s</sup>;

And

<sup>s</sup> - - - *Mock me all over,*  
*From my flat cap, unto my shining shoes.*] It is observed by *Stow*, that the antient coverture of mens' heads was hoods, and that before the time of *Hen. VII.* neither cap or hat is spoken of. In his reign square bonets came into use, and were worn by noblemen, gentlemen, citizens, and others. *Hen. VIII.* wore a round *flat cap* of scarlet, or of velvet ; and the youthful citizens also took them to the new fashion of *flat caps*, knit of woollen yarn black. The use of these round flat caps so far increased, that in a short time some young aldermen took the wearing of them. *Sir John White* wore it in his Mayoralty, and was the first that left example to his followers ; but now the french bonnet, or square cap, and also

And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'ies,  
 Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me.  
 And what would that be, think you? marry, this:  
 They would give out (because my wife is fair,  
 My self but lately married, and my sister  
 Here sojourning a virgin in my house)  
 That I were jealous! \* nay, as sure as death,  
That

also the round or flat cap, have for the most part given place  
 to the Spanish felt. Stow's Survey, Edit. 1603. p. 545.

The plainer kind of citizens, however, still continued to  
 be distinguished by wearing the *flat cap*, for which they were  
 held up as objects of ridicule.

So Quicksilver, in Eastward Hoe, by Chapman, Jonson, and  
 Marston, 1605, 4to.

"Marry, pho, goodman *Flat-cap*."—And again,

"Let's be no longer fools to this *flat-cap* Touchstone."  
Act 1. Sc. 1.

See Mr. Reed's note on The Honest Whore,

Old Plays, Vol. 3. p. 304.

"These are what *Shakspeare* calls *plain statute-caps*."

Love's Labour Lost, Act 5. Sc. 2.

An act of parliament being passed in 1571, the 13th of  
 queen Elizabeth, enjoining all above the age of six years, ex-  
 cept the nobility and some others, on Sabbath days, and holy  
 days, to wear caps of wool, knit, thicked and drest in Eng-  
 land, upon penalty of ten groats.

Amongst other particularities of a citizen's dress, the  
 brightness or *shining* of his shoes, was also taken notice of;

" - - - 'Slid his *shoes shine* too."

"Bright. They have the Gresham dye."

Mayne's City-Match, Act 1. Sc. 4.

And Massinger, speaking of the vintners of his age;

" - - - How shall we know 'em?

"If they walk on foot, by their rat-colour'd stockings,

"And *shining-shoes*."

The Guardian, Act 2. Sc. 4.

\* How naturally does Kiteley here betray his jealousy!  
 There is a felicity in this passage, rather to have been ex-  
 pected from easy *Shakspeare*, than from the laborious *Ben*.

THE  
CEREMONIES

For the  
HEALING

Of them that be  
DISEASED  
With the  
KINGS EVIL,

Used in the Time of  
KING HENRY VII.

---

Published by His Majesties Command.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by *Henry Hills*, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty for His Household and Chappel. 1686.

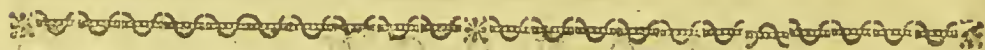
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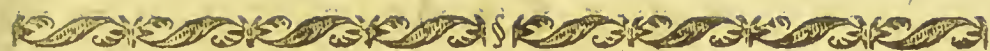
L O N D O N,

Reprinted for the EDITOR, and Sold at No. 62, *Great Wild-Street*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; by Mess. EGERTON, *Whitehall*; Mess. COX and PHILLIPSON, *James-Street*, *Covent-Garden*; R. RYAN, No. 351, *Oxford-Street*; H. D. SYMONDS, No. 20. *Pater-Noster-Row*; and W. RICHARDSON, under the *Royal-Exchange*. 1789.

[ Entered at Stationers Hall. ]

This Ritual, and the annexed Ceremonial, are printed from a small volume containing them both; the latter in M. S. late in the possession of *A. D. Ducarel*, L. L. D. The Formularies may, as matters of curiosity, be preserved, tho' the usage of them has ceased.





THE  
CEREMONIES  
FOR  
HEALING  
Them that be DISEASED  
With the  
KINGS EVIL.

---

*First, The King, kneeling, shall say,*

**I**N the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

*And so soon as He hath said that, He shall say,*

Give the Blessing.

*The Chaplain kneeling before the King, and having a Stole about his Neck shall answer and say,*

The Lord be in your heart, and in your lips, to confess all your sins. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

*Or else he shall say,*

Christ hear us. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

*Then*

*Then by and by the King shall say,*

I confesse to God, to the blessed Virgin *Mary*, to all Saints, and to you, that I have sinned in thought, word, and deed through my fault: I pray Holy *Mary*, and all the Saints of God and you, to pray for me.

*The Chaplain shall answer and say,*

Almighty God have mercy upon you, and pardon you all your sins, deliver you from all evil, and confirm you in good, and bring you to everlasting life, Amen.

The Almighty and Merciful Lord grant you absolution and remission of all your sins, time for true repentance and amendment of life, with the grace and comfort of his Holy Spirit. Amen.

*This done the Chaplain shall say,*

The Lord be with you.

*The King shall answer,*

And with thy spirit.

*The Chaplain,*

Part of the Gospel according to St. Mark.

*The King shall answer,*

Glory to thee, O Lord.

*The Chaplain reads the Gospel,*

**L**AST he appeared to those Eleven as they sat at the Table: and he exprobrated their Incredulity and hardness of Heart, because they did not believe them that had seen him risen again. And he said to them: Going into the whole World, Preach the Gospel to all

Creatures

Creatures. He that believeth and is Baptized, shall be saved: But he that believeth not, shall be condemned. And them that believe, these Signs shall follow: In my name shall they cast out Devils, they shall speak with new tongues. Serpents shall they take up, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall impose hands upon the sick, and they shall be whole.

*Which last clause, (They shall impose, &c.) the Chaplain repeats as long as the King is handling the sick person. And in the time of repeating the aforesaid words, (They shall impose, &c.) the Clerk of the Closet shall Kneel before the King, having the sick Person upon the right-hand; and the sick Person shall likewise kneel before the King: and then the King shall lay his hand upon the fore of the sick Person. This done, the Chaplain shall make an end of the Gospel.*

And so our Lord JESUS after he spake unto them was assumed into Heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. But they going forth preached every where; our Lord working withal, and confirming the Word with signs which followed.

*Whilst this is reading, the Chirurgion shall lead away the sick Person from the King. And after the Gospel the Chaplain shall say,*

The Lord be with you.

*The King shall answer,*

And with thy spirit.

*The*

*The Chaplain,*

The beginning of the Gospel according to St. *John*.

*The King,*

Glory to thee, O Lord.

*The Chaplain then shall say this Gospel following,*

**I**N the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and God was the word. This was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him, and without him was made nothing, that which was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darknes, and the darknes did not comprehend it. There was a man sent from God, whose name was *John*. This man came for testimony : to give testimony of the light, that all might believe through him. He was not the light, but to give testimony of the light. It was the true light which lightneth every man that cometh into this world.

*Which last clause (It was the true light, &c.) shall still be repeated so long as the King shall be crossing the sore of the sick Person, with an Angel of Gold Noble, and the sick Person to have the same Angel hang'd about his neck, and to wear it until he be full whole. This done, the Chirurgion shall lead away the sick Person as he did before, and then the Chaplain shall make an end of the Gospel.*

He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came into his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, he gave them power to be made the Sons of God, to those that believe in his name. Who not  
of

of blood, nor of will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God are born. And the word was made flesh, and dwelt in us, and we saw the glory of him, glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and verity.

*Then the Chaplain shall say,*

The Lords name be praised.

*The King shall answer,*

Now and for ever.

*Then shall the Chaplain say this Collect following, praying for the Sick Person or Persons :*

O Lord, hear my prayer.

*The King shall answer,*

And let my cry come unto thee.

*The Chaplain,*

Let us pray.

**A**lmighty and everlasting God, the eternal health of them that believe; graciously hear us for thy servants for whom we implore the aid of thy mercy, that their health being restored to them, they may give thee thanks in thy church, thro' *CHRIST* our Lord. Amen.

*This Prayer following is to be said secretly, after the sick Persons be departed from the King, at his Pleasure.*

**A**lmighty God, Ruler and Lord, by whose goodness the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and all sick persons

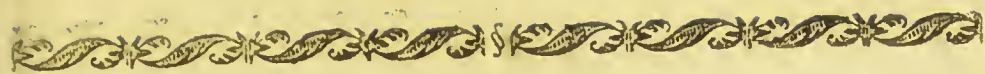
sons are healed of their Infirmities: By whom also alone the gift of healing is given to mankind, and so great a grace, thro' thine unspeakable goodness toward this Realm, is granted unto the Kings thereof, that by the sole imposition of their hands a most grievous and filthy disease should be cured: Mercifully grant that we may give thee thanks therefore, and for this thy singular benefit conferr'd on us, not to our selves, but to thy name let us daily give glory; and let us always so exercise our selves in piety, that we may labour not only diligently to conserve, but every day more and more to encrease thy grace bestowed upon us: And grant, that on whose bodies soever we have imposed hands in thy name, thro' this thy Vertue working in them, and thro' our Ministry, may be restored to their former health, and being confirmed therein, may perpetually with us give thanks unto thee the Chief Physician and Healer of all diseases; and that henceforwards they may so lead their lives, as not their bodies only from sickness, but their souls also from sin may be perfectly purged and cured: Thro' our Lord *JESUS CHRIST* thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the Unity of the Holy Ghost, God World without end. Amen.

F I N I S.

THE  
OFFICE  
OF  
CONSECRATING  
CRAMP-RINGS.

1694.

In the Advertifement to the preceding Ritual, for  
*A. D. Ducarel*, L. L. D. read *A. C. Ducarel*, L. L. D.



THE  
CEREMONIES  
OF BLESSING  
CRAMP-RINGS

On GOOD-FRIDAY,

Used by the

CATHOLICK KINGS  
Of ENGLAND.

---

*The psalme Deus misereatur nostri, &c. with the  
Gloria Patri.*

**M**AY God take pity upon us, and blesse us\* may  
he send forth the light of his face upon us, and  
take pity on us.

That we may know thy ways on earth\* among all  
nations thy salvation.

May people acknowledge thee, O God: \* may all  
people acknowledge thee.

Let nations reioice, and be glad, because thou iudget  
people with equity,\* and doest guide nations on the  
earth.

May people acknowledge thee, O God, may all  
people acknowledge thee,\* the earth has sent forth  
her fruit.

May

May God bleſſe us, that God who is ours: may that God bleſſe us,\* and may all the bounds of the earth feare him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,\* and to the Holy Ghoſt.

As it was in the beginning, and now, and ever,\* and for ever, and ever. Amen.

*Then the King reades this prayer.*

**A**Lmighty eternal God, who by the moſt copious gifts of thy grace, flowing from the unexhausted fountain of thy bounty, haſt been graciously pleaſed for the comfort of mankind, continually to grant us many and various meanes to relieve us in our miſeries; and art willing to make thoſe the instruments and channels of thy gifts, and to grace thoſe perſons with more excellent favours, whom thou haſt raiſed to the Royal dignity; to the end that as by Thee they reign, and govern others: ſo by Thee they may prove beneficial to them; and beſtow thy favours on the people: graciously heare our prayers, and favourably receive thoſe vows we powre forth with humility, that Thou mayſt grant to us, who beg with the ſame confidence the favour, which our Anceſtours by their hopes in thy mercy have obtained: through Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

*The Rings lying in one baſon or more, this prayer is to be ſaid over them.*

**O** God the maker of heavenly and earthly creatures, and the moſt gracious reſtorer of mankind, the diſpenſer of ſpiritual grace, and the origin of all bleſſings; ſend downe from heaven thy holy Spirit the Comforter upon theſe Rings, artificially fram'd by the workman, and by thy greate power purify them ſo, that all the malice of the fowle, and venomous Serpent be driven out; and ſo the metal, which by Thee was created,

created, may remaine pure, and free from all dregs of the enemy. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

*The blessing of the Rings.*

**O** God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, heare mercifully our prayers. Spare those who feare thee. Be propitious to thy suppliant, and graciously be pleased to send downe from Heaven thy holy Angel: that he may sanctify ✠ and blesse ✠ these Rings: to the end they may prove a healthy remedy to such as implore thy name with humility, and accuse themselves of the sins, which ly upon their conscience: who deplore their crimes in the sight of thy divine clemency, and beseech with earnestness, and humility thy most serene piety. May they in fine by the invocation of thy holy name become profitable to all such as weare them, for the health of their soule and body, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

*A Blessing.*

**O** God who hast manifested the greatest wonders of thy power by the cure of diseases, and who were pleased, that Rings should be a pledge of fidelity in the patriarch Judah, a priestly ornament in Aaron, the mark of a faithful guardian in Darius, and in this Kingdom a remedy for divers diseases: graciously be pleased to blesse ✠ and sanctify ✠ these Rings, to the end that all such who weare them may be free from all snares of the Devil, may be defended by the power of celestial armour; and that no contraction of the nerves, or any danger of the falling-sickness may infect them, but that in all sort of diseases by thy help they may find relief. In the name of the Father, ✠ and of the Son, ✠ and of the Holy Ghost. ✠ Amen.

Blesse, O my soule, the Lord, and let all things which are within me praise his holy name. Blesse

Blesse, O my soule, the Lord, \* and do not forget all his favours.

He forgives all thy iniquities, \* he heales all thy infirmities.

He redeemes thy life from ruin, \* he crownes thee with mercy, and commiseration.

He fills thy desires with what is good: \* thy youth like that of the eagle shall be renewed.

The Lord is he, who does mercy, \* and does iustice to those who suffer wrong.

The merciful, and pitying Lord: \* the long sufferer, and most mighty merciful.

He wil not continue his anger for ever; \* neither wil he threaten for ever.

He has not dealt with us in proportion to our sins; \* nor has he rendered unto us according to our offences.

Because according to the distance of heaven from earth, \* so has he enforced his mercies upon those who feare him.

As far distant as the east is from the west: \* so far has he divided our offences from us.

After the manner that a Father takes pity of his Sons: so has the Lord taken pity of those, who feare him: \* because he knows what we are made of.

He remembers that we are but dust. Man like hay, such are his days; \* like the flower in the field, so wil he fade away.

Because his breath wil passe away through him, and he wil not be able to subsist, \* and it wil find no longer its owne place.

But the mercy of the Lord is from all eternity; \* and wil be for ever upon those who feare him.

And his iustice comes upon the children of their children, \* to those who keep his wil.

And are mindful of his commandements, \* to per-  
forme them.

The

The Lord in heaven has prepared himself a throne, and his kingdom shall reign over all.

Blesse yee the Lord all yee Angels of his, yee who are powerful in strength : \* who execute his commands, at the hearing of his voice when he speaks.

Blesse yee the Lord all yee vertues of his : \* yee Ministers who execute his wil.

Blesse yee the Lord all yee works of his throughout all places of his dominion : \* my Soule praise thou the Lord.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, \* and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, and now and ever, \* and for ever and ever. Amen.

Wee humbly implore, O merciful God, thy infinit clemency ; that as we come to thee with a confident soule, and iuncere faith, and a pious assurance of mind : with the like devotion thy beleevers may follow on these tokens of thy grace. May all superstition be banished hence, far be all suspicion of any diabolical fraud, and to the glory of thy name let all things succede : to the end thy beleevers may understand thee to be the dispenser of all good ; and may be sensible and publish, that whatsoever is profitable to soule or body, is derived from thee : through Christ our Lord. Amen.

*These prayers being said the Kings highnes rubbeth the Rings between his hands, saying,*

**S**ANCTIFY, O Lord, these Rings, and graciously bedew them with the dew of thy benediction, and consecrate them by the rubbing of our hands, which thou hast been pleased according to our ministry to sanctify by an external effusion of holy oyle upon them : to the end, that what the nature of the  
mettal

mettal is not able to performe; may be wrought by the greatnes of thy grace: through Christ our Lord. Amen.

*Then must holy water be cast on the rings, saying,*

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy-Ghost. Amen.

**O** Lord the only begotten Son of God, Mediatour of God and men, Jesus Christ, in whose name alone salvation is sought for; and to such as hope in thee givest an easy acces to thy Father: who when conversing among men, thyself a man, didst promise by an assured oracle flowing from thy sacred mouth, that thy Father should grant whatever was asked him in thy name: lend a gracious eare of pity to these prayers of ours; to the end that approaching with confidence to the throne of thy grace, the beleivers may find by the benefits conferr'd upon them, that by thy mediation we have obtained, what we have most humbly begd in thy name: who livest and reignest with God the Father in the unity of the Holy-Ghost, one God for ever and ever. Amen.

Wee beseech thee O Lord, that the Spirit, which proceedes from thee may prevent and follow on our desires: to the end that what we beg with confidence for the good of the faithful, we may efficaciously obtaine by thy gracious gift: through Christ our Lord. Amen.

O most clement God; Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost; wee supplicate and beseech thee, that what is here performed by pious ceremonies to the sanctifying of thy name, may be prevalent to the defense of our soule and body on earth; and profitable to a more ample felicity in heaven. Who livest and reignest God, world without end. Amen.

To the Editor of the LITERARY MUSEUM.

From a sincere wish that your very curious and entertaining Miscellany may answer your utmost expectations, I have sent you as under; which, if the interpretation to the obsolete words render it intelligible, must be approved of, for the simplicity of thought, sentiment, and language.

Nottingham, Jan. 1789.

B. N.

*Onne mie Maister* LYDGATE, *his travellynge ynn to Fraunce.*

Written three hundred and sixty years since.

**M**AISTER of Poettes, venerable,  
Ryghte worthy, honourable,  
<sup>1</sup> Fadre ynn <sup>2</sup> feestelyche mynnestrellsye,  
Natoures chyllde ynn Phyloesophye,  
Pyrynnecipalle Poette of Brytaine,  
Bryghtte <sup>3</sup> ordaynoure, clere founteyne,  
<sup>4</sup> Werthe ymage of <sup>5</sup> connysaunce,  
Of <sup>6</sup> esployte, eke of <sup>7</sup> esperaunce,  
<sup>8</sup> Fetyse foundere of Scyence,  
Myror of <sup>9</sup> deauratte Eloquence,  
<sup>10</sup> Sythennes <sup>11</sup> dygne Mayster Chaucere,  
<sup>12</sup> Eke Ennglonndes Poette Dan Gower,

And

---

<sup>1</sup> Father. <sup>2</sup> pleasant. <sup>3</sup> original. <sup>4</sup> True, worthy. <sup>5</sup> learning. <sup>6</sup> perfection. <sup>7</sup> hope. <sup>8</sup> amiable. <sup>9</sup> splendid, shining. <sup>10</sup> Since. <sup>11</sup> worthy,  
<sup>12</sup> Also.

And Occeleue are gone fro us,  
 Poettes <sup>13</sup> hertedde as Vergilius,  
 You ne <sup>14</sup> mote toe mayke us <sup>15</sup> dere,  
 The <sup>16</sup> feeste of alle wythouten <sup>17</sup> pere,  
 Forre <sup>18</sup> gyffe you doe <sup>19</sup> ne <sup>20</sup> jubylle,  
 Ynne alle faire Allebionnes Londe wylle bee,  
 Ne wylle heie boaste ynne <sup>21</sup> mackleffe lore,  
 As yeye werre <sup>22</sup> hanntenned herretoeforre,  
 Syth youe bee gone yatte Rhetoerycke  
 Dyde unnderstonnde thatte none youe lycke,  
 Ne wylle the chauntinge <sup>23</sup> chylannedry  
 Delyghte <sup>24</sup> thylke Forreste, or thylke Tre,  
 Butte maiken manie a <sup>25</sup> drerie leie  
 As yffe youe nere <sup>26</sup> not gone butte <sup>27</sup> deie.  
 The <sup>28</sup> Sheppesternes eke <sup>29</sup> iwaymentyng  
 Wylle fyttte onne greene bancke, ne synge,  
 Ne pype, ne daunce, <sup>30</sup> fycke <sup>31</sup> footlye,  
 As <sup>32</sup> whyelomme theie fulle merrieleye,  
 Butte <sup>33</sup> forsonnegenne yeie wylle yweepe  
 Annde beate yerre <sup>34</sup> lyarte breastes wythe <sup>35</sup> keepe.

Theyre

---

<sup>13</sup> fam'd. <sup>14</sup> must not go. <sup>15</sup> lament. <sup>16</sup> joy. <sup>17</sup> equal, or rival. <sup>18</sup> if.  
<sup>19</sup> no, nor, not. <sup>20</sup> rejoicing, gladness. <sup>21</sup> unrivalled, excelling. <sup>22</sup> ac-  
 custom'd. <sup>23</sup> goldfinch. <sup>24</sup> each. <sup>25</sup> mournful. <sup>26</sup> an example of two ne-  
 gatives often used by Chaucer, meaning as if you were not. <sup>27</sup> dead.  
<sup>28</sup> shepherds. <sup>29</sup> lamenting. <sup>30</sup> so. <sup>31</sup> sweetly. <sup>32</sup> formerly, of old.  
<sup>33</sup> fatigued, weary with singing. <sup>34</sup> gentle. <sup>35</sup> anguish.

Theyre <sup>36</sup> Lommebes <sup>37</sup> foreyette<sup>n</sup>ne wylle wanndere,  
 Ne <sup>38</sup> conne <sup>39</sup> heie of the <sup>40</sup> colfoxe nere,  
 Whanne you bee <sup>41</sup> gleden<sup>n</sup>ne, gyf you doe,  
 Faire <sup>42</sup> Burye Toune wyl be ynne woe,  
 Syker <sup>43</sup> boutte you yschalle bewaylle,  
 Mie <sup>44</sup> lefe fryendde wythe <sup>45</sup> fyckes for <sup>46</sup> ayle,  
 Ne fytt<sup>e</sup> <sup>47</sup> ytte wele yatte you schoolde <sup>48</sup> lete,  
 Forre gyffe youe doe yt <sup>49</sup> nyl be mete  
 Forre me toe bee <sup>50</sup> joyleynynnge  
 Whanne youe mie <sup>51</sup> lotelie are travellynge,  
 Ne schalle I playe the <sup>52</sup> grayenelle  
 Gyf you doe <sup>53</sup> wynde whomme I love welle,  
 Ne schalle I ynne <sup>54</sup> boune foothe <sup>55</sup> ywisse  
 Wryghte poefye as I dydde <sup>56</sup> onys,  
 Ne schall I mere yn sheene <sup>57</sup> aurore  
 Delyghte toe straie ynne <sup>58</sup> wryenne <sup>59</sup> gore,  
 Wheare <sup>60</sup> Mees doe smyle withe swoote floure,  
 The joie of <sup>61</sup> plummetuous Natoure,  
 Ne mere the <sup>62</sup> hyne wythe hardic <sup>63</sup> hele

Schalle

---

<sup>36</sup> sheep, lambkins. <sup>37</sup> forgotten, neglected. <sup>38</sup> know. <sup>39</sup> contraction of they. <sup>40</sup> a dark color'd fox. <sup>41</sup> gone. <sup>42</sup> a Town, of which John Lydgate was Monk. <sup>43</sup> I certainly without you. <sup>44</sup> beloved. <sup>45</sup> sighs. <sup>46</sup> for ever, always. <sup>47</sup> nor is it fit. <sup>48</sup> abandon, forsake. <sup>49</sup> will not. <sup>50</sup> joyful, rejoicing. <sup>51</sup> companion, friend. <sup>52</sup> I believe an instrument then used. <sup>53</sup> to go. <sup>54</sup> in good faith. <sup>55</sup> truly. <sup>56</sup> once. <sup>57</sup> morning. <sup>58</sup> covered. <sup>59</sup> an arbour composed of gourdes, and perhaps any arbour indiscriminately. <sup>60</sup> meadows. <sup>61</sup> bountiful, fruitful. <sup>62</sup> husbandman. <sup>63</sup> health.

Schalle <sup>64</sup> floyte ne fete flourettes <sup>65</sup> wele,  
 Ne <sup>66</sup> connenne I <sup>67</sup> joieeuze <sup>68</sup> forreleine  
 Inne rosie <sup>69</sup> fours onne <sup>70</sup> tetchéd pleine,  
<sup>71</sup> Sytthenesse you goe anndde leave mee herre  
 Mest <sup>72</sup> wrothenne wyghte forre aie toe derre,  
 Thanne staie annde bleffe a wepynnge tounne  
 Ynne glorye, <sup>73</sup> rennomie, anndde renoune,  
 Youe schalle <sup>74</sup> ybrooke a goulde chappelette  
 Thatte Fame schalle onne yoor browe isette,  
 Yourre <sup>75</sup> Wurches a lastynnge ornamennte  
 Anndde <sup>76</sup> eke a goodlie monumeante,  
 Thenne <sup>77</sup> blenen <sup>78</sup> heal the wordes I <sup>79</sup> saine,  
 Ne hanne I <sup>80</sup> spylltte mie speeche ynne vayne.

<sup>64</sup> whistle. <sup>65</sup> rise, or spring. <sup>66</sup> can. <sup>67</sup> merry, joyful. <sup>68</sup> wander.  
<sup>69</sup> spring. <sup>70</sup> spotted, stained. <sup>71</sup> perceiving that. <sup>72</sup> lonesome,  
 miserable. <sup>73</sup> fame, celebrity. <sup>74</sup> to possess, enjoy. <sup>75</sup> works. <sup>76</sup> also.  
<sup>77</sup> to stay, tarry, abide. <sup>78</sup> hear. <sup>79</sup> say. <sup>80</sup> to spill ones words, is to  
 argue to no purpose, vainly.

§:§ Whether this Poem was written by a *Rowley*, or a  
*Chatterton*, I will not presume to say; I only take the liberty  
 to observe that the M.S. from which it was printed has a  
 few inaccuracies, which denote it to have been a transcript:  
 if B. N. or any other person, more conversant with OLD  
 ENGLISH than myself, will do me the favour to point out  
 any errors in this copy, they shall be acknowledged hereafter.

E D I T O R.

The Editor of *The Literary Museum* presents the following Ode from a Correspondent to his Readers without a comment, not doubting but that they will estimate it properly.—The Author it is hoped will pardon the liberty taken in making two or three trifling variations from the Original, which appeared to be indispensibly necessary.

## The NEW ARCADIA,

A Regulated Pindaric ODE:

( In Imitation of GRAY. )

By W. BELTCHER.

STROPHE.

**T**IME swung his scythe, and Slav'ry fled:  
No more the tear-earn'd bread,  
Torn flesh and iron bed:  
Nor nurse of wealth the fervid mold,  
Whose bowels countless treasures hold,  
Curse of a hapless clime shall glut the universe  
with gold.

ANTISTROPHE.

In vain each brilliant morning deck'd the glade,  
Hung the thorn and gemm'd the blade,  
Vain the stream's lull, and noontide shade.  
In vain in wavy prospect laugh'd the field,  
In vain did earth the precious bullion yield,  
Its tyrannous, relentless lords, with ruthless bosoms  
steel'd.

EPODE.

## E P O D E.

What youth of gay look and fantastical mould,  
 Trips blithe o'er the lawn clad in purple and gold?  
 Walks with him young April, whose blushes adorn  
 The welkin that melts to his sweet-swelling horn.  
 Wanton hireling no more scourges,  
 Flaw'd the hands for beggar's pay,  
 Nor fell master labour urges;  
 Ends the cruel sultry day.

## II.

## S T R O P H E.

Spaniard, thy batt'ning saints withdraw,  
 With gluttonizing maw  
 That mock kind nature's law:  
 Cease, viceroy-tyrants, dire controul,  
 O'er bowed neck and pinion'd soul,  
 Whilst avaricious priests th' Almighty's thunder  
 roll.

## A N T I S T R O P H E.

Spaniard, that lov'st fell Inquisition's frown,  
 Gallia, Gallia flings thee down,  
 Totters thy Peruvian crown.  
 Thy mighty empire's wrapp'd in sleepy lees:  
 Nor trust unequal ships to catch the breeze,  
 Where British engines hurl the ball, triumphant  
 o'er the seas.

## E P O D E.

The Nereids delighting to gambol the deep,  
 To scud on the wave, to the Tritons time keep,  
 How nimbly they play and how merrily dance,  
 To floating shell-music that tells their advance !  
 Se

See the airy colours flying,  
 And the honest, jolly crew,  
 Lads with Zephyr gently fighting  
 For the British sailor true.

### III.

#### STROPHE.

Afar, stoop'd sky and sea between,  
 A hostile fleet is seen  
 With proud majestic mein:  
 A solemn gun the fight foretells,  
 Surge after surge each bulk impells,  
 And whist'ling wind above the flapping canvass  
 swells.

#### ANTISTROPHE.

Wide stretch the heaving lines in tow'ry pride,  
 In tremendous glory ride,  
 O'er the darkling, groaning tide:  
 But soon the pond'rous, ruthless ruin feel,  
 The mast-fall'n castles sag, and bulging reel,  
 Or high explode in sheets of fire that fearful day  
 reveal.

#### EPODE.

But, Britain victorious, hoar Neptune appears,  
 Canadian pine for his trident-staff rears;  
 The conquest still pleas'd to hail of his sons,  
 His face on the painted stern viewing he runs.  
 Beamy Saturn clears th' horizon,  
 Jove usurper flung from high;  
 To proclaim his Inca hies on;  
 Both recover'd empire try.

### IV.

## IV.

## STROPHE.

The scarlet soldier shapes his way,  
 His glory to assay  
 To Phebus ush'ring day :  
 The drum's and trumpet's mix'd alarm  
 Fans in his breast the beating charm,  
 The terror of his eye, and tempest of his arm.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Trembles the ground beneath the trampling steed,  
 Shiv'ring foes denounc'd to bleed,  
 Sounds tumultuous drive his speed :  
 Thick show'rs of bullets from rang'd barrels pour,  
 Bombs scatter deaths and braying cannons roar,  
 And sulph'rous mines explode in air, earth's entrails  
 upward bore.

## EPODE.

But liberty marches with flow'rets behind ;  
 They die and are blest'd, or live free as the wind :  
 Young Liberty prances with loose auburn hair,  
 And with him trips lightly a frolicsome Fair.  
 Earthquakes vanish'd, see advancing  
 Forms that mock the mortar's blaze,  
 Ambush new the last enhancing ;  
 Caught at last in Cupid's maze.

## V.

## STROPHE.

With joy unknown they love t'explore  
 The friendly-winding shore,  
 Ne'er Briton-trod before :  
 The risted spices breathe along,  
 New warblers chaunt the woods among,  
 Dear soothers, sweetly shrill, in consort soft and  
 strong.

## ANTISTROPHE.

## A N T I S T R O P H E.

The mouldy dungeon chang'd for lightfome fky,  
 Racks in ocean buried lie,  
 Prifons drear in thunders fly:  
 Juft punifhments compleated crimes await,  
 The barb'rous mifcreants mark the new-year's date,  
 For pamper'd god of luxury, they eye grim-ftalking  
 Fate.

## E P O D E.

The youth is defcended from old filver Time,  
 The feafons revolv'd to melodious chyme;  
 He foots it and capers, befpan gled with dew,  
 Comes with him the nightingale, thrufh, and  
 cuckow.  
 Hark! the azure vault refounding,  
 Wings the frefh, transporting gale,  
 Spring and May together bounding  
 On the banks that fweets exhale.

## VI.

## S T R O P H E.

The flocks more verdant dales admire;  
 And ah! what fweets confpire  
 Where waves yon feftive fire!  
 Lit groves of nard difpenfe perfume,  
 Heav'n propitious wide illume,  
 And Victory on high expands his glift'ning plume.

## A N T I S T R O P H E.

The vig'rous woodman loads the lengthened team,  
 Primes the fir, or hews the beam,  
 For the dimpled-courting fteam:

The

The bursten planks strange cloud-cap'd trees  
 renew;  
 Gay-launch'd the bark round which fierce battle  
 flew,  
 Th' exulting seaman mounts in air, the realms of  
 peace to view.

## E P O D E.

The Fays and the Fairies, in ermine array'd,  
 Besprinkle the green to fair Cynthia display'd;  
 The Queen leads the Dance to the twinkling star,  
 The dulcimer tinkles and filv'ry guittar :  
 And the shining waggon rattles,  
 Whilst the merry driver sings,  
*This the fruit of freedom's battles,*  
*Bracelet 'stead of fetter rings.*

## VII.

## S T R O P H E.

The burnish'd youth receives each guest,  
 A faviour each confess'd,  
 Pil'd high the tropic zest.  
 To Fortune kind, and Bacchus young,  
 The quiv'ring, thrilling lyre is strung,  
 Their native Sov'reign blest'd with Britain's mo-  
 narch sung.

## A N T I S T R O P H E.

The cooling liquor scented herbs improve,  
 Airs entrancing break above,  
 In the genial voice of love .  
 The flaming goblets pealing answer send,  
 While mellow flutes the strain harmonious blend,  
 And Cherubs in etherial robes their glancing  
 steerage bend.

## E P O D E.

## E P O D E.

The traveller faint in the rivulet laves,  
 O'er which spreading myrtle meandering waves ;  
 The melon embroidered wantonly greets  
 The orange o'er-dangling, and mingles its sweets.  
 Alps and Atlas, snow-cloath'd mountains,  
 Are but Liliputians here :  
 Crackling blaze ; or gushing fountains ;  
 Frost, or sun, throughout the year.

## VIII.

## S T R O P H E.

The peasant fees delighted twine  
 The purple-cluster'd vine,  
 Or crops the wildling pine,  
 ( Ambrosial food that never palls,  
 Whose funny juice in streamlets falls )  
 Nor fears at ev'ry taste the bondage-wringing  
 calls.

## A N T I S T R O P H E.

Fat dews the ears of constant harvests fill,  
 Springs supply that spout the rill,  
 Sky serene and tempest still.  
 Luxuriant grass involves the ribbon'd mead,  
 No chilling blasts the fragrant growth impede,  
 Soft smiling Graces hand in hand, harmonious  
 Seasons lead.

## E P O D E.

What's yonder I see on the cedar-clad plain,  
 That gleams in its course to the billowy main ?

The

The splendour quite dazzles the winking-quick eye,  
 \*Flames flash as it sparkles with whirling sound by.  
 Surely tis Gold-age returning  
 Speck'd with di'mond from the mine,  
 Orient rays together burning,  
 Vision glorious and Divine !

\* I am almost afraid to confess that I am rather an advocate for an alliteration here and there interspersed, productive, I think, of a current sweetness. How glorious is Pope's!

"To sounds of *heav'nly harps* she dies away"  
 The best line of Gray's Elegy

"And wak'd to extasy the *living lyre*"—  
 for which, by the way, he is indebted to this of Cowley,

"Begin the song, and strike the *living lyre*"—  
 has an alliteration. But the most remarkable one is Virgil's,

"*Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires*"—  
 who, among his artifices of versification, was sensible of fluid celerity; witness

"Corripuere, ruuntq' effusi *carcere currus*"—  
 and again

—————"volat vi fervidus axis"—  
 as was Gray of the importance of pirated thoughts, a mark of his ingenuity, if not a proof of his genius.

As a poetical licence, I have also ventured to write *twinkleing* as an expansion for *twinkling*.

The Reader perceives my reason for naming this Ode a Regulated Pindaric, which is because though it contains a variety of verses, they have a regular recurrence in the respective partitions; the former quality, besides its turn of poetry, intitling it to the appellation of a Pindaric. A *regular* Pindaric I do not name it, because, whatever idea some may entertain of the equality of Pindar's metre, I conceive that it would have been a contradiction in terms: Whether the denomination I have assigned to the construction of this piece be right or wrong, it is of the same nature with that of Gray's two great Odes. W. B.

In Ben Jonson's UNDERWOODS, the Ode to the memory, &c. of Sir Lucius Cary, and Sir H. Morrifon, "is a true and regulated Pindaric, and the first in our language, that hath a just claim to that title."

See Mr. Whalley's elegant Note, or rather Dissertation, on the ODE PINDARIC, in his edition of Jonson, Vol. 6, Page 440.

To which the following may be added, "The correct and laborious Ben Jonson, as he was the first importer of the *Strophe*, *Antistrophe* and *Epode*, has given us also the first English precedent of an irregular ode, if I mistake not, in the poem on the burning of his works."

*Preston's Thoughts on Lyric Poetry.*

EDITOR..

## KING in the COUNTRY.

A

DRAMATIC PIECE,

In TWO ACTS.

Acted at the THEATRES-ROYAL,

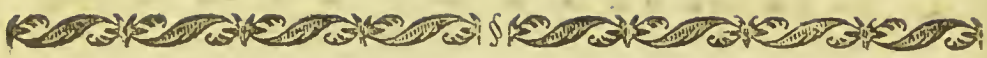
At RICHMOND and WINDSOR,

1788.

L O N D O N,

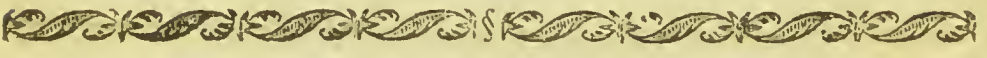
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[ Entered at Stationers-Hall. ]



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*The following Piece is taken from an underplot in The First Part of King Edward the Fourth, written by Thomas Heywood; the dialogue has been altered a little, to render it fit for modern representation; and a few passages have been added for connexion and conclusion.*



## Dramatis Personæ.

King Edward the Fourth.

Lord Howard.

Sir Thomas Sellenger.

Sir Humphrey Bowes.

Justice Aston.

Lord Mayor.

Recorder.

Sheriffs.

Huntsmen.

John Hobbs, the Tanner of Tamworth.

Young Hobbs, his Son.

Dudgeon, his Man.

Hadland.

Goodfellow.

Grudgen.

The Queen.

The Dutcheſs.

Nell, the Tanner's Daughter.



## P R O L O G U E.

*YOU lately read in each news-paper,  
At morn, at noon, by evening-taper,  
Of Cheltenham-water, wooden-house,  
Now left to prowling rat or mouse;  
With smart bon-mots, and anecdotes  
Of Prince and Peasant, Crowns and Coles;  
And how, surprised, the rustics ran  
To see the King was but a man;  
Wond'ring that blue-coat and bob-wig  
Were worn by one they thought so big,  
Great Gog or Magog's coat of mail  
To cover him would surely fail:  
How stars and garters clowns did scare,  
And make them at a distance stare;  
With Mayors, most loyally addressing,  
To beg of Majesty the blessing  
Of one short visit to their city,  
Which they, no doubt, had trimm'd up pretty:  
With \*female bell-man, squeaking out  
"God save the King!" while rustics shout;  
And gracious GEORGE, by chance being nigh her,  
Most courteous adds, "God bless the cryer!"  
These, and a thousand such-like matters,  
By news-papers now worn to tatters,  
May prove a theme for some Stage-Writer,  
Some Laureat-Bard, or Song-Enditer.  
Tho' choice the subject, yet, thro' fear  
We might debase it, were it here  
Attempted to be dramatized,  
It being so far oversized  
For our weak talents; we, instead,  
Evoke the Spirits of the Dead!*

*And*

\* This anomalous expression is not without a precedent; *Man Mid-Wife*, so generally used, being authority for it.

*And crave you to accept a Story  
Of our Fourth EDWARD, England's glory!  
And a blunt Tanner; long since writ  
By Thomas Heywood, a Stage-Wit:  
Antique the phrase, and coarse the manners,  
Yet such as suited Kings and Tanners  
Who lived three hundred years ago,  
When few could to a goose say Bo!  
And needy Kings would beg or borrow  
What their poor subjects' toil and sorrow  
Had scraped together: happier now!  
We under no such bondage bow;  
Nor King demands, nor subjects grieve,  
Beneath our vines content we live!  
And read with wonder of those times,  
The simple theme of this night's Mimes.  
If it afford some harmless mirth,  
Nor shew of humour quite a dearth;  
Kindly o'erlook what'er's amiss,  
Nor pay our labours with a hiss:  
And should it please you to commend,  
We shall atchieve our wish'd-for end;  
For every thought, deed, and endeavour,  
Is bent to gain that Prize, your Favour!*





T H E

# KING in the COUNTRY.

---

A C T I.

S C E N E A Forest.

*Enter Hobbs and Dudgeon.*

H O B B S.

**D**UDGEON, dost thou hear? look well to Brock, my mare, drive Dun and her fair and softly down the hill, and take heed the thorns tear not my cow-hides, as thou goest near the hedges.

*Dud.* Master, the bull's hide is down.

*Hobbs.* Ha! what say'st thou knave? is the bull's hide down? why then hoist it up again. I'll meet thee at the stile, and help to set all strait. [*Exit Dudgeon.*] And yet, heaven help us, it is a crooked world, and an unthrifty; for some that have ne'er a shoe had rather go barefoot, than buy clout-leather to mend the old, when they can get no new; well, heaven mend *them*, tho' they will not mend their *shoes*. Let me see by my executor here, my leather pouch, what I have taken, what I have spent, what I have gained, what I have lost, and what I have laid out: My taking is more than my spending, for here's store left. I have spent but a groat, a penny for my two jades, a penny to the poor, a penny pot of ale, and a penny cake, for my man and me.—A dicker of cow-hides cost me ——'snails, who comes here? Dame Ploughshare, or Mistress what d'ye call her? put up, John Hobbs, money tempts beauty.

*Enter*

*Enter the Queen and Dutcheſs, in riding dreſſes, and Two Huntſmen, with bows, &c.*

*Dut.* Well met, good fellow, ſaw'ſt thou not the hart?

*Hobbs.* My heart? heaven bleſs me from ſeeing my heart?

*Queen.* Thy heart? the deer, man, we demand the deer.

*Hobbs.* Do you demand what's dear? marry, corn and cow-hides.—Maſs! a good ſmug laſs. Well like my daughter Nell.

*Dut.* Cameſt thou not down the wood?

*Hobbs.* Yes, miſtreſs, that I did.

*Queen.* And ſaw'ſt thou not the deer imboſt?

*Hobbs.* By the rood ye make me laugh, ha! ha! ha! what the dickens is it, love! that makes ye prate to me ſo fondly?

*1ſt. Huntſ.* Why how now, Hobbs, ſo ſaucy with the Dutcheſs and the Queen?

*Hobbs.* \*Much Dutcheſs, and much Queen, I trow! theſe be but *women*; and one of them is as like my wench as a raw hide is to one that's not tann'd: I would Nell had her cloaths, I would give a load of hair and horns, and a fat of leather, to match her to ſome Juſtice, by the meg-holly.

*2nd. Huntſ.* Be ſilent, Tanner, and aſk pardon of the Queen.

*Hobbs.* And ye be the Queen, I cry ye mercy, good Miſtreſs Queen!

*Queen.* Madam, let's take our bows, and in the ſtanding ſeek to get a ſhoot.

*Dut.* Come bend our bows, and bring the herd of deer.

[*Exeunt Queen, Dutcheſs, and Huntſmen.*]

*Hobbs.* Heaven ſend you good ſtriking, and fat fleſh. — See if all women, high or low, be not alike. I took the Queen for Dame Ploughſhare, as I am a true Tanner.

*Enter Sellenger and Howard in hunting dreſſes.*

*Hobbs.* Soft, who comes here? more knaves yet!

*Sel.* Ho! good-fellow! ſaw'ſt thou not the king?

*Hobbs.* No, good-fellow! I ſaw no King.—Which King doſt thou aſk for?

*Howe.*

*Much*] Ben Jonſon uſes this word in the ſame ironical manner, "*much wench, or much ſon!*"—Whalley's Edition, Vol. I. P. 102.

*How.* Why, King Edward, what King is there else?

*Hobbs.* There's another King, and ye could hit on him; one Harry, one Harry! and by our Lady they say he's the honestest man of the two.

*Sel.* Sirrah, beware you speak not treason.

*Hobbs.* What if I do?

*Sel.* Then you'll be hang'd.

*Hobbs.* That's a dog's death, I'll not meddle with it. But by my troth I know not when I do speak treason, and when I don't; there's such halting betwixt two Kings, that a man cannot go upright but he shall offend one of them: I would heaven had them both for me.

*How.* Well, thou saw'st not the King?

*Hobbs.* No; is he in the Country?

*How.* He's hunting here at Drayton-Basset.\*

*Hobbs.* The devil he is, God bless his mastership! I saw a woman here, that they said was the Queen. She's as like my daughter Nell as ever I see, but that my daughter's fairer.

*Sel.* Farewell, fellow; speak well of the King.

[*Exeunt Sellenger and Howard.*]

*Hobbs.* God make him an honest man, I hope that's well spoken; for, by the mouse-foot, some give him hard words; whether he 'zerves um or not, let him look to that; I'll meddle o'my cow-hides, and let the world wag. [*Enter the King in a riding dress.*] The devil in a dung-cart! how these roy-sters swarm in the country now the King is so near. 'deliver me.

\* "Mr. Urban, I should be obliged to any of your topographical friends, to inform me, why so many towns in North Wiltshire have the addition of *Basset* to their names, as *Wotton Basset*, *Compton Basset*, *Berwick Basset*, &c. &c.? Every singularity of the kind should be traced to its source; as it frequently produces exemplifications of ancient customs, or leads imperceptibly to discussions of antiquity. that seldom fail of rewarding us with some knowledge, that was before lost to all but the incurious tenant of the soil. H."

*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1788, Part 2, Page 885.

"The several towns in North Wiltshire which have the addition of *Basset* to their names, derive it from their owner *Philip Basset*, who had considerable property in the county, and was a younger branch of the *Bassets* of *Edendon* there. See *Dugdale's Bar.* l. 383, 385. P.P.' *Idem*, P. 973.

me from this, for he looks more like a thief than a horse! but a man cannot tell amongst these court-nols who's true.

*King.* Now I have let my mother and the Queen, and all our train go by, let me awhile forget my Majesty; and, 'stead of royal Edward, as the King's attendant have some sport with yonder rustic. Hollo! my friend! good-fellow, prithee stay.

*Hobbs.* No such matter. I am in haste.

*King.* If thou be a good-fellow, let me borrow a word.

*Hobbs.* My purse thou mean'st.—I am no good-fellow, and I pray heaven thou beest not one.

*King.* Why, dost thou not love a good-fellow.

*Hobbs.* No; 'tis a bye-word, good-fellows be thieves.

*King.* Dost thou think I am one?

*Hobbs.* Thought is free, and thou art not my ghostly father

*King.* In faith, I mean thee no harm.

*Hobbs.* Who knoweth that but thyself?—I pray heaven he spied not my purse! [aside.

*King.* On my troth I mean thee none.

*Hobbs.* Well, upon thy oath I'll stay.—Now what say'st thou to me? speak quickly, for my company stays for me beneath at the next stile.

*King.* The King is hunting hereabouts; did'st thou see his Majesty?

*Hobbs.* His Majesty? what's that? his horse or his mare?

*King.* Tush, I mean his Grace.

*Hobbs.* Grace, quotha! pray heaven he have any.—Which King doth thou 'quire for?

*King.* Why, for King Edward.—Know'st thou any more Kings than one?

*Hobbs.* I know not so many, for I tell thee I know none.—Marry, I hear of King Edward.

*King.* Did'st thou see his highness?

*Hobbs.* Now, by my holydame, that's the best term thou gavest him yet; he's high enough, but he has put poor King Harry low enough.

*King.* How low hath he put him?

B

*Hobbs.*

*Hobbs.* Nay I cannot tell. but he has got the Crown from him, much good do him with it!

*King.* Amen! I like thy talk so well, I would I knew thy name.

*Hobbs.* Dost thou not know me?

*King.* No.

*Hobbs.* Then thou know'st nobody; did'st never hear of John Hobbs, the Tanner of Tamworth?

*King.* Not till now, I promise thee; but now I do know thee, I like thee well.

*Hobbs.* So do not I thee.—I doubt thou art some out-rider, that lives by taking of purses, here on Bassett-heath.—But I fear thee not; for I have wared all my money in cow-hides, at Colefild market; and my man and my mare are hard by at the hill-foot.

*King.* Is that thy grey mare, that's tied at the stile, with the hides on her back?

*Hobbs.* Ay, that's Brock, my mare; and there's Dun, my nag; and Dudgeon, my man.

*King.* There's neither man, nor horse; but only the mare.

*Hobbs.* Od's blue bodkin! has the knave served me so? farewell I may lose hides, horns, mare, and all, by prating with thee.

*King.* Tarry, man, tarry! they'll sooner take my bay gelding, than thy grey mare; for I have tied mine by her.

*Hobbs.* That will I see before I take your word.

*King.* I'll bear thee company.

*Hobbs.* If you will, you must; but I had much rather go alone.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE continues.*

*Enter the Two Huntsmen.*

1st. *Huntsf.* Now, by my troth, the Queen shoots passing well.

2nd. *Huntsf.* So did the Dutcheß, when she was as young.

1st. *Huntsf.* Age shakes the hand, and shoots both wide and short.

2nd. *Huntsf.* What have they given us?

1st. *Huntsf.* Six rose-nobles just.

2nd.

2nd. *Hunts.* The Queen gave four.

1st. *Hunts.* Right, and the Dutcheſs two; had the King come, he would have rained on us ſhowers of gold.

2nd. *Hunts.* Why, he is hunting; ſomewhere hereabout.— Let us firſt drink the Queen and Dutcheſs' health, and then go ſeek him.

1st. *Hunts.* Agreed.

[Exeunt.]

*Another part of the Forest, at the bottom of the hill.*

*Enter the King and Hobbs.*

*King.* How ſay'ſt thou, Tanner? wilt thou take my courſer for thy mare?

*Hobbs.* Courſer, call'ſt thou him? he's too fine for me! thy ſkittiſh jade will neither carry my leather, horns, nor hides. But if I were ſo mad to change, what would'ſt thou give me to boot?

*King.* Nay, boot that's boot-worthy.—I look for boot of thee.

*Hobbs.* Ha, ha, ha! that's a merry jig! why, man, Brock, my mare, knows *ba* and *ree*; will ſtand when I cry *bo*, let me get up when I ſay *bi*, and down when I ſay *bee*.

*King.* Well, I'll give thee a noble if I like her pace; lay thy cow-hides on my ſaddle, and let's jog towards Drayton.

*Hobbs.* 'Tis out of my way; but I begin to like thee well.

*King.* Thou wilt like me better ere we part.—I pray thee tell me, what ſay they of the King?

*Hobbs.* Of the Kings, thou mean'ſt.—Art thou no blab if I do tell thee?

*King.* If the King knows not now, he ſhall never know it for me.

*Hobbs.* Maſs, they ſay King Harry's a very advowtry man.

*King.* A devout man; and what's King Edward?

*Hobbs.* He's a frank franion, a merry companion, and loves a wench well; they ſay he has married a poor widow becauſe ſhe is fair.

*King.* Doſt thou like him the worſe for that?

*Hobbs.* No, by my feckens, but the better; for though I be but a plain Tanner, I love a fair lasfs myself.

*King.* Prithee, tell me, how love they King Edward?

*Hobbs.* Faith, as poor folks love holidays.—Glad to have them now and then, but to have them come too often would undo them; so to see the King now and then is a comfort, but to behold him every day would beggar us; and I may say to thee, under the rose, we fear we shall be troubled to lend him money, for we doubt he's but needy.

*King.* Would'st thou not lend him money if he should need it?

*Hobbs.* Yes, by my holydame! he shall have half my purse, and I'll sell sole-leather to help him to more.

*King.* In faith now, which lov'st thou best, Harry or Edward?

*Hobbs.* Nay, that's a secret! and two may keep it, if one be away.

*King.* Shall I say my conscience? I think Harry is the true King.

*Hobbs.* Art advised of that? Harry's of the old house of Lancaster, and that progenity do I love.

*King.* Then dost thou hate the House of York?

*Hobbs.* Why, no; for I am just a-kin to Sutton wind-mill; I can grind which way foe'er the wind blow: If it be Harry, I can say well fare Lancaster! if it be Edward, I can sing, York, York for my money!

*King.* Thou art of my mind, for I say Harry is the lawful King; Edward is but a usurper; fool and a coward.

*Hobbs.* Nay, there thou lye'st! he has wit enough, and courage enough; dost thou not speak treason?

*King.* Ay; but I know to whom I speak it.

*Hobbs.* Dost thou? an I were constable, I should be forsworn if I set thee not in the stocks for it.

*King.* Well, let it go no further; for I did serve King Harry, and I love him best; though now I serve King Edward.

*Hobbs.* Thou art the arranter knave to speak ill of thy master. But, sirrah, what's thy name? what office hast thou? and what will the King do for thee?

*King.*

*King.* My name is Ned; I am the King's butler, and he will do more for me than for any nobleman in the court.

*Hobbs.* The devil he will! the more fool he, and so I'll tell him if e'er I see him; and I would I might see him in my poor house at Tamworth.

*King.* Go with me to the court, and I'll bring thee to the King; and what suit soever thou have to him, I'll warrant thee to speed.

*Hobbs.* I ha' nothing to do at court; I'll home with my cow-hides; but if the King will come to me, he shall be welcome.

*King.* Hast thou no suit touching thy trade? to transport hides, or have the sole selling of leather within a certain circuit; or about bark, or such like, to have letters patent.

*Hobbs.* By the mass, I like not those patents! for, I think it's pity that only one subject should have, what might do good to many throughout the land.

*King.* Say'st thou me so, Tanner? well, let's cast lots, whether thou shalt go with me to Drayton, or I go home with thee to Tamworth.

*Hobbs.* Lot me no lotting! I'll not go with thee; if thou wilt go with me, 'cause thou'rt my Liege's man (and yet I think he has many honefter) thou shalt be welcome to John Hobbs: thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon; and perhaps a bag-pudding: and my daughter Nell shall make a posset for thee ere thou goest to bed.

*King.* Herø's my hand.—I'll but go and see the King served, and be at home as soon as thyself; ay, and, with thy leave and her's, kifs thy fair daughter too.

*Hobbs.* That's hereafter as it may be; but, Dost thou hear me Ned? if I shall be thy host, Make haste, thou wert best, for fear thou kifs the post.

[Exit Hobbs.]

*King.* Farewell, John Hobbs, the honest true Tanner!  
I see plain men, by observation  
Of things that alter in the change of times,  
Do gather knowledge; and the meanest life,

Por-

Portion'd with but content's sufficiency,  
Is happier than the mighty state of Kings.

[ *Enter Howard and Sellenger.*

How now? what news bring ye, Sirs?

Where's the Queen?

*Sel.* Her highness and your mother, my dread Lord,  
Are both invited by Sir Humphrey Bowes,  
Where they intend to feast and lodge to night,  
And do expect your Grace's presence there.

*King.* Tom Sellenger, I have other business.  
Astray from you and all my other train,  
I met a Tanner; such a merry mate,  
So frolick, and so full of good conceit,  
That I have given my word to be his guest;  
Because he knows me not to be the King:  
Good cousin Howard grudge not at the jest,  
But greet my mother and my wife for me;  
Bid them be merry; I must have my humour;  
Let them both sup and sleep when they see time;  
Commend me kindly to Sir Humphrey Bowes,  
Tell him at breakfast I will visit him.  
This night Tom Sellenger and I must feast  
With Hobbs, the Tanner; there plain Ned and Tom,  
The King and Sellenger awhile forgot.

*Enter a Messenger, booted, with letters, and kneeling gives them  
to the King.*

*How.* The Queen and Dutcheſs will be discontent,  
Because his Highness comes not to the feast.

*Sel.* Sir Humphrey Bowes may take the most offence;  
But there's no help; the King will have his pleasure.

*King.* Good news, my boys; Harry the sixth is dead.  
Peruse this letter. Sirrah, drink you that, [ *gives his purse.*  
And stay not, but post back again for life,  
And thank my brother Gloster for his news;  
Commend me to him; I'll see him tomorrow night.  
How like ye it, Sirs? [ *Exit Messenger.*

*Sel.*

*Sel.* O, passing well, my Liege;  
You may be merry for this happy news.

*King.* The merrier with our host, the Tanner, Tom;  
My Lord, take you that letter to the ladies;  
Bid them be merry as good news can make them:  
And if we see them not before we go,  
Pray them to journey easily after us.  
We'll post to London, so good night, my Lord.

[*Exit Lord Howard.*]

And now set forward on thy frolick, Ned!  
Come, Tom; the word's *Fat Bacon and Brown Bread!*  
[*Exeunt King and Sellenger.*]

### SCENE, Hobbs's House.

*Enter Hobbs, and his daughter Nell.*

*Hobbs.* Come, Nell, come daughter, be your hands and face washed?

*Nell.* Ay, forsooth, father.

*Hobbs.* Ye must be cleanly I can tell ye, for there comes a court-nol hither to-night, the King's mastership's butler, Ned; a spruce youth; but beware ye be not in love, nor overtaken by him, for Courtiers be slippery lads.

*Nell.* No, forsooth, father.

*Hobbs.* God's blessing on thee! that half-year's schooling at Liechfield, was better to thee than house and land, it has put such manners into thee: Ay, forsooth; and no forsooth, at every word. Is supper ready?

*Nell.* Ay, forsooth, father.

*Hobbs.* Have we a good barley bag-pudding, a piece of fat bacon, a good cow-lieel, a hard cheese, and a brown loaf?

*Nell.* All this, forsooth; and more, ye shall have a posset: but, indeed, the rats have spoiled your hard cheese.

*Hobbs.* Now, the devil choak them! for they eat me a whole candle the other night.

*Dudgeon.* (*within*) What, Master! Master!

*Hobbs.* How, now, Knave? what say'st thou, Dudgeon?

*Dud.* Here's guests come. Where's Ellen?

*Enter*

*Enter Dudgeon.*

*Hobbs.* What guests be they?

*Dud.* A court-nol; one Ned, the King's butcher, he says; and his friend too.

*Hobbs.* Ned, the King's butcher? ha, ha, ha!—the King's butler, thou mean'st; take their horses, and walk them, and bid them come in doors. [*Exit Dudgeon.*] Nell, lay the cloth, and supper o'th' board. [*Exit Nell.*]

*Enter King and Sellenger.*

Mafs! here's Ned, indeed; and another misproud ruffian.—Welcome Ned! I like thy honesty, thou keep'st promise.

*King.* I'faith, honest Tanner, I'll ever keep promise with thee:—prithee, bid my friend welcome.

*Hobbs.* By my troth ye are both welcome to Tamworth! friend, I know not your name.

*Sel.* My name is Tom Twist.

*Hobbs.* Tom Twist? belike then you are the King's taylor.

*Sel.* No, faith.

*Hobbs.* Ye are welcome both; and I like you well, but for one thing.

*Sel.* What's that?

*Hobbs.* Nay, that I keep to myself.—For I grieve to think that pride brings many to extruction.

*King.* Prithee, tell us thy meaning.

*Hobbs.* Troth, I doubt ye ne'er came truly by all these gay trappings. 'Tis not your bare wages, and thin fees ye have of the King, can keep ye thus fine; but either ye must rob the King privily, or his subjects openly, to maintain your prodigality.—But, come, let's to supper.—What, Nell! what, Dudgeon!—where be these folks?

*Enter Nell and Dudgeon, with a table covered.*

Daughter, bid my friends welcome.

*Nell.* Ye are welcome, gentlemen, as I may say, forsooth.

[*The King and Sellenger kiss her.*]

*Sel.* I thank ye, fair maid.

*King.* A pretty wench, faith!

*Hobbs.* How lik'st her, Ned?

*King.*

*King.* I like her so well, I would ye would make me your son-in-law.

*Hobbs.* And I like thee so well, Ned; that, had'st thou an occupation, (for service is no heritage, and a young courtier, an old beggar.) I could find in my heart to cast her away upon thee; and, if thou wilt forsake the court, and turn Tanner, here with me at Tamworth, or bind thyself to a Shoe-maker, in Liechfield, I'll give thee twenty nobles, ready money, with my Nell; and trust thee with a dicker of leather to set up thy trade.

*Sel.* Ned, he offers ye fair, if ye have the grace to take it.

*King.* He does, indeed Tom; and hereafter I'll tell him more.

*Hobbs.* Come, sit down to supper. [*They sit.*] Go to, Nell! no more sheep's eyes; ye may be caught, I tell you; these be licorish lads.

*Nell.* I warrant ye, father. Yet, in truth, Ned is a very proper man; and to'ther may serve, but Ned's a pearl in mine eye.

*Hobbs.* Daughter, call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a three-man-song, to make our guests merry. [*Exit Nell.* 'Nails! what court-nols are ye? ye'll neither eat nor talk. What news at the court? do somewhat for your meat.

*King.* Heavv news there. King Henry is dead.

*Hobbs.* That's light news and merry for your master, King Edward.

*King.* But how will the commons take it?

*Hobbs.* Troth, the commons will take it as a common thing, and say, Well! God be with good King Henry! death's an honest man, for he spares not the King.———

As one comes, another's ta'en away,

And seldom comes a better, as a body may say.

*King.* Shrewdly spoken, Tanner, by my faith.

[*Enter Nell, Dudgeon, and others.*

*Hobbs.* Come, fill me a cup of mother Whetstone's ale, that I may drink to my friends; Here's to ye, Ned and Tom, with all my heart! [*drinks*] and yet, I doubt, if I come to the court, you'll not know me.

*King.* Yes, faith! Tom shall be my surety, Tanner, I will know thee.

*Sel.* If thou dost not, Ned, thou deserv'st that the King should not know thee.

*King.* Come, honest Tanner, I drink to thy fair daughter, Nell; my wife that may be.

*Sel.* 'I'faith Ned, thou may'st live to make her a lady.

*King.* Tush, her father offers nothing, having no more children but her.

*Hobbs.* I would I had not, condition she had all; but I have a knave to my son, just such an unthrift as one of you two; that spends all on gay cloaths and new fashions, and no work will go down with him, that I fear he'll be hang'd; heaven ble'ss you to a better fate! tho', by my troth, I doubt it; but come, let's drive away care with a good old song.

[ *A Song here by Dudgeon, &c.*

*Sel.* Well sung, good fellows, I would the King heard you.

*Hobbs.* So would I; 'i'faith, I should strain a note for him. Come, take away, and let's to bed—ye shall have clean sheets, Ned, tho' they be coar'se; good strong hemp, of my daughter's own spinning.

*King.* Thanks, honest Hobbs! but we'll not go to bed.

*Hobbs.* What then? let's ha' more ale.

*King.* No more, good friend; we'll mount our horses, and with speed to London, for it is near day; and, honest Tanner! gramercy for our hearty cheer. If e'er it be thy chance to come to court, enquire for me, Ned, the King's Butler; or Tom, of the King's Chamber, my companion, and see what welcome we will give the there.

*Hobbs.* I have heard of courtiers have said as much as you, and when they have been tried, would not so much as ask their friends to drink.

*King.* We are none such, believe me, honest Tanner. So now to horse, for we must strait away; and so, with hearty thanks, friend Hobbs, farewell.

*Hobbs.* Fare ye well, both! commend me to the King, and tell him,

I'd ha' been glad to ha' seen his worship here;

But, come when he will, I promise him good cheer! [*Exeunt.*

## A C T II.

SCENE, *An Antique Hall.*Sir Humphrey Bowes and Justice Aston, *seated.*

Hobbs, Hadland, Grudgeon, Goodfellow, &amp;c.

SIR HUMPHREY BOWES.

Neighbours and friends, the cause why you are call'd  
 Concerns the King's most excellent majesty,  
 Whose right, you know, by his progenitors,  
 Unto the crown and sovereignty of France,  
 Is wrongfully detained by the French.  
 Which to revenge and royally regain,  
 His highness means to put himself in arms,  
 And in his princely person to conduct  
 His warlike troops against the enemy.  
 But, for his coffers are unfurnished,  
 Through civil discord and intestine war,  
 For York and Lancaster's disputed claim,  
 ( Whose bleeding scars our eyes may yet behold )  
 He prays his faithful, loving subjects' help  
 To further this his ju<sup>l</sup> great enterprize.

*Hobbs.* So, the drift and meaning, whereby as it were, of  
 all your long purgation, Sir Humphrey Bowes, is no more  
 in some respect, but that the King wants money, and would  
 ha' some of his commonality.

*Sir H.* Tanner, you rightly understand the matter.

*J. Aston.* Note this withall ; where his dread majesty,  
 ( Our lawful sovereign, and mo<sup>t</sup> royal King )  
 Might have exacted or imposed a tax,  
 Or borrow'd greater sums than we can spare,  
 ( For all we have is at his dread command )  
 He doth not so ; but mildly doth intreat

Our kind benevolence, what we will give,  
With willing minds towards this mighty charge.

[ Enter Lord Howard,

Which to receive, his noble counsellor,  
And kinsman, the Lord Howard here is come.

*How.* Now good Sir Humphrey Bowes, and Justice Aston,  
Have ye declared the King's most gracious pleasure?

*Sir H.* We have, my lord.

*How.* His highness will not force,  
As loan or tribute; but will take your gift  
In grateful part, and recompence your loves.

*Sir H.* To shew my love, though money now be scarce,  
A hundred pounds I'll give his majesty.

*How.* 'Tis well, Sir Humphrey!

*J. Aston.* I a hundred marks.

*How.* Thanks, Justice Aston! you both shew your love.  
Now ask your neighbours what they will bestow?

*Sir H.* Come, master Hadland, your benevolence.

*Had.* O, good Sir Humphrey, do not rack my purse.  
You know my state, I lately sold my land.

*J. Aston.* Then you have money; let the King have part.

*Hobbs.* Ay, do, master Hadland, do; they say ye sold a  
foul deal of dirty land for fair gold and silver; let the King  
have some, now, while ye have it; if ye be forborne a  
while, all will be spent: for he who cannot keep land, that  
lies fast, will have much ado to hold money: 'tis slippery  
ware! 'tis melting ware!

*How.* Gramercy, Tanner!

*Sir H.* Say, what shall we have?

*Had.* My forty shillings.

*J. Aston.* Robert Goodfellow,  
I know you will be liberal to the King.

*Goodf.* O, Justice Aston, be content I pray ye;  
You know my charge, my household very great,  
And my house-keeping holds me very bare;  
Threescore up-rising and down-lying, Sir,  
Spend no small store of victuals in a year;  
Two brace of greyhounds, twenty couple of hounds;

And

And then my horses eat a deal of corn ;  
 My christmas cost, and friends that then do come,  
 Amounts to charge ; I am Robin Good fellow,  
 That welcome all, and keep a frolick house ;  
 But have no money,—pray ye pardon me.

*Hobbs.* Why hear you, goodman Goodfellow ! ( tho' you are much miscall'd ) hear a plain Tanner, who will teach you thrift ; Keep fewer dogs and horses, and then you may feed more men ; yet feed no idle men, 'tis needless charge : but surely you, that for hounds and hunting mates do spare for nought, will something spare unto your king.

*Goodf.* My brace of angels, by my troth that's all.

*Hobbs.* Mafs ! and 'tis well the curs have left so much ; I thought they would have eaten up thy land ere this.

*Sir H.* Now, Harry Grudgen.

*Grud.* What would you have of me ? money I have none, and I'll sell no stock ; here's old polling !—subsidy, foldiers, and to the poor ! and you might have your will, you'd soon shut me out of doors.

*Hobbs.* Now, by my holydame, neighbour Grudgen, thou'rt but a grumblin', grudging churl ! thou hast two ploughs going, and ne'er a cradle rocking, with many a peck of money ; and wilt not spare a few pounds to the King.

*Grud.* Marry come up, goodman Tanner, are you so tart ? your prolicareness has brought your son to the gallows almost ; you can be frank of another man's cost.

*Hobbs.* Thou'rt no good man to twit me with my son ; he may outlive thee yet : my son's in jail ;—is he the first honest man's son that hath been there ? and thou wert a man as thou'rt but a beast, I would have thee by the ears.

*How.* Friend, thou want'st nurture to upbraid a father With a son's fault ; we sit not here for this.  
 What's thy benevolence to his Majesty ?

*Hobbs.* His beneligençe ? hang him ! he'll not give a penny willingly.

*Grud.* I care not much to cast away forty pence.

*How.* Out, grudging peasant ! base, ill-nurtur'd groom !  
 Is this the love thou bear'st unto the King ?

Gen-

Gentlemen; take notice of the slave,  
 And if he fault let him be soundly plagued.  
 Now, frolick Tanner, what wilt thou afford?

*Hobbs.* Twenty old angels, and a score of hides; if that  
 be too little, take twenty nobles more: while I have it my  
 King shall never want.

*How.* The King shall know thy loving, liberal heart.

*Hobbs.* Shall he, i'faith? I thank ye heartily! but, hear  
 ye, gentlemen, come ye from the court?

*How.* I do.

*Hobbs.* Lord, how does the King? and how does Ned, the  
 King's butler? and Tom of his chamber? I am sure ye  
 know them.

*How.* I do, and they are well.

*Hobbs.* For want of better guests they were at my house  
 one night.

*How.* I know they were.

*Hobbs.* They promised me a good turn for kissing my  
 daughter, Nell; and now I ha' cagion to try them: my son's  
 in Caperdochia, as they call it, in Newgate jail; for peeping  
 into another man's purse: and outcept the King be miser-  
 able, he's like to totter for lack of ground to stand on! can  
 that same Ned, the butler, do any thing with the King?

*How.* More than myself or any other Lord.

*Hobbs.* A halter he can! by my troth ye rejoice my heart  
 to hear it.

*How.* Come to the court; I warrant thy son's life; Ned  
 will save that, and do thee greater good.

*Hobbs.* Then fare ye well, Sirs!

I'll wean my mare's foal, and come up to the King;  
 And you for your pains, two fat hens will I bring. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE,—A Grand Apartment.

*Enter* King, Howard, Sellenger, &c.

*King.* And have our country subjects been so frank;  
 And bountiful in their benevolence,  
 Toward our present expedition?

Thanks

Thanks, cousin Howard, for thy pains herein :  
 We will have letters sent to every shire,  
 Of thankful gratitude, that they may know  
 How highly we respect their gentleness.

*How.* One thing, my lord, I had well nigh forgot ;  
 Your pleasant hott, the Tanner of Tamworth—

*King.* What of him, cousin ?

*How.* He was right liberal ;  
 Twenty old angels and as many nobles,  
 With a score hides, he gave unto your grace ;  
 And others, seeing him so bountiful,  
 Stretch'd further than they otherwise had done.

*King.* Trust me I must requite that honest Tanner.  
 O, had he kept his word, and come to court,  
 In faith we should have had good store of mirth.

*How.* That is not long, my lord, which haps at last ;  
 He's come to London on an earnest cause.

His son lies prisoner in Newgate-jail,  
 And is condemned for a robbery.  
 Your higness pardoning his son's default,  
 May yield the Tanner no mean recompence.

*King.* But who hath seen him since he came to town ?

*Sel.* My lord, in Holborn 'twas my hap to see him  
 Gazing about ; I sent away my men,  
 And, clapping on one of their livery cloaks,  
 Accosted him ; the Tanner knew me strait ;  
 How now, Tom ? and how doth Ned ? quoth he,  
 That honest, merry hangman, how doth he ?  
 I, knowing that your majesty intended  
 This day in person to come to the Tower,  
 There bade him meet me, where mad Ned and I  
 Would bring him to the presence of the King,  
 And there procure a pardon for his son.

*King.* Have then a care we be not seen of him,  
 Until we be provided for the purpose ;  
 Because once more we'll have a little sport.  
 Tom Sellenger, let that care be your's.

*Sel.* I warrant you, my lord ; I will not fail.

*Enter*

*Enter Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Recorder, &c.*

*King.* Welcome, Lord Mayor ! Recorder, Sheriffs, all !  
Say, worthy friends, have you well signified  
Our thankfulness unto our citizens,  
For their late gathered benevolence ?

*Mayor.* So, please your highness it has just been done ;  
Before the citizens in our guild-hall,  
Master Recorder made a long oration  
Of thankful gratitude for their kind gifts ;  
Which they received with so great respect,  
And love unto your royal majesty,  
As it appear'd to us they forrowed  
Their bounty to your highness was no more.

*King.* Lord Mayor, and Sirs, thanks to yourselves and them  
And go ye with us now unto the Tower,  
To see the order that we shall observe  
In this so needful warlike preparation,  
To gain our lawful right from haughty France ;  
The better may ye certifie to them,  
What need there was of their benevolence.  
And, gentle Sheriffs, as we pass along,  
A word in private about other matters.  
While we to quell our foes abroad to roam,  
Let's not forget our subjects' blifs at home !

[ *Exeunt.*

### SCENE, *The Tower.*

*Enter King, Lord Mayor, Recorder, Howard, Sellenger,  
and the train.*

*King.* Having awak'd forth of their sleepy dens  
Our drowsy cannon, which ere long shall charm  
The watchful French, with Death's eternal sleep,  
And all things else in readiness for France,  
A while we will give truce unto our care.  
There is a merry Tanner near at hand,

With

With whom we mean to have a little mirth;  
 Therefore, Lord Mayor, and you my other friends,  
 I must intreat you not to knowledge me;  
 No man stand bare, but as companions all:  
 So, Tanner, now come when you please;—and see  
 Where, in good time, he comes. Go, Tom, and meet him.

*Enter Hobbs.*

*Sel.* What, John Hobbs? welcome i'faith, to court.

*Hobbs.* Gramercy, honest Tom! where is the hangman Ned? where is that mad rascal? shall I not see him?

*Sel.* See, there he stands; that same is he.

*Hobbs.* What, Ned! a plague on thee, how dost thou for a mad rogue? and how, and how? [*Shaking him by the Hand.*]

*King.* In health, John Hobbs, and very glad to see thee; But say, what wind drove thee to London?

*Hobbs.* Ah, Ned! I was brought hither with a whirlwind, man; my son! my son! did I not tell thee I had a knave to my son?

*King.* Yes, Tanner, what of him?

*Hobbs.* Faith, he's in Caperdochia, Ned; in Newgate-goal, for a robbery: and is like to be hang'd, outcept thou get the King to be more miserable to him.

*King.* If that be all, Tanner, I'll warrant him; I will procure his pardon of the King.

*Hobbs.* Wilt thou, Ned? for those good words, see what my daughter Nell hath sent thee; a hankercher wrought with as good Coventry-blue\* silk thread as ever thou saw'st.

*King.* And I, perhaps, may wear it for her sake, In better presence than thou art aware of.

D

*Hobbs.*

\* "And she gave me a shirt-collar, wrought over With no counterfeit stuff."

What, was it gold?

Nay, 'twas better than gold.

What was it?

Right Coventry blue."

*George A Greene, The Pinner of Wakefield, 1599.*

By this passage *Coventry-blue* appears to have been formerly held in great estimation.

*Hobbs.* How, Ned; a better present? that can'st thou not have, for silk, cloth, and workmanship; why Nell made it, man!—But, Ned, is not the King in this company? what's he in the white beard and red petticoat? By the mass, I misdoubt, Ned, that is the King: I know it by my Lord What-ye-call-um's players.

*King.* How by them, Tanner?

*Hobbs.* Why, ever when they play an Enterlout, or a Commodity, at Tamworth, the King is always in a white-beard, and a red-gown like him; therefore I 'spect him to be the King.

*King.* No, trust me, Tanner, that is not the King; but thou shalt see the King before thou goest, and have a pardon for thy son with thee.

*Hobbs.* Then what is he i'th' red-gown, and he i'th' black?

*King.* That is the Mayor, Lord-Mayor of London; the other is the Recorder.

*Hobbs.* What nick-names these Court-nols have for one-another! Mare and Corder, quotha!—We have no such at Tamworth or Liechfield; there is the honest bailiff and his brethren: such words 'gree best with us.

*King.* My Lord-Mayor, and good Mr. Recorder, I pray ye, for my sake, to bid this honest Tanner welcome.

*Mayor.* You are welcome, my honest friend!  
In sign whereof, I pray you see my house,  
And sup with me this night.

*Record.* And, if it please you, dine with me tomorrow.

*Hobbs.* I thank ye, goodman Mare! and Master Corder! but I care not for no meat; my stomach is like to a sick swine's, that will neither eat nor drink, 'till she know what will become of her pig.—Ned and Tom, ye promised me a good turn when I came to Court; either do it now, and save my son from the gallows, or go hang yourselves.

*King.* No sooner comes the King, but I will do it.

*Sel.* I warrant thee, Tanner; fear not thy son's life.

*Hobbs.* Nay, I fear not his life; 'tis his death I fear.

*Enter*

*Enter the Sheriffs and Young Hobbs.*

*[ They kneel.*

*1st. Sher.* All health and happiness attend my sovereign!

*2d. Sher.* Here is the young man, Hobbs, condemn'd to die.

*Hobbs.* Sovereign! and my son! O that ever I was born!

*King.* Look to the Tanner! chafe his temples, Sirs!  
This unlook'd meeting and discovery  
Have overpower'd his faculties.

*Hobbs.* Let me alone,—I'm a dead man!—

Ah, my liege! that ye should deal so with a poor simple Tanner! but its no matter, I can but die.

*King.* But when, Tanner? can'st thou tell?

*Hobbs.* Nay, e'en when ye please; for I have so defended ye, by calling ye plain Ned, mad rogue, and rascal, that I know ye'll have me hang'd. Therefore, no more ado, but let my son and I e'en be trufs'd up together.—And here's another, as honest as yourself no doubt; ye made me call him plain Tom, and I warrant his name is Thomas, and some man of worship too; therefore, let's to our doom, e'en when and where ye will.

*King.* Tanner, attend! not only do we pardon thee Thy plain and blunt, tho' honest, well-meant speech,  
But in all princely kindness welcome thee!  
And thy son's trespass do we pardon too; [*Young Hobbs kneels.*  
With this observance, that he sin no more  
In such-like sort, else shall he surely die!  
For he who from his prince's clemency  
Hath once received a justly-forfeit life,  
And brings it into jeopardy again,  
Deserves not mercy, nor e'en pity merits.

*Y. Hobbs.* If I offend again, my gracious liege!  
Let me not mercy, nor e'en pity find.

*King.* 'Tis well! Receive with kindness thy repentant son;  
And in return for what thou freely gav'st  
'To aid our enterprise 'gainst haughty France,  
We give to thee and thine in yearly fee  
An hundred marks; now, Tanner, what dost say?

*Hobbs.* Why, an'like your kingship, I can scarce say at all! but, I thank ye!—I thank ye for my son's life, I thank ye for not putting me to death; and when I get back to Tamworth, my Nell shall work a scarf, and send ye; and I'll not forget a skin of choice cordovan, of my own tanning, to make ye boots against ye next go a hunting: when, if ye would but once more leave your kingship behind ye, come to my poor hovel, and be plain hail-fellow Ned again, we'd have such a rowse, as should make all the hair on my hides stand an end! and so, farewell!

Heaven blefs ye! still I'll say or sing,  
Long live your Majesty! God save the King!

*King.* The Drama ended, EDWARD is no more!  
But for his loss we little need deplore;  
GEORGE, great and good! yet lives, and may he long!  
Join, then, all loyal hearts in cheerful song;  
Lift high your voices 'till the roof doth ring,  
In dutious homage to great GEORGE our KING!

Song and Chorus of

“G O D   S A V E   T H E   K I N G !”

F I N I S .

E R R A T A .

Page 7, line 2, *read* from seeing my heart!

Page 9, near the bottom, *read* Which King dost thou 'quire for?

Page 12, *ibid.* *read* a fool and a coward.

Page 17, line 18, *read* and t'other may serve.

*Idem*, line 24, *read* Heavy news there.

Page 18, near the bottom, *read* we will give thee there.

*Idem*, Divide the last speech but one into verse, e. g.

We, &c.

So now, &c

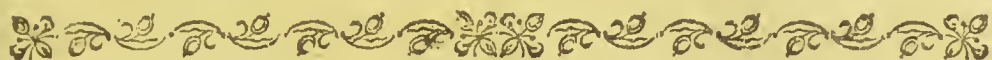
And so, &c.

The like may be necessary in some other places overlook'd.

Page 23, line 20, *read* Your highness pardoning, &c.

Page 24, line 22, *read* abroad do roam, &c.

Correct also *you* into *ye*, wherever it may occur in HOBBS's speeches.



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The Dramatic Piece of "*The King in the Country*," was compiled and performed last summer, immediately on *His Majesty's* return from Cheltenham; when Entertainments of various kinds were exhibited at the different Places of Public Amusement, having relation to the Royal Excursion. The Calamity which, to the grief of every good mind, has since befallen *Our Beloved Sovereign*, does not, it is presumed, render the publication of this Drama improper; had the Editor thought it so, it would certainly have been withheld: for, having been honoured with *The Royal Authority* to superintend Theatrical Entertainments these ten years past (during which period it has been necessary for him to adapt pieces of a local, or temporary nature, to Provincial Theatres), no one can entertain a more proper sense of duty, respect, loyalty, and affection, to *Our most gracious King*, whom God preserve and restore!

*Written on the Bank of the Thames, opposite Kew,  
December 29, 1788.*

By *Winter's* chilling breath now Silver *Thames*  
Is ice-bound, and his gently-gliding stream,  
That late convey'd each product of the land  
To all who wanted, still diffusing good,  
In torpid stupor lies! But oh! worse grief!  
Benign and gracious GEORGE, whose every deed  
Throughout his holy life was amiable,  
Dispensing blessings ever o'er his realms,  
Under th' ALMIGHTY's visitation lies!  
The stream of reason, and the spring of sense,  
Fast bound! close lock'd!

Most merciful, just GOD!

As thou still sendest kindly, genial warmth,  
To loose the bands of *Winter* in due time;  
So may it please THEE shortly to restore  
To reason, health, and happiness, OUR KING!

*For the Literary Museum, No. III.*

Written by the Author of the Lines on  
His Majesty's late Derangement,  
inserted in No. I.

PRAIS'D be our God, th' Almighty Lord!  
Praise the Most High with one accord;  
Let no dissent be heard;  
For gracious George, still good and great,  
His Mind relum'd, resumes his State :  
Nor Anarchy be fear'd.

Ambition, Envy, hide your heads !  
Serene he speaks, august he treads,  
To re-ascend his Throne ;  
Th' acclaim of Millions meets his ear,  
Th' o'erflowing joy of hearts sincere  
Succeeds an Empire's moan.

Fiction avaunt ! nor hope to raise  
A power unknown in former days,  
The Eaglet's eyes to feel ;  
To blunt his talons, foil his plumes ;  
While Owl, or Bat obscene, presumes  
To mould the Commonweal.

Generous

Generous Hibernia ! thine the praise,  
Fit subject for a Hayley's lays,

To scorn a niggard mite !

Him thou deem'st worthy thee to rule,

Maugre the knave, or knave-led fool,

Thou freely dost invite !

Nor thou, Britannia ! proud, disdain,

Should ( Heaven avert it ! ) George again

An invalescence prove,

To emulate thy Sister's soul ;

And give Young George, without controul,

Thy sceptre, faith, and love !

But may his Sire, till Time say no,

And Death compel him to forego,

Through length of days, the Crown,

O'er Britain's Empire mildly reign ;

That when the Heir is call'd again,

It be with full renown !



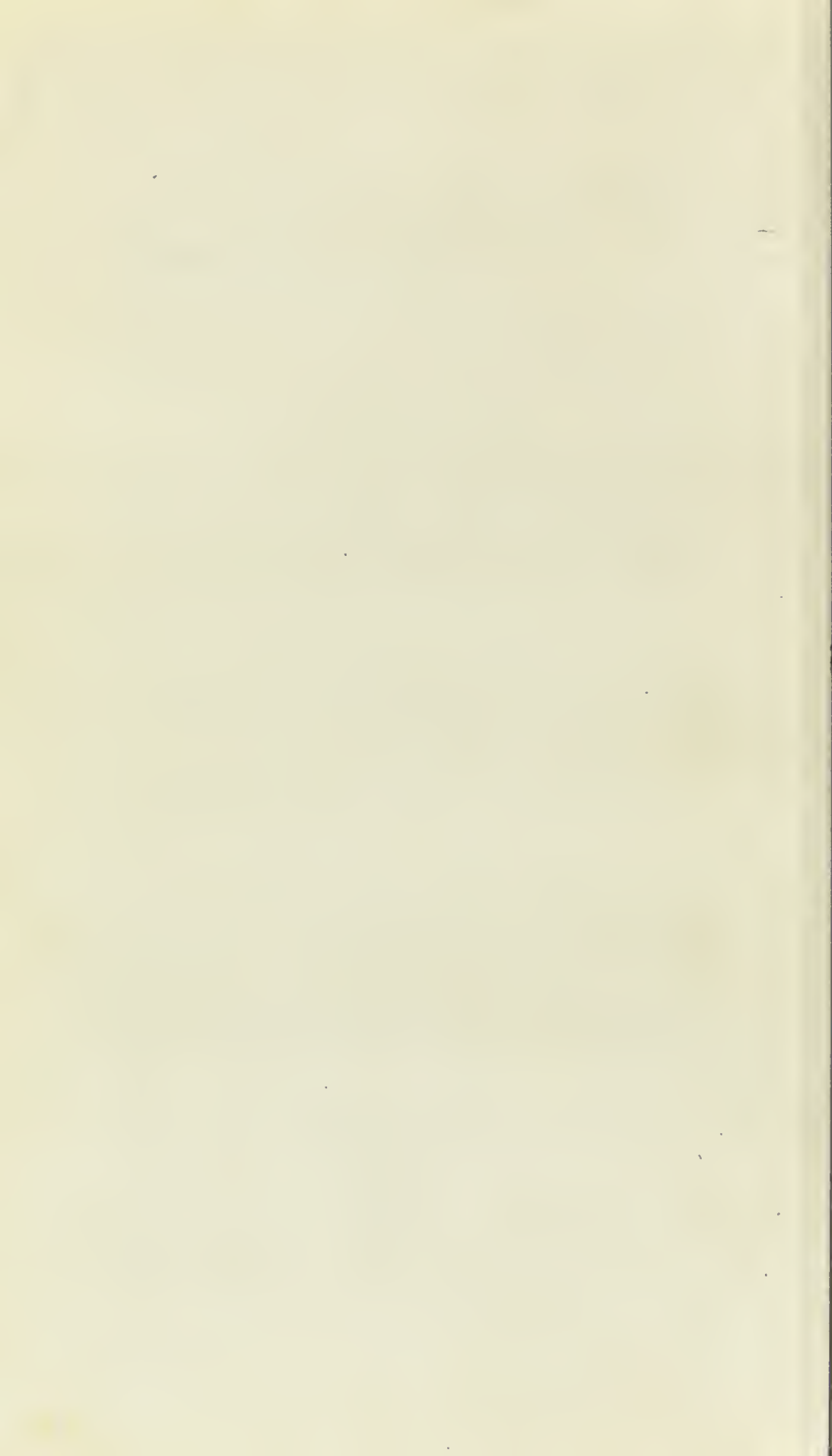
On a Shower of Rain falling in the Vicinity of London on the Morning of April 23, 1789, being the Day appointed for the General Thanksgiving for His Majesty's Happy Recovery.

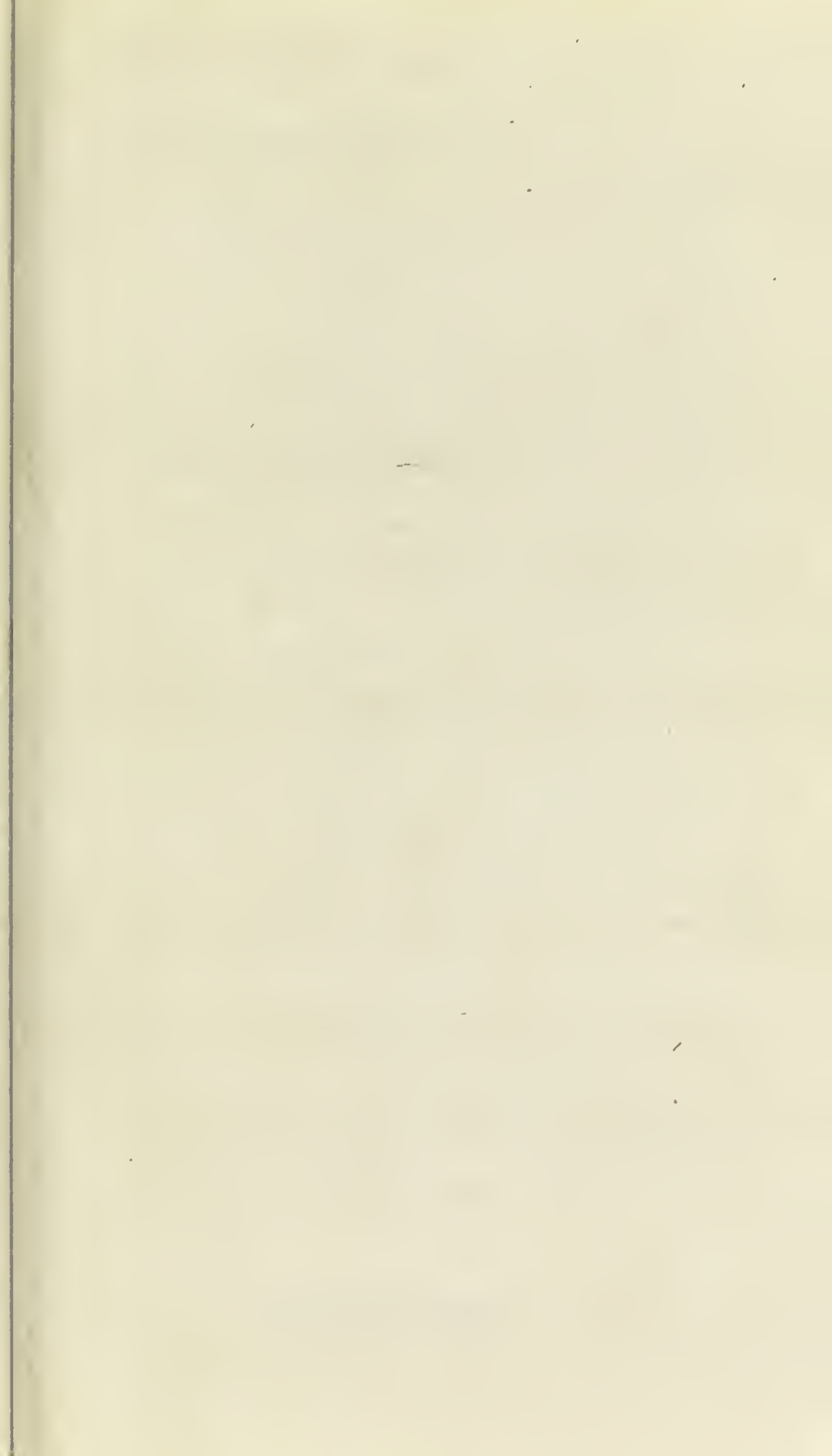
*Nature* in tears on this glad Day,  
When every face throughout the Isle,  
For *George's* Health restored, doth smile?  
Thy sorrow's cause, I pr'ythee, say!

Alas! upon this hapless day,  
Yearly I've on it wept and sigh'd!  
And ever shall this tribute pay;  
My darling Son, sweet *Shakespeare*, died!

No longer mourn, dejected Dame!  
Tho' *Shakespeare's* gone, thy favorite Boy!  
Thou still may'st feel a Mother's joy  
In Bards yet all-unknown to Fame:  
Painting and Music *George* has cherish'd long;  
Now Reason reigns He'll cheer the Poet's Song.

These lines were first printed on the wrapper of No. 1. of the intended new edition of Ben Jonson, May 1, 1789, being the Specimen contained in this Miscellany; a few copies of which were sold separately: they are here reprinted, as in some degree connected with the other three essays on the Royal Indisposition, &c. The subject being now, happily, not a recent one, they have not even the charm of novelty to recommend them: yet, however trifling, and unworthy of preservation they all may be, the editor, who seldom attempts verification, presumes that they may be permitted to remain; as memorials of his loyalty, respect, and duty, tho' not of his taste, or genius for Poetry.





On His Majesty's Happy Recovery.

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**W**HEN Phœbus sets we never mourn;  
We know with Morning he'll return:  
Of waning Phœbe ne'er complain;  
Assured she'll shortly wax again:  
The ebbing Tide we ne'er lament,  
'Twill flow again, and yield content:  
The yellow leaves no sorrow bring,  
Of verdure certain in the Spring.  
But when the Health of Man is flown,  
Or Reason lost, we justly moan!  
The body's sickness may remain,  
Till Death relieve the sufferer's pain;  
And mental malady we find  
Too seldom quit a once-hurt mind!  
How poignant was our anguish, when  
"The best of husbands, fathers, men";  
Or, if high rank addition brings  
To a good man, the best of Kings;  
Lay on the bed of racking pain,  
And burn'd with fever of the brain!  
Small is our joy when Day appears,  
Or Night's pale Regent nature cheers;  
When flowing Tides enrich the land,  
Or young-eyed Spring comes, hand-in-hand  
With Peace and Plenty, Smiles and Loves;  
To that full bliss each Briton proves,  
His King, so late by all deplored,  
To Sanity by Heaven restored!  
Restored to Reason, and his Crown!  
While all true hearts their sorrows drown  
In cheerful bowls; and gaily sing  
Long live Great George! God save the King!



